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THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

THE IMPERSONAL SELF IN MODERN AUTOBIOGRAPHY:
STEIN, LEWIS AND YEATS

by

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A THESIS

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The undersigned certify that they have read, and recommend to the Faculty of Graduate Studies and Research, for acceptance, a thesis entitled The Impersonal Self in Modern Autobiography: Stein, Lewis and Yeats submitted by Shirley C. Swartz in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

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ABSTRACT

Leslie Stephen, writing in The Cornhill Magazine in 1881, noted "misrepresentation" as "a special felicity" of autobiography. The question of what constitutes autobiographical "truth" has remained central to critics' attempts to define the genre. All too often readers of autobiography tend to veer between two extremes: they assume that the autobiographer's "misrepresentation" is unintentional or they adopt fluid definitions of both "truth" and "autobiography," definitions which tend to a declaration of all literature as autobiography.

Literary autobiographers will be aware that both reading and writing are *interpretative* acts, that the nature of language prevents the autobiography from literally standing for the self. They will tend to see what Stephen termed "misrepresentation" as an integral and consciously used attribute of the genre. Three twentieth-century autobiographers, Gertrude Stein, Wyndham Lewis and William Butler Yeats, provide examples of autobiography used, differently by each, to the end of providing a particular construct of the self that is not "true" in a confessional--*tout dire*--sense. Each carefully selects, arranges, analyzes and submits to the alembic of language the experiences of his life in a manner calculated to create an *impersonal* self, a self consonant with the rest of his literary *oeuvre*.

The impersonal self of each of these autobiographers is supported by a theory of literature which he has advanced in other works and which he practices in his autobiography. Gertrude Stein begins with an attempt to escape history and time by writing a "continuous present" which shapes the style of The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas. Following its publication her personal popularity engendered what we might term an identity crisis. That crisis contributed to a reconsideration of the part time and identity play in narration. In The Geographical History of America, Stein separates the "human mind," existing without time or identity, from "human nature," the self embedded in history and identity. Everybody's Autobiography both elaborates and embodies this theory, becoming "meta-autobiography." Her last autobiographies, Paris France and Wars I Have Seen, adapt the memoir and journal to the "continuous present" of the "human mind." They are noteworthy for the reintroduction of emotion--emotion as the "knowledge" of the "human mind," not emotion as it is to be aroused in a reader--into Stein's impersonal construct of the self.

Lewis mocks those who expect to know the intimate details of his life. All his writing prior to Blasting and Bombardiering had valued the external as opposed to the internal, had stressed the writer's role as an outsider, an Observer. In his autobiographies, he both asserts the superiority of his own account of himself to any possible biography of him and sets himself up as an impartial and externalized Observer observing himself. The basic metaphor of Blasting and Bombardiering conveys this impersonal autobiographical endeavour while his apology for his role as satirist, Rude Assignment, presents the self as it is manifested by an "outside," its books.

Yeats developed an elaborate "Lunar metaphor" in which each person was characterized by phase and each waxing phase had a waning opposite. Creative man sought his opposite or Mask. He structures Autobiographies around this basic metaphor of the Mask and the Unity of Being to be wrought out of Self and Mask, Poet and Man of Action. The Self (or Anti-Self) of Autobiographies is yet another consciously impersonal self, achieved this time by means of a mythopoeic structure which draws analogies between the poet and the hero.

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CHAPTER ONE

A Special Felicity

"It may be reckoned," wrote Leslie Stephen in 1881, "as a special felicity that an autobiography, alone of all books, may be more valuable in proportion to the amount of misrepresentation which it contains. We do not wonder when a man gives a false character to his neighbour, but it is always curious to see how a man contrives to present a false testimonial to himself. It is pleasant to be admitted behind the scenes and trace the growth of that singular phantom . . . which is the man's own shadow cast upon the coloured and distorting mists of memory."[1]

Stephen's urbane tone reveals a slight superiority and he himself admits later in the essay that "We have a delicate shade of superiority in listening to the vicarious confession."[2] The basis of that superiority lies in the reader's perception of a greater degree of truth than that the autobiographer possesses. While Stephen's use of the word "contrives" in his description of the autobiographer's activity might seem to suggest a deliberate falseness, the tenor of his analysis indicates that he believes this "false testimony" which is a felicity in autobiography to be the *unintentional* adaptation of the individual to his inaccurate memories of his own past. He speaks of Watson's "self-deception,"[3] of Mills' unbelievable praise of his wife, and remarks that Rousseau was often "unconscious of the exposure"[4] of himself in his Confessions. Presumably the rhetorical nature of the autobiographer's language, the fact that he uses it to create a construct of his self, and the tension generated when the writer simultaneously takes his self as his subject and undertakes to interpret that self, become a self-critic, would contribute to his unintentional "misrepresentation" of his self. Stephen's essay implies that the autobiographer is consciously aware only of his function as a self-interpreter, that in his naive attempts at honesty, he falls unsuspecting into the abyss of "misrepresentation" that separates the actual self from self-interpretation. In his rhetorical representation of his self, the fallen autobiographer is only too apt to contradict his insights into the nature of his self by the language in which he presents them. To use Paul de Man's formulation apropos of critical writing, we might say that the autobiographer's language is " . . . blind to its own statement."[5]

Autobiography's felicitous "misrepresentation" has left many critics after Leslie Stephen feeling slightly superior to the authors they are approaching. The naive have persisted in regarding the autobiographer as unconsciously presenting untruths and his failure to see himself as others see him as a failure in his use of the genre.

Early critical attempts to distinguish autobiography from affiliated genres--journals, memoirs--have always had difficulty with this question of "misrepresentation." Is an autobiography a less faithful account of a life than a journal because it is more selective? How do we distinguish autobiography from the autobiographical novel?

Roy Pascal attempted to solve this difficult question of autobiographical veracity by advancing the concept that the autobiographical conscience had "an obligation to oneself, to one's own truth."[6] The "truth" of autobiography, he posited, "lies in the building up of a personality through the images it makes of itself, that embody its mode of absorbing and reacting to the outer world. . . ."[7] Pascal's "truth" is Stephen's "misrepresentation."

But the proliferation of attempts to define the genre suggests that the questions of what constitutes autobiographical "truth" and of how that "truth" emerges from the autobiography remain troublesome. Jean Starobinski argues that the traditional definition of the genre--"the biography of a person written by himself" --applies only to "les conditions générales (ou génériques) de l'écriture autobiographique"[8] and not to the literary genre, autobiography. The traditional definition demands only "l'identité du narrateur et du héros de la narration"[9], and that there be narration and not just description.

journals, memoirs, novels narrated in the first person, all might fall within the terms of the definition. In autobiography, Starobinski argues, style assumes particular importance: "à l'autoréférence explicite de la narration elle-même, le style ajoute la valeur autoréférentielle implicite d'un mode singulier de l'élocution."[10] Style is autobiographically significant because it is attached to the writer's present. It is the clue ("l'indice")[11] to the autobiographer's relation to his own past and to the manner in which he would like to be seen in the future. Rather than viewing style as a "form" imposed on a "subject," Starobinski defines it as "écart,"[12] as the point of departure from the subject. It reveals the present self and is "le porteur d'une véracité au moins actuelle. Si douteux que soient les faits relatés, l'écriture du moins livrera une image «authentique» de la personnalité de celui qui «tient la plume»."[13] Style carries the "truth" of autobiography.

Starobinski's extension from content to style of Pascal's thesis about the individual nature of autobiographical "truth" suggests that "truth" in the genre is relative to its writer and that, as readers, we err in expecting absolute historical truth about his past self from an autobiographer. Increasingly the idea that autobiographical truth is relative has been used to blur generic boundaries. James Olney, for example, bases his theory of autobiography on a phrase of Jean Cocteau's: "'Je pense . . . que chaque ligne, chaque tache, chaque onde qui s'échappent de nous (et peu importe ce qu'elles représentent) compose notre autoportrait et nous dénoncent.'"[14] The study which is the consequence of this belief analyzes *The Four Quartets* as autobiography. Jeffrey Mehlman, working from a structuralist hypothesis, considers Leiris' autobiography to be a "far-reaching experiment in the impossibility of becoming alive (*bio*) to oneself (*auto*) in the elusive realm the French call *écriture* (*graphie*)."[15] As does de Man's discussion of critical texts, his analysis points to a "persistent textual organization . . . whose coherence throws into jeopardy the apparent intentions of the author."[16] Not only does autobiographical veracity seem, therefore, impossible to achieve, but generic boundaries once again become sufficiently vague to permit Mehlman to treat Proust's novel as autobiography.

In a very recent study of autobiography, Philippe Lejeune attempts to reintroduce some rigour into the definition of the genre, at the same time entirely dismissing questions of "truth." He defines autobiography as a "*Récit rétrospectif en prose qu'une personne réelle fait de sa propre existence, lorsqu'elle met l'accent sur sa vie individuelle, en particulier sur l'histoire de sa personnalité*."[17] To buttress his definition, Lejeune explicates the terms of a contract between autobiographer and reader, "le pacte autobiographique," which establishes the identity of the work's narrator, hero and author. Authors may drop clues within the work to their identity but, given that the hero and the narrator are obviously the same person, the reader usually establishes it by reference to the author's name on the title page. For the reader who does not know the author personally, moreover, this reference to the title page links the autobiographer with his previous works, creating "«l'espace autobiographique»."[18] When the proper name on the title page becomes part of the text, as it does in Lejeune's formulation, the authenticity of the narrative depends wholly on the perceptions of the *present* man, the author: " . . . le terme ultime de vérité . . . ne peut plus être l'être-en-soi du passé . . . , mais l'être-pour-soi, manifesté dans le présent de l'énonciation. Que dans sa relation à l'histoire (lointaine ou quasi contemporaine) du personnage, le narrateur se trompe, mente, oublie ou déforme,--et erreur, mensonge, oublie ou déformation prendront simplement, si on les discerne, valeur d'aspects, parmi d'autres, d'une énonciation qui, elle, reste authentique."[19]

Not surprisingly, Rousseau's *Confessions* serve as a touchstone for many of these considerations of "misrepresentation" in autobiography. Stephen's article takes

Rousseau as a primary example. Pascal finds that Rousseau introduced the concept that the "I" and its autobiography "must be true" to its "innermost nature"[20] and Starobinski justifies his emphasis on style as the revelation of "truth" by interpreting a passage in Confessions. Paul de Man uses Jacques Derrida's reading of Rousseau to demonstrate that an author's language bears the imprint of his "blindness" as well as his "insight"; Lejeune tests his "pacte autobiographique" by reading Rousseau. The choice is apt but only de Man overtly indicates how apt: Rousseau, in his analysis, consciously exploits a dialectic between what he claims to intend to say and what his language actually does say. Language, and not the autobiographer's insight into his self, now bears the burden of autobiographical veracity and ambiguity.

If the critic relinquishes his faint superiority to the "untruthful" autobiographer, he must realize that all literary autobiographers reckon with the non-literal nature of language. The recognition that all language at its creation is figurative has become a commonplace. When Adam named the birds and the beasts, he used the first metaphors. When Stein speaks of having "caressed completely caressed and addressed a noun"[21] or when she speaks of language as "an intellectual recreation,"[22] she is eschewing metaphor only insofar as it has become a cliché of our language; she is creating her language as

Adam created his, using metaphor primally. Given the nature of language, the autobiography cannot literally stand for the self. It represents an intepretative act on the writer's part and will be interpreted again by a reader whose particular language--its personal history, its allusiveness--will differ slightly from that of the writer.

Given that a writer will be highly conscious of the interpretation involved in both reading and writing, we can posit that the "special felicity" of autobiography, its "misrepresentation," is often a highly conscious and an integral attribute of the genre. Three twentieth-century autobiographers, Gertrude Stein, Wyndham Lewis and William Butler Yeats, provide examples of autobiography used, differently by each, to the end of providing a particular construct of the self that is certainly not "true" in an absolute sense. They do not alter or add to the facts of their lives by inventions as someone writing autobiographical fiction probably would, but each carefully selects, arranges, analyses and submits to the alembic of language the experiences of his life in a manner calculated to create an impersonal self, a self consonant with the rest of his literary oeuvre.

The impersonal self of each of these autobiographers is supported by a theory of literature which he has advanced in other works and which he practises in his autobiography.

Gertrude Stein begins with an attempt to escape history and time by writing a "continuous present" and that "continuous present" shapes the style of The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas. Following its publication her personal popularity engendered what we might term an "identity crisis": "And I was not writing. I began to worry about identity. I had always been I because I had words that had to be written inside me and now any word I had inside could be spoken it did not need to be written. I am I because my little dog knows me. But was I I when I had no written word inside me. It was very bothersome."[23] In The Geographical History of America, Stein separates the "human mind," existing without time or identity, from "human nature," the self embedded in history and identity. Her subsequent autobiographies attempt to present the impersonal constructs of the "human mind."

Lewis mocks those who expect to know the intimate details of his life--what brand of cigarettes he smoked, where he vacationed, how he felt about his wife. All his writing prior to Blasting and Bombardiering had valued the external as opposed to the internal, had stressed the writer's role as an outsider, an observer. The "inside self has a history," Spender remarks about the difficulties attendant on writing autobiography, which "is the history of himself observing the observer, and not as the observed of others."[24] Lewis sets himself up as an impartial and externalized observer observing himself, an Artist or professional Observer. The basic metaphor of Blasting and Bombardiering conveys this impersonal autobiographical endeavour and the apology for his role as a satirist in Rude Assignment presents a literary manifestation of the impersonal self.

Yeats developed an elaborate lunar metaphor in which each person was characterized by phase and each waxing phase had a waning opposite. The poet attempted to achieve Unity of Being--the fifteenth phase, total immersion in the subjective self, in Yeats's metaphor--by striving to assume his anti-self or Mask. Yeats characterized himself as a man of the subjective phases; hence his Mask was objective. Autobiographies records his attempts to find a balance, a Unity of Being, of Self and Mask, Poet and Man of Action. Mask, Unity of Being, are poetic metaphors for Yeats. They have nothing to do with the Yeats who did exercises to keep his figure, told dirty jokes or suffered heart failure. The Self (or Anti-Self) of Autobiographies is yet another consciously impersonal self, achieved this time by means of mythopoeic structure. The following chapters are an attempt to explore in more detail the use of the autobiography by these three writers --Stein, Lewis and Yeats--to present an impersonal construct of the self which will reinforce the literary preoccupations of the rest of their oeuvre.

CHAPTER TWO

Was I I When I Had No Written Word Inside Me

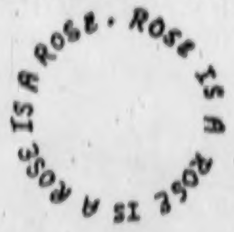
I. Duration versus Mutation: "What is the use of being a little boy if you are to be a man"

According to Gertrude Stein's own testimony an abortive exchange of literary favours provoked the reconsideration of narrative which led to her autobiographies. One of her circle, Georges Hugnet, had translated portions of The Making of Americans (1929) and several of her portraits (1930) into French and had written an "Homage"[1] to her. Stein responded by agreeing to a plan for a deluxe edition in which Hugnet's poem "Enfances" would appear opposite her translation of it. But finding her methods of composition unsuited to the exigencies of translation, she rendered literally only the first line of the poem. The remainder became, in Stein's term, a "'reflection,'" in Hugnet's, a "'free translation,'"[2] of the original: " . . . and I finished the whole thing not translating but carrying out an idea which was already existing . . . " (N, 52).[3] Subsequent disagreement over the relative prominence to be given their names on the projected book's title page terminated their mutual admiration and the edition never appeared. Stein finally published the poem in Pagany[4] with Hugnet's original text facing her "translation." But, mocking its subject and perhaps also satirizing Lewis's characterization of her as "the child . . . overshadowed by the imbecile,"[5] she had changed her title to "Poem Pritten on Pfances of Georges Hugnet." Subsequently she published only the "reflection" as Before the Flowers of Friendship Faded Friendship Faded (Plain Edition, 1931).

The incident proved to be of far greater moment to Stein than were most of her literary quarrels. It provided a fresh, although oblique, approach to one of her recurrent preoccupations, the nature of narrative:

> A young French poet had begun to write, and I was asked to translate his poems, and there I made a rather startling discovery that other people's words are quite different from one's own, and that they cannot be the result of your internal troubles as a writer. They have a totally different sense than when they are your own words . . . and this brought me to a great deal of illumination of narrative, because most narrative . . . in itself is not what is in your mind but what is in somebody else's. . . . and so I did a tour de force with the Autobiography of Alice Toklas, and when I sent the first half to the agent, they sent back a telegram to see which one of us had written it! But still I had done what I saw, what you do in translation or in a narrative. I had recreated the point of view of somebody else. Therefore the words ran with a certain smoothness. (TI, 19)

Autobiography, though it projects the self, also shares this element of distance between the writer and his subject which Stein detected in narrative. The essential ambiguity of autobiography arises from the term's prefix. It is the result of confronting the historical and, ideally, objective biography with the "self-referential." Stein exploited that ambiguity in her repeated attempts to realize a dissociation of the written words from the writer's identity, what she termed the "disembodied" (LA, 53) quality of narrative. The device of writing her own autobiography in Alice's person is, therefore, much more than a clever bid for the best-seller list. *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* is a structural symbol of an ambiguous position, common to both autobiography and other forms of narration, between an internal and an external point of view. It embodies "the inside as seen from the outside" (ABT, 192). Stein emphasized that symbol in her frontispiece to the original edition, a photograph showing Toklas standing in an open doorway regarding Stein writing.[6] She transformed and repeated it in the device appearing on the cover:


ROSE IS A ROSE IS A ROSE IS A ROSE ·

That device represents the objectified "thingness" resulting when a writer, without "succession" but with "continuous states of knowing" (N, 20), has "caressed completely caressed and addressed a noun" (LA, 231). By expanding the "self-referential" to incorporate "the point of view of somebody else," Stein makes the dilemma implicit in all autobiography, that of the author as both creator and created, the structural pivot of her work; she moves towards meta-autobiography.[7]

Stein's concept of narration and its similarity to the ambiguous point of view of autobiography marks both her consonance with and her divergence from her autobiographical predecessors. She moves beyond both the egocentrism of the Romantic tradition and the more rigidly demarcated material of the later "developmental"[8] autobiography to a possible multiplicity of approaches. Doing so, she accomplishes structurally what Montaigne, seeking to present all aspects of his self and his life, claimed to accomplish by virtue of his style. She writes a "livre consubstantiel à son autheur. . . ."[9]

The "moi" which Montaigne creates, however, is a whole composed with an emphasis on its parts and an awareness that, etymologically, a "personne" is an aggregate of masks. Detail is set beside detail, each an equally viable and demonstrable aspect of his "pourtraict."[10] Stein sets herself against this tradition of the composite portrait, increasingly eschewing the attributes of identity and duration inherent in it. Her narrator observes without making synthetic or deductive analyses. He sees each phenomenon for itself. Since, being external to the "self" observed, he is not always, theoretically at least, in possession of its entire history, he need not attempt to trace its continuity across its changing manifestations.

No literary autobiographer, least of all Montaigne, is unaware of the polarization of duration and mutation contained by a verbal self-portrait. Such portraits are implicitly based on an idea of the continuity of the self and explicitly trace changes or developments in that self. The autobiographer knows that he will be "par adventure autre demain, si nouveau apprentissage me change"[11] and, if a Montaigne, he can assert that "Je prendrois plaisir . . . à reconnoistre le trein de mes mutations."[12] But the tension between the stasis of the portrait and the mutations of the self which is both Montaigne's delight and his structural frame in the Essays is precisely that attacked by Stein when she considers the technical problem of narration. Her originality lies not in her realization of the autobiographer's dilemma but in her repudiation for literary purposes of the continuity of the self. Once she reconceptualizes narrative as that written as though by someone else, as analagous to translation, she frees herself to write about the "self" without concern for its duration and consequent identity.

The tension between duration and mutation is endemic to much twentieth-century literature. But historically it has been the particular dilemma of the autobiographer as the French critic Jean Starobinski implicitly recognizes when he bases La Relation critique on an analysis of several passages from Rousseau's Confessions. When Rousseau's work is placed against Montaigne's, the butt of his most sarcastic criticism, it emphasizes the essential irony of autobiography: written as a permanent record of a life, as an attempt to trace what is enduring in it, the autobiography, in the very process of its being written, changes the life recorded.

Montaigne recognizes this irony when he describes the interaction between his Essays and their author: "Je n'ay pas plus faict mon livre que mon livre m'a faict. . . ."[13] The work exists for him in the moment of its being written. It and its author shape one another so that variant statements written years apart are not contradictions but formulations of a changing man at different moments. Patterns of mutation dominate.

In the Confessions mutation is traced to find what endures beneath it. Rousseau presents himself as always the same man, progressing towards self-realization. He attempts to create a temporal continuum by adopting a style which can incorporate past and present into the narrative moment: "Je prends donc mon parti sur le style comme sur les choses. . . . En me livrant à la fois au souvenir de l'impression receue et au sentiment présent je peindrai doublement l'état de mon ame, savoir au moment où l'evenement m'est arrivé et au moment où je l'ai décrit; mon style inégal et naturel . . . fera lui-même partie de mon histoire."[14] His is no "livre consubstantiel à son autheur," which changes the writer as he writes. Instead his style is the reflection of a double perspective; the present man, who embodies both identity, what has endured from the past, and an evolving present, simultaneously recreates and assesses the stages of his development. The multiplicity of possible views inherent in Montaigne's metaphor of the portrait yields to the idea of duration and a new concept of narrative emerges. The "conditions générales (ou génériques) de l'écriture autobiographique," we have noted Starobinski postulating at the beginning of his discussion of Rousseau, "exigent d'abord l'identité du narrateur et du héros de la narration; elles exigent ensuite qu'il y ait précisément narration et non pas description. La biographie n'est pas un portrait; ou, si on peut la tenir pour un portrait, elle y introduit la durée et le mouvement."[15]

Modern autobiographers have tended to employ the "impressionistic" style Rousseau evolved from the conjunction of the "impression receue" and the "sentiment présent" to provide thematic or tonal unity. Yeats's "reveries," O'Casey's refusal to define boundaries between physical fact and imaginative fancy, James's use of a paragraph which "detached what it said from what it did, what it was from what it held" and over which "something floated not floated away but just floated, floated up there" (LA, 53): these are means of scanning the past for the roots of the present man, of modifying the strict determinism of the "developmental" autobiography with a Wordsworthian subjectivity. The impression from the past is important because, as James said, it "signified," making "a bridge over to more things than I then knew."[16] "Directly interesting to the subject-victim only," it is that "out of which . . . the most branching vegetations may be conceived as having sprung."[17] Other autobiographers--Julien Green, Gide, Sartre--endow their heritage from Rousseau with a detached tone; the double temporal perspective evoked by the description of their youthful selves within the consciousness of the more experienced, if not wiser, self represented by the narrator is often ironic.

Common to these modern autobiographers and those they cite as their predecessors is their emphasis on the temporal nature of narrative. Moving through time, it is the literary medium which reveals the continuity as well as the evolution of the self, which manifests Starobinski's second requirement of autobiography, identity. Stein uses the terms of her fellow autobiographers but she gives these terms an idiosyncratic significance. She focuses on the problem of narrative as a means, not of traversing time, but of transcending it. Without temporal continuity, or duration, identity becomes impossible and the autobiographical goal is transformed:

> I found out that in the essence of narration is this problem of time. You have as a person writing, and all the really great narration has it, you have to denude yourself of time so that writing time does not exist. If time exists, your writing is ephemeral. You can have a historical time, but for you the time does not exist, and if you are writing about the present, the time element must cease to exist. I did it unconsciously in the Autobiography of Alice Toklas, but I did it consciously in Everybody's Autobiography and in the last thing Wars I Have Seen. In it I described something momentous happening under my eyes and I was able to do it without a great sense of time. There should not be a sense of time but an existence suspended in time. (TI, 20)

The child, "trailing its clouds of glory from the century which has just been" (PF, 117), is no longer the father of the man. "What is the use of being a little boy if you are to be a man what is the use" (EA, 298), Stein will ask. "There is too much fathering going on just now and there is no doubt about it fathers are depressing" (EA, 133). Autobiography, in Stein's formulation, should no longer concern itself with the evolving person; it should become the record of "an existence suspended in time."

II. The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas and Autobiographical Perspective: " . . . which one of us had written it"

The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas contains the germ of this new mode of narrative. In one of the passages in which the authorial ruse is most successful, Alice is describing her first "Saturday evening" at the Stein atelier:

> On that first night Miss Mars and I talked of a subject then entirely new, how to make up your face. She was interested in types, she knew that there were femme décorative, femme d'intérieur and femme intrigante; there was no doubt that Fernande Picasso was a femme décorative, but what was Madame Matisse, femme d'intérieur, I said, and she was very pleased. From time to time one heard the high spanish whinnying laugh of Picasso the gay contralto outbreak of Gertrude Stein, people came and went, in and out. Miss Stein told me to sit with Fernande. Fernande was always beautiful but heavy in hand. I sat, it was my first sitting with a wife of a genius.
>
> Before I decided to write this book my twenty-five years with Gertrude Stein, I had often said that I would write, The wives of geniuses I have sat with. I have sat with so many. I have sat with wives who were not wives, of geniuses who were real geniuses. I have sat with real wives of geniuses who were not real geniuses. I have sat with wives of geniuses, of near geniuses, of would be geniuses, in short I have sat very often and very long with many wives and wives of many geniuses.
>
> As I was saying Fernande, who was then living with Picasso and had been with him a long time that is to say they

were all twenty-four years old at that time but they had been together a long time, Fernande was the first wife of a genius I sat with and she was not the least amusing. We talked hats. Fernande had two subjects hats and perfumes. This first day we talked hats. She liked hats, she had the true french feeling about a hat, if a hat did not provoke some witticism from a man on the street the hat was not a success. Later on once in Montmartre she and I were walking together. She had on a large yellow hat and I had on a much smaller blue one. As we were walking along a workman stopped and called out, there go the sun and the moon shining together. Ah, said Fernande to me with a radiant smile, you see our hats are a success.

Miss Stein called me and said she wanted to have me meet Matisse. She was talking to a medium sized man with a reddish beard and glasses. He had a very alert although slightly heavy presence and Miss Stein and he seemed to be full of hidden meanings. As I came up I heard her say, Oh yes but it would be more difficult now. We were talking, she said, of a lunch party we had in here last year. We had just hung all the pictures and we asked all the painters. You know how painters are, I wanted to make them happy so I placed each one opposite his own picture, and they were happy so happy that we had to send out twice for more bread, when you know France you will know that that means that they were happy, because they cannot eat and drink without bread and we had to send out twice for bread so they were happy. Nobody noticed my little arrangement except Matisse and he did not until just as he left, and now he says it is a proof that I am very wicked. . . . Then they both began talking about the vernissage of the independent as every one else was doing and of course I did not know what it was all about. But gradually I knew and later on I will tell the story of the pictures, their painters and their followers and what this conversation meant.

> Later I was near Picasso, he was standing meditatively. Do you think, he said, that I really do look like your president Lincoln. I had thought a good many things that evening but I had not thought that. You see, he went on, Gertrude, (I wish I could convey something of the simple affection and confidence with which he always pronounced her name and with which she always said, Pablo. In all their long friendship with all its sometimes troubled moments and its complications this has never changed.) Gertrude showed me a photograph of him and I have been trying to arrange my hair to look like his, I think my forehead does. I did not know whether he meant it or not but I was sympathetic. I did not realize then how completely and entirely american was Gertrude Stein. Later I often teased her, calling her a general, a civil war general of either or both sides. She had a series of photographs of the civil war, rather wonderful photographs and she and Picasso used to pore over them. Then he would suddenly remember the spanish war and he became very spanish and very bitter and Spain and America in their persons could say very bitter things about each other's country. But at this my first evening I knew nothing of all this and so I was polite and that was all.
>
> And now the evening was drawing to a close. Everybody was leaving and everybody was still talking about the vernissage of the independent. I too left carrying with me a card of invitation for the vernissage. And so this, one of the most important evenings of my life, came to an end.
>
> I went to the vernissage taking with me a friend. . . . (ABT, 16-19)

The narrative of The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas appears so deceptively simple that many saw it as an anomaly in Stein's work. Its admirers felt that their "constant hope that the time would come when the real Miss Stein would pierce the smoke-screen with which she has always so mischievously surrounded herself"[18] had been realized. Its detractors, convinced that Stein, when she wrote unequivocally, proved herself to have nothing to say, disposed of the autobiography as "an inspired gossip column"[19] or paid it the dubious compliment of thinking that "it maintained very well the tone of sprightly gossip rising at times to a rather nice comedy level."[20]

But behind the disarming anecdotes of The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas to which these readers responded, one can observe the transition in Stein's approach to narrative from the earlier portraits and plays as landscapes to the later autobiographies, self-explanations, and plays and novels as the embodiments of "being." The quoted passage is, as is the whole of the work, both consistent with Stein's theoretical statements about the aim of her earlier, more abstruse writing and an advance from them. The narrative moves forward in a manner analogous to those earlier works which were composed "by beginning again and again" (CE, 12), by creating a "continuous present" (CE, 17) which "is not repetition . . . because naturally each time the emphasis is different just as the cinema has each time a slightly different thing to make it all be moving" (LA, 179). Implicit in this technique is her later tenet that "you have to denude yourself of time so that writing time does not exist." Writing in Alice's person is one way of "denuding" herself of time. Stein, writing autobiography and not fiction, still recreates in the present another's mind as it hypothetically would remember and so eludes the preoccupation with time which tracing her own past in a more conventional manner would involve.

But if Stein has abandoned the autobiography's involvement with time to a narrative voice which is not hers, there is still implicit in the authorial ruse and in the work's historical material the protagonists' identity, their continuity through time. The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, while it embodies Stein's insight into the "translated" tone of "most narrative"--the recreation of "the point of view of somebody else"--, also heightens her awareness of the threat that history and identity pose to her writing. This awareness would subsequently lead her to minimize the narrative validity of her first autobiography and to adopt, in later attempts at the genre, a style much further removed from the linear and historical.

The "continuous present" of this first autobiography is a complex temporal interpenetration. In the passage quoted, the reader, beginning with Alice's success at party conversation, is led into a digression, based on her subsequent experiences, about the wives of geniuses. A return to the party sends Toklas on a walk to Montmartre, again at a later date. Once again at the party, Alice's narration becomes more complex as the past luncheon, narrated this time by Stein, is recalled and, in its turn, intimates the future vernissage and a future event in the autobiography's chronology. With Alice's return to the party and her conversation with Picasso, the associational matrix which gives coherence to these temporally disparate events extends further. Picasso, in the "present" of the party, begins to narrate an earlier experience ("You see . . . Gertrude") and is interrupted by a Toklas parenthesis generalizing from the knowledge garnered in all the years intervening between the party and the autobiography. Toklas's response to Picasso generates another digression, this time on the future Stein-Toklas relationship.

In a few hundred words, eight references to times other than that of the party are included in its "continuous present." One finds what one might term the writing-time, Alice Toklas in 1932 generalizing from her experiences, co-existing with the narrative-time, the party itself. Attached to each of these two times are recollections, adding two more temporal dimensions. The "continuous present" so created has "to do with a sense of movement of time included in a given space" (LA, 224). When the use of such a space is carried to its theoretical limits, the usual physical configurations against which one perceives movement and, therefore, distance and the passage of time are absent: " . . . all that was necessary was that there was something completely contained within itself and being contained within itself was moving, not moving in relation to anything not moving in relation to itself but just moving . . . " (LA, 202). Movement and time become absolutes. The "space of time" (LA, 160) which replaces progression in Steinian narrative provides, in The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, a multiplicity of vantage points from which to perceive the persons and events of a given moment of narrative.

Stein uses the interpenetration of temporal perspectives to create a "continuous present" to an end opposed to the effects of both her major contemporaries in "'time-composition,'"[21] Joyce and Proust. Joyce's temporal juxtapositions present periodic archetypes. The events in the life of a Bloom find echoes in our entire cultural history. Bloom is personal and mythic, the present, the past and the future. But the past and the future are structurally dominant. He signifies as Man more than man and by reverberation against mythic contexts he is both cosmic and historical. Joycean man becomes, in accordance with mythic and cosmic cycles. He is never allowed to merely be. "I was not myself then," Stephen tells us. "I was not myself as I am now, as I had to become."[22] "I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race."[23]

Proust, with the greater temporal precision of the French inflectional system at his service, also attempts to transcend the present moment. Where Joyce seeks mythic resonances between the present and the past within a cyclic system, Proust experiences "epiphanies" as moments outside of time. An event in the present involuntarily recalls an encapsulated memory out of the past. The Past invades the Present and Time is transcended. Speaking of his "impressions bienheureuses," he tells us, "je les éprouvais à la fois dans le moment actuel et dans un moment éloigné, jusqu'à faire empiéter le passé sur le présent, à me faire hésiter à savoir dans lequel des deux je me trouvais."[24] Proustian "impressions bienheureuses" and Joycean epiphanies remain the experience of the heroes of their novels. The reader is never required to participate in them as he is required to experience the "continuous present" of Stein. Their essential interest is as subject, whereas the Steinian "continuous present" operates as style.

Steinian narrative transcends time by moving in an opposite direction to that of Proust and Joyce. The present moment exists in her writing as an entity to which the past is admissible only insofar as it is not recalled or relived, but recreated. Some of Stein's devices for maintaining her "continuous present" are markedly ingenuous. The use of the simplest connectives --"from time to time," "and," "and now," "later," "later on once," "as I came up I heard"--is not only a contrast to her usual paratactic style but is a way of maintaining breathlessness, of continually forcing the reader into the present. She was herself capable of parodying the naïveté of this device as she does at the end of Everybody's Autobiography: "It was tomorrow which was yesterday and it was exciting . . . " (EA, 317). A more typical Steinian device to create a "continuous present" is the use of the present participle. The fact that the past must not seem to be but be the actual moment makes the comparative imprecision of such participles singularly suited to her purposes. By their failure to specify particular time and their indication of ongoing action they create what Stein termed a "prolonged present" (CE, 17). By "beginning again and again," using the same material made slightly different because it recurs at a different moment (LA, 185), she transforms this "prolonged present" into a "continuous present." The emphasis is not on temporal succession or fusion but on the discreteness of each moment which can never be the metaphoric equivalent of another as in Joyce, or evoked by essential similarity with another as in Proust. It exists in and for itself, an unrelated entity.

Implicit in The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas are two "continuous presents," one attached to each of what we have termed the narrative-time and the writing-time. The tension between these is present to some extent in any autobiography spanning a number of years and particularly in those in which the author seeks an identity, in which he searches for the origins of his present self in his past life. In Stein's first autobiography, the "continuous present" of the narrative-time is clearly dominant. It governs the distinction between events which can be incorporated into the text as legitimate digressions and those which must await their proper chronological position: " . . . and of course I did not know what it was all about. But gradually I knew and later on I will tell the story of the pictures. . . . " The chronology is determined by well-defined stages in Alice's growing acquaintanceship with Stein. Within this chronology the digressions are associative; they arise from the juxtaposition of the narrative-time and the writing-time. While that juxtaposition incorporates a tension between historical and Steinian narrative, it does, in part at least, conform to the demands of the "continuous present." A digression about Fernande or one about Stein which cannot be exactly dated ("later on I often teased her"), one which is an anecdote related to Toklas in the narrative-time (the luncheon) or which is the result of cumulative experience (the "long friendship" of Stein and Picasso) is not out of order in the "continuous present" which exists within the larger chronology. An account of the *vernissage*, marking as it does a definite step in the growing acquaintanceship of the ostensible and the real author, is.

Because the narrative pattern of the work is based on this gradual focusing of Toklas's life on Stein, the reversal of the chronology when Stein's life is related is a naturalistic reflection of her new friend's growing consciousness of her. The years immediately preceding their acquaintance, since their effects are still visible and they are still the subject of conversation, are more accessible to Alice than Stein's earlier life is. This focus of Toklas's defines both the appropriateness and the limitations of her ostensible authorship. Because she made Stein so entirely the centre of her life, the autobiography is, in a real psychological sense, Alice's. Her preoccupation with Stein also makes Toklas, as ostensible narrator, at least a partially veracious reflector of her companion. An externalized narrator, an alter-ego, she mediates between biography and autobiography, maintaining something of the psychological veracity of both.

Precisely this use of Alice as ostensible narrator reflecting the real writer is responsible for the diffuse quality of the later part of the book. The relationship between the two women well established, the work loses the linear specificity which gave shape to the "continuous present" mode of narration. Events are not so definitive; they exist more indistinctly in the comparatively undifferentiated expanse of years of life together. Especially in the section after the war years, the narration tends to seem less purposefully anecdotal. The postulated autobiographer, Alice, has fulfilled the traditional aim of her genre, self-definition, at the point at which the relationship with Stein is established with certainty. That the definitiveness and encapsulation of anecdotes recreated in a "continuous present" should disintegrate at the point at which that "continuous present" is no longer held in such severe tension against chronological narrative suggests that Stein has not yet realized completely the goal of atemporality in her new choice of a genre. She herself probably understood this when she simultaneously wrote Stanzas in Meditation. In the poems she compensates for the failure to write a complete "continuous present" in the autobiography by excluding all chronological, associational and causal effects in a reversion to a style that is syntactically and grammatically paratactic.[25] Later she would term The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas "history" (EA, 302) as opposed to literature: "Literature we may say is what goes on all the time history is what goes on from time to time" (N, 4).

Returning to the nature of Toklas's divagations, as narrator, from the party, one finds that at this early stage in the autobiography, not only are they a valid embodiment of the "continuous present," but also they conform to the dictum that narrative must move not by progression but by beginning again and again. Each digression, by returning the narrator to a different point in the evening being described, allows her to "begin again" using her associations as impetus and transition. This stylistic device serves the thematic development of the autobiography and even introduces a mild climactic action into the narrative. The events of the "Saturday evening" are not presented naturalistically; Toklas's attention must surely have been sometimes diverted by persons less luminous than Matisse, Picasso and Stein. Beginning, we meet these lesser personnages as intimations of the more famous guests. Matisse and Picasso are introduced indirectly in a conversation which refers to the wife of the first, the mistress of the second. The oblique reference to Picasso is stressed by the further attention devoted to Fernande and, by way of association, to geniuses. This overture complete, "beginning again," we meet the three central figures in a series of conversations. The description of the party becomes a configuration of the larger anecdotal focus of the book--viewed this time as Stein's rather than Toklas's autobiography--, the author's relationship with the modern art movement, particularly as it was influenced by Matisse and, more importantly for her, Picasso. "Beginning again and again," Stein has created a layering of narrative that makes this one scene a structural analogue for the entire work.

At a literal level this advancing, in terms of information garnered, by turning back on a given event, this structural layering, is even more obvious in a later passage of The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas. In Part 4, "Gertrude Stein Before She Came to Paris," Toklas begins again at the significant moment to which each of the previous sections has returned: "Once more I have come to Paris and now I am one of the habitués of the rue de Fleurus" (ABT, 85). The entire narrative pattern, as it did in the party scene, simultaneously circles on itself and advances. In Part 4 Stein, almost parodying herself, repeats the larger structure of the book in the smaller scene. "Gertrude Stein was born in Allegheny, Pennsylvania" (ABT, 85), she begins, then digresses into a consideration of the spelling vagaries of French officialdom when confronted with "Allegheny, Pennsylvania" and into an explanation of her reluctance to read French. She recommences, adding information--"She was born in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, of a very respectable middle class family" (ABT, 86)[26]--, only to comment on the horrors of intellectualism. Then once again we are back in chronology: "She was born in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, in a house, a twin house" (ABT, 87).

Such a passage is autobiography in the manner of "The Life and Opinions of . . . ," with the difference that Stein presents the opinions as temporal clusters rather than as logically determined conclusions. They are included because they are present to the writer as knowledge or reflection, not because they are logically related to the facts being narrated. While this mode of inclusion of memories, opinions and contemporary experience, all as they are perceived by an externalized narrator, is based on a long tradition of "chatty" memoirs, it also indicates the impossibility of finding any truly objective position from which the autobiographer may present himself as he appears to others. The very act of selection, whether it be in Darwin's "objective" tracing of his career--"I have attempted to write the following account of myself, as if I were a dead man in another world looking back at my own life"[27]--or in the subjective perception of the self's evolution delineated by a Rousseau or a Yeats, is a falsification. Fact inevitably faces fiction in any autobiography. Stein's use of a highly biased ostensible or externalized narrator in what parodies "objective" perspectives is a structural metaphor for the genre's metaphysical dilemma.

Psychological and aesthetic validity become its test of truth. To say of The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas that it contains "a great many statements which were absolutely false,"[28] that its anecdotes are really a "great confusion of dates, places and persons,"[29] or of Stein herself, "God what a liar she is!"[30] is relevant to the work when one considers it as biography and history, not to autobiography. Because a biographer and his subject are separate entities, the biography retains the form at least of objectivity. No matter how biased its writer, he relies largely on external manifestations and on facts which can be proven to reconstruct the consciousness which is his subject. With Stein's composition, written out of the "knowledge" of the "continuous present," the judgment that the autobiographer is indeed a liar does not take us very far. The autobiographer, no matter what his stated position is, cannot escape the coincidence of of his own and his subject's existence. Even when a gap of years enables him to perceive from the point of view of a matured consciousness he must still remain "inside" his subject to a greater extent than the biographer could ever hope to be. His distortions or "fictions" help to make the particular truth of the genre.

The self-parody evident in the passages cited from The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas does more than display the inevitable subjectivity behind the work's authorial ruse. It also creates a stylistic equivalent of the factual content of those passages, an equivalent that mocks both the individual's endless struggle to be and the absoluteness of the past. The style creates the facts: "She was born . . . in a house, a twin house." The repetition of "house" both parodies and creates the idea of a "twin house."

Stein makes style a structural equivalent for fact in a more complex narrative when she describes to Alice the luncheon given for the painters: "and they were happy so happy that we had to send out twice for more bread." The literal representation of "twiceness" in the repetition of "happy so happy" is strengthened by the repetition of the entire main clause--"and we had to send out twice for more bread so they were happy." It is further reinforced and subtilized by the intercalation of a subordinate clause--"when you know France you will know that that means that they were happy"--in which the twiceness has been embodied in the repetition of "you know." The style, parodying the ideas of its content, is both a playful and a serious use of the "continuous present" recreating, not remembering, what it tells.

This continuous mediation between ostensible and actual author, between the style and its parody, between biography and "self-reference," prefigures the identity crisis which the work's success evoked in Stein. Since the autobiography was first read, there have been speculations about its actual authorship: "I did a tour de force with the Autobiography of Alice Toklas, and when I sent the first half to the agent, they sent back a telegram to see which one of us had written it!" Toklas's acerbic denials[31] of any part in its writing have not diminished speculation about her role in its authorship. Bridgman suggestively notes that "The tart economy of the Autobiography can be found in only one other book--Alice Toklas's own memoirs, What is Remembered. The question inevitably arises of who influenced whom."[32] His conclusions stop just short of Alice's picking up the pen.

Autobiography cannot simultaneously be art and a case-study. Literary autobiography demands that the author present only what he sees as the truth about himself. That truth need have no imperative one-to-one correspondence with the "facts" of the author's life as another might perceive them nor is it altered by subsequent events in the author's life. We should not demand that the autobiographer be gifted with infallible insight into his own nature but only that he does not deliberately fictionalize himself. When Rousseau's critics protest that his "sincerity" is in fact most insincere, when

Leo Stein calls his sister a "liar," they are judging persons, not autobiographies. To deem the work of art invalid on the grounds of what a person other than the autobiographer can perceive as an untruth is to confuse autobiography with biography.

But when Stein writes an autobiography in the voice of another person one can legitimately ask if she is not moving into the realm of fiction. Her defense lies in the fact that she reveals Toklas largely through her effectively mimicked voice. The real focus of the book _is_ Stein and her circle of artist friends. Those who thought Toklas wrote the book responded to it as memoirs, as the record of events at which the author has been present and of people she has known, of "The wives of geniuses I have sat with." Those who never questioned Stein's authorship recognized autobiography, the attempt to create a construct of the self through narrative.

When Stein ended _The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas_ with a photograph of the first page of its manuscript she insisted on the self-containment of art as opposed to the progressiveness of the case-study. Her use of an ostensible narrator can stand as an analogue within the work of the identity crisis evoked, not by her relationship with Alice, with its attendant speculation as to the real autobiographer, but by that of the author and his audience. In subsequent attempts to come to terms with identity, Stein reshaped the autobiographical form to make it more consistent with her literary theories so that one need no longer speak paradoxically of the co-existence of the "continuous present" and of chronology as one must when dealing with The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas.

III. The Geographical History of America: "So once more to renounce because and become"

> Autobiography number one
>
> Not solve it but be in it, that is what one can say of the problem of the relation of human nature to the human mind, which does not exist because there is none there is no relation, because when you are in the human mind you are in it, and when you are in human nature you are of it.
>
> Become Because.
>
> Beware of be.
>
> Be is not what no one can be what no one can see and certainly not what no one can say.
>
> Anybody can say be.
>
> Be is for biography.
>
> And for autobiography.
>
> No not for autobiography because be comes after.
>
> So once more to renounce because and become.
>
> . . . That is what time is. There is always enough and so there is no going on no not in the human mind there is just staying within. . . . So then time is nothing since there is always enough of it.
>
> The human mind has nothing to do with time since it is within and in within enough has nothing to do with anything.

> Oblige me by not beginning. Also by not ending. (GHA, 157)

The "translation" of Hugnet's poems was, in Stein's own estimation, seminal. It led her to query the author's own recognition or observation of his own writing, to question the author as his own implicit audience. Recognition, audience, involve remembering and, therefore, identity. The idea is notably Jamesian and Stein's initial concern with the problem of identity may well have been the result of her reading of _The Principles of Psychology_ in her freshman philosophy course at Radcliffe. James, moving towards his definition of consciousness as a "stream," had discussed the fact that, upon awakening, we resume the identity we had before falling asleep:

> When Paul and Peter wake up in the same bed, and recognize that they have been asleep, each one of them mentally reaches back and makes connection with but _one_ of the two streams of thought which were broken by the sleeping hours. As the current of an electrode buried in the ground unerringly finds its way to its own similarly buried mate, across no matter how much intervening earth; so Peter's present instantly finds out Peter's past, and never by mistake knits itself on to that of Paul. Paul's thought in turn is as little liable to go astray. The past thought of Peter is appropriated by the present Peter alone. He may have a _knowledge_, and a correct one too, of what Paul's last drowsy states of mind were as he sank into sleep, but it is an entirely different sort of knowledge from that which he has of his own last states. He _remembers_ his own states, whilst he only _conceives_ of Paul's.[33]

In a more axiomatic formulation James writes, "The sense of our own personal identity, then, is exactly like any one of our other perceptions of sameness among phenomena. It is a conclusion grounded either on the resemblance in a fundamental respect, or on the continuity before the mind, of the phenomena compared."[34] Stein's concept of identity is very similar.

Perhaps an apprehension about the place of identity in writing was partly responsible for the authorial evasion of The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas. At any rate that work's large audience exacerbated the problem for after "the audience begins, naturally they create something that is they create you" (WM, 95). Identity is necessarily historical; it affirms continuity over contiguity, the twentieth century of Freud, Spengler and Joyce over that of Stein and the cubists. It leaves the man obsessed with the child, his father.

The translator, writing what has already been written, is literally his own audience. There is no longer a "continuous present" but a continuity across time, a shared identity based on the recognition of the resemblance of two works.[35] If one, as Stein does, employs a "continuous present" in which the moment created by the written word is encapsulated, then this divorce between writer and translator finds its analogue in the temporal discreteness of the writer writing and the writer almost but not quite simultaneously observing what he has written. The absence of total simultaneity of the two activities, their temporal discreteness, makes the observation an act of recognition, of finding resemblances. As it does in translation, identity intrudes.

Stein's "translation" of "Enfances" combined with the success of the first autobiography seem instrumental in confirming her fears that identity--the recognition of resemblances across time by an audience--might intrude upon the atemporality of her style. But the Hugnet incident, with its germ of a distinction between the author's recognition of his own writing and the recognition which occurs in translating, also became the source of the removal of this threat to a "continuous present." Meditations on the significance of her attempted translation recur in the years following the publication of The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas. In "Henry James" it is dwelt on as the "coincidence" (FA, 119) which, via Shakespeare's sonnets, reveals the difference between writing written with and that written without an audience, any audience, including the author. Shakespeare's plays, she maintains, are writing in which the author has not acted as his own audience as he wrote. But the sonnets are "translations" in which the author has watched and even anticipated himself writing: "Shakespeare's plays were written as they were written. Shakespeare's sonnets were written as they were going to be written" (FA, 120). In "translated" writing, writing like the sonnets which anticipates an audience, "the words next to each other had a different sound and having a different sound they did not have a different sense but they had a different intensity and having a different intensity they did not feel so real and not feeling so real they sounded more smooth . . . " (FA, 130). The need to discover the words instead of writing out of prior recognition provides the motivation for the "biographies" of Ulysses S. Grant, religious leader; the Wright brothers, artists; Henry James, general; and George Washington, novelist.

The Hugnet translation re-emerges in a series of lectures Stein gave in Chicago in 1935:

> Hitherto I had always been writing, with a concentration of recognition of the thing that was to be existing as my writing as it was being written. And now [in translating "Enfances"] the recognition was prepared beforehand there it was it was already recognition a thing I could recognize because it had been recognized before I began my writing, and a very queer thing was happening.
>
> The words as they came out had a different relation than any words I had hitherto been writing. . . . (N, 51-52)

By considering this "different relation," Stein is able to distinguish the writer as audience from the public as audience. The "audience has to be there for the purpose of recognition as the telling is proceeding to be written and that audience must be at one with the writing, must be at one with the recognition must have nothing of knowing anything before or after the recognition . . . " (N, 60). The writer exists in the "continuous present" as one half of a duality. His less creative fellow beings and the less creative aspects of his own self form the other half. In The Geographical History of America he is defined as the "human mind" and is opposed to "human nature."

"Human mind" is "entity," "a thing in itself and not in relation" (WM, 88). It "writes what it knows" (GHA, 111) with the proviso that "knowledge is not succession but an immediate existing. . . . there may be continuous states of knowing anything but at no time of knowing is there anything but knowing that thing the thing you know" (N, 20-21). "Human nature" is concerned with "identity" (WM, 88) and "Identity is recognition" (WM, 84) based on remembering resemblances.

Audiences partake of "human nature" because they construct an identity based on their cumulative experience of someone: " . . . they create you. . . . " The writer typically becomes this sort of audience to himself when he writes autobiography:

> And identity is funny being yourself is
> funny as you are never yourself to your-

> self except as you remember yourself and then of course you do not believe yourself. That is really the trouble with an autobiography you do not of course you do not really believe yourself why should you, you know so well so very well that it is not yourself, it could not be yourself because you cannot remember right and if you do not remember right it does not sound right and of course it does not sound right because it is not right.[36] You are of course never yourself. (EA, 68)

In The Geographical History of America Stein had punned on "right" and "write": "The human mind has no resemblances if it had it could not write that is to say write right" (GHA, 63). Since she is meditating in the above passage on the difficulty of writing autobiography, it seems likely she intended a similar pun here. Such wordplay places the last statement in the context of a description of the "human mind": autobiography, to be art, must be reformulated to be the existence of the "human mind" at the moment of writing. It can no longer deal in self-definition.

Stein's theoretical approach to this problem is the outgrowth of formal devices present in her earlier works. Dualities structured her writing as early as The Making of Americans which, at one level, is an elaborate characterology based on two opposite types. More central to her theoretical methods are her early intensifications of description. From the "continuous present" of Three Lives in which, by "beginning again and again," the reader is expected to hold a largish span of time and a number of events in his mind as the simultaneous knowledge of the moment[37] to Tender Buttons or the later Stanzas in Meditation an intense atomization has taken place. In the poetic pieces the moment is broken down until it becomes almost infinitesimal. Increasingly instantaneous perceptions or knowledge are set down paratactically to maintain the discreteness, the self-contained quality, of the moment of knowing.

Stein's solution to the problem of audience and identity in writing that she wished to be atemporal is of the same nature. She has proceeded not by logic (causal connection presupposing movement in time) but by an intensification of concentration. She reduces the discrete moment to smaller and smaller proportions so that the writer recognizing his own work, the writer as audience, exists without remembering (which demands temporal continuity) the writer writing, has "nothing of knowing anything before or after the recognition." Without remembering, recognition becomes an act of the "continuous present" or of the "human mind."

By the time Stein begins to formulate her theory of the "human mind," the "continuous present"--at least at its most extreme--is not continuous in any usual sense of the word. Rather it is an absence of that usual concept of continuity which embraces past, present and future. The "continuous present" of Three Lives or the portraits in which the entire work is to be present at once to the mind has been replaced by a radical discontinuity induced by the reduction of the extent of the knowledge presented, of the "space of time." The Geographical History of America, for example, bears on questions of time and identity through the use of such discontinuity:

> Beginning with tears.
> Annoyance makes nobody cry.
> But something does oh yes something does but should it.
> Who has to know what word follows another.
> I do. Although it is a mistake.
> The human mind is not unlike that.
> I do. Although it is perfectly a mistake.
> If perfection is good more perfection is better is not said but might be said of the human mind. (GHA, 29)

Writing without time and identity, the "human mind" necessarily eschews metaphor, "associational emotion" (ABT, 259) and onomatopoeia. The writer must attempt the impossible. He must use words without the accumulation of the past, without memory or the association of them with objects, experience, as one might imagine Adam discovering them: "Language as a real thing is not imitation either of sounds or colors or emotions it is an intellectual recreation . . . " (LA, 238). Recreating the language at each moment, Stein often replaces syntactic logic with parataxis and uses a phrase or a tag as a perception in the moment of an ongoing activity or process, such as thought. "I am I because my little dog knows me" is not "representative"[38] of thought or even a metaphor for it, since representation demands that the two things, thought and its formalization, share an essential identity. Rather it is a recreation in the present of the act of meditating on identity. The meditation is realized, not represented, in the use of the nursery rhyme. The rhyme is similarly recreated. Bearing with it "all the history of its intellectual recreation" (LA, 238), it is nonetheless made to exist in the moment and to be self-contained, without need of its allusive force to explain it.

Three such motifs of meditation recur in *The Geographical History of America* and in *Everybody's Autobiography*. The relation of time and memory to identity and their exclusion from the "human mind" are paradigmed in "what is the use of being a little boy if you are to be a man what is the use" (EA, 298).[39] The man remembering the little boy, including him in his conception of himself, is replacing the "continuous present" with duration, existence in the moment with continuity and identity. By relating the boy and the man, the writer places the "human mind" in abeyance. He also writes historical autobiography.

The most frequently recurring paradigm is the direct result of the large audience Stein gained with The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas. In the tag "I am I because my little dog knows me" (EA, 64), the difficulty is the distinction between the "I" of identity ("eye" or recognition by an audience) and the "I" of the "human mind": " . . . when you write what you do write you write it in private . . . and in private you are you and in public you are in public and everybody knows that" (EA, 292).[40] A little dog is a public.

A third paradigm gives Everybody's Autobiography its title: "the earth is completely covered over with every one" (EA, 99) signifies the absence of the division of people into groups which had structured The Making of Americans. The basis of human interaction becomes contact, existence, not relationship. People exist at a given moment as one would count, enumerating "any one and any one" (EA, 99). By denying relationship, Stein denies history, be it only the personal history of friendships; she denies much in The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas. History is viable only if it transfixes the moment, suspends it above causal flux, if it is a legend.[41] Stein's new theory of autobiography demands that the reader, in his own present, recreate the work. "Human mind" and "human mind" come into contact. The new autobiography is that of "everybody."

The absence of time and identity in the "human mind" necessitates a redefinition of narrative, traditionally a "succession in happening" (N, 18), and seems to preclude autobiography which, during the nineteenth century at least, had evolved into a quasi-historical examination of the self. Much of the charm readers found in Stein's first autobiography is attributable to the fact that it met their historical and anecdotal expectations even while its partial creation of a "continuous present" gave the work an air of immediacy atypical of the genre.

Recognizing that autobiographical narration involved an attitude she regarded as anti-literary, Stein responded by reformulating her concept of narrative. Narrative remains description, but description of an absolute nature. Instead of defining through resemblances, metaphors and naming, it presents "disembodied" action, existing. Narrative for Stein becomes akin to the movement of plays, a movement that exists in an enclosed space, moving against nothing, in relation to nothing, and that is, therefore, simultaneously kinetic and static. Everybody's Autobiography, Stein thought, was "a simple narrative of what is happening not as if it had happened not as if it is happening but as if it is existing simply that thing" (EA, 302-03). Autobiography is the outcome of the "human mind" turned on events instead of on objects and rendering them as existing, not progressing.

Once again Stein has solved a problem of literary theory to her own satisfaction by intensifying her focus on it, by atomizing the problem, and not by using conventional logic. Her reformulation of narrative aims bears on the original difficulty, that of the writer as his own audience, creating his own identity. If one describes events as existences, not sequences, the concentration is necessarily on action and not on cause or consequence. Memory and narrative are no longer concomitant. The action of the "human mind" obliterates identity: "Identity is recognition, you know who you are because you and others remember anything about yourself but essentially you are not that when you are doing anything" (WM, 84). Or:

> I am not I any longer when I see. This sentence is at the bottom of all creative activity. It is just the exact opposite of I am I because my little dog knows me. (FA, 119)

The writer must be what he is without thinking about what he is, without searching for the continuity of his being. By being unself-consciously his self, by writing the "human mind," not the self, he can write *Everybody's Autobiography*. He has "renounced" the "be" of "because and become."

IV. *Everybody's Autobiography*: "I was . . . a natural believer in science . . . and so I began to write"

> Then there was the fear of dying, anything living knows about that, and when that happens anybody can think if I had died before there was anything but there is no thinking that one was never born until you hear accidentally that there were to be five children and if two little ones had not died there would be no Gertrude Stein, of course not. (EA, 115)

> . . . and I began then when evolution was still exciting very exciting. . . .
>
> Science meant everything and any one who had an active mind could complete mechanics and evolution, philosophy was not interesting, it like religion was satisfaction in a solution but science meant that a solution was a way to a problem . . . and then William James came that is I came to him and he said science is not a solution and not a problem it is a statement of the observation of things observed and perhaps therefore not interesting perhaps therefore only abjectly true.
>
> There was of course science and evolution and there were of course the fact that stars were worlds and that space had no limitation and still if civilizations always came to be dead of course they had to come to be dead since the earth had no more size than it had how could other civilizations come if those that were did not come to be dead but if they did come to be dead then one was just as good as another one and so was science and progress interesting that is was it exciting but after all there was evolution and James' the Will to Live and I I had always been afraid always would be afraid but after all was that what it was to be not refusing to be dead. . . .
>
> . . . and I found how naturally that worried me, that there is no limit to space and yet one is living in a limited

> space and inside oneself there is no sense of time but actually one is always living in time, and there is the will to live but really when one is completely wise that is when one is a genius the things that make you a genius make you live but have nothing to do with being living that is with the struggle for existence. Really genius that is the existing without any internal recognition of time has nothing to do with the will to live. . . . And so naturally science is not interesting since it is the statement of observation. . . . But after all I was a natural believer in republics a natural believer in science a natural believer in progress and I began to write. (EA, 242-43)

Science, evolution, "democracies" (EA, 243), progress: these are concepts with which Stein typically characterized the nineteenth century. She was emphatic, however, in associating herself with the twentieth century, a century of series production in which continuity is fragmented and in which each object is the same as other objects in the series and yet, appearing at a different moment, different. This unusual identification of herself as a "natural believer" in the intellectual constructs of the nineteenth century elucidates the narrative of Everybody's Autobiography, a narrative in which Stein modifies the techniques of scientific observation to serve her atemporal literature. Even her earliest writings, Three Lives and The Making of Americans, bear some analogy to laboratory method. Their principle of observation involves a massive compounding of detail in an "impartial" recording of all observations relative to a particular situation, a use of detail which is simultaneously all-inclusive and highly selective.[42]

The laboratory isolates a phenomenon to study it free of uncontrolled influence. Stein's writing of the Tender Buttons period attempts a similar isolation of the object, although not to the end of scientific generalization. A carafe, for example, is recreated as known by a single observer when it is removed from its associational matrix, its space-time continuum. One never knows whether the carafe sat on a table in the rue de Fleurus apartment or whether is was perhaps the carafe of Braque's painting. This abstraction of the thing observed from its surround makes the function of writing analagous to the use of a microscope were that instrument capable of transmitting the data of all the senses. By isolating and magnifying an object, the carafe, Stein re-renders it through observation and analysis.[43] She also creates a distortion of the phenomenon ordinarily available to human awareness.

The total control of the variables affecting a phenomenon, the ideal to which the laboratory approximates, is impossible. The micro-organism must be placed in a fluid environment so as to be seen on the slide; the human being (or even the rat) observed for behaviour responses may receive the same stimulus as a hundred other subjects but he brings into the laboratory a different experience and even a physiology which, while it shares the species characteristics of his fellows, also reveals minute but idiosyncratic variations from them. Just as the nature of the phenomenon observed often forces the scientist to be satisfied if he approaches rather than duplicates ideal laboratory conditions, so Stein, as she focused on the problem of identity began to move away from the strict "external" observation of works like *Tender Buttons*. An unremitting emphasis on the present, considered in smaller and smaller units, begins to replace her concern with the description of the "outside" of things. In *Stanzas in Meditation*, for example, the writing incorporates ongoing events from her environment such as the references to the writing of *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* which Bridgman has noted. The environment, so long as it is the present environment, accessible to the "human mind" as immediate "knowledge," and not a mere manifestation of "human nature," is replacing the isolated and externalized phenomenon as Stein's subject. She is in her fashion becoming "self-referential" if we understand that for her the self who is the writer is the "human mind," a self with no identity and therefore no time but the present: "I always write about dogs why not they are always with me . . . " (EA, 204).

Everybody's Autobiography and many of the theoretical and fictional works relatively contemporaneous with it (e. g., The Geographical History of America, Ida, Mrs. Reynolds) are the culmination of this quasi-scientific approach now turned on the observer himself rather than on a phenomenon external to him. This second major autobiography is the presentation in all-inclusive detail of the "human mind" which "writes itself" as it exists from moment to moment. It represents Stein's theories carried to a point at which meta-writing, the written word as simultaneously theory and its exemplification, results.

Stein had moved in this direction before, most notably in How to Write in which the critic comments on the success of the writer's examples:

> Shell fish are what they eat. This is neither a paragraph nor a sentence.
>
> When it is there it is out there. This is a sentiment not a sentence.
>
> . . . Now what is a sentence. A sentence hopes that you are very well and happy. It is very selfish. . . .
>
> Once when they were nearly ready they had ordered it to close.
>
> This is a perfect example and it is not because it is a finish it is not ended nor is it continued it is not fastened and they will not neglect. . . .
>
> Once when they were nearly ready they had ordered it to close.
>
> This is one of the series of saving the sentence. (HW, 29)

In How to Write the reader remains conscious of the theory and its illustration; critic's and writer's roles remain separated within the work. With *Everybody's Autobiography*, theory and illustration are fused; the work is the theory. Hence meta-autobiography. Both its subject and its form are the "human mind." Because "human minds," lacking identity, contact rather than relate to each other, there being "no connection between any one and any one" (EA, 99), the autobiography contacting another "human mind" becomes, for that particular moment, the autobiography of the mind contacted. It becomes a prototype of autobiography.

This movement to meta-autobiography differentiates the effect of the intrusion of the narrator's comments in this work from those in the earlier autobiography. In *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, the author's judgments of the narrated events, even though they are cast in Alice's person, leave the reader aware of a layering of time; the "writing present" of the narrative tends to comment on the "continuous present." With the reformulation of the "continuous present" as the creation of the "human mind," further fragmenting the moment and yet enabling it to encompass a wider variety of material more arbitrarily chosen, authorial comment, conceived as "knowledge," becomes the essence of the form and not a partially disguised intrusion. Temporal planes have been integrated into an atemporal whole.

It is apparent that the scientific abstraction inherent in the work as the "human mind" is even greater than that of Stein's earlier, seemingly more difficult, works. The reader's greater comfort with Everybody's Autobiography is attributable to the fact that he can more easily identify the phenomenon recreated when that phenomenon is a self--his self, Stein's self--, even if a self paradoxically presented without identity. Moreover Stein's concept of the "human mind," applied to autobiography, finds a tradition in attempts to treat the completely subjective substance of the genre objectively. Darwin, writing as a "dead man," had familiarized this particular attitude towards autobiography.

The "human mind" "writing itself" "writes what it knows." Knowledge includes not only the data of sensory experience or that recorded by instruments but the "truths" which one is able to extract from the mass of detail constituting that data. The goal of scientific observation is generalization, the formulation or validation of "laws" which explain an entire group of phenomena. This tendency to generalization, what the "human mind" "knows" on the basis of the observations present to it, characterizes Everybody's Autobiography.

Anecdote does not exist in this work for its own sake or as history as it did in The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas. Instead it functions as the observations from which generalizations are drawn. By citing a single occurrence and generalizing from it as Stein so often does

--a meeting with a single photographer among several reporters, for example, can generate the dictum that "nobody can listen if they have to remember what they are hearing and that is the trouble with newspapers and teaching with governments and history" (EA, 218)--she follows the direction psychological science had taken. In a book on "Topological Psychology" which is contemporaneous with Everybody's Autobiography Kurt Lewin suggests that "From the viewpoint of theory of science, the recent development of psychology corresponds in magnitude, extent, and character to the transition in physics from medieval Aristotelian to modern Galilean concepts."[44] Where Aristotelian science had been based on the supposition that "Only an average of many cases seemed to possess general significance,"[45] Galilean physics emphasized the value of the individual case (since the same event is never repeated) in "the determination of general laws."[46] Stein's use of anecdote is comparable to this deduction from a single case which had characterized certain schools of psychology since William James[47] and Sigmund Freud. In literature anecdote as the experiential basis of a "knowledge" manifested in generalization is abstracted from its historical function. The recreated event, as stimulus to, but not cause of, the generalization, exists within the enclosed space of the discrete moment known by the "human mind." It is impersonal and no longer embedded in chronology.[48]

This atemporal use of anecdote structures the narrative from the first chapter with its deceptively event-oriented title, "What Happened After The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas." What happened was that Stein read to Picasso from her first autobiography and Picasso read to Stein from his poems. Their subsequent relations are tainted by his attempts to turn poet and culminate in a reconciliation in which Stein victoriously and magnanimously explains why she can write poetry and he, a painter, cannot. This central quarrel and reconciliation, along with anecdotes about other people associated with it, provides Stein with the observations from which she develops generalizations--among a multitude of small concerns and issues to be considered more extensively later in the work--about the differing egotisms of painters and writers, the contemporary divergence of the spoken and written languages, the orientalization of European art and science through the creative activities of Spaniards, Russians and Jews, and the role of notaries' sons in the arts in France.

Omitting several minor anecdotes which commence the chapter and considering the central concern, Picasso's writing, one can see how Stein generalizes by means of the accumulation of supportive observations. She reads her first autobiography to Picasso, he reads his poetry

her first autobiography to Picasso, he reads his poetry

to her and their work is opposed both concretely and in generalized terms: "Things belong to you and writing belonged to me. . . . You know perfectly well the miracle never does happen the one that cannot do a thing does not do it . . . " (EA, 15). Stein goes on to support her assertion by telling of Meraude Guiness Guevara whose lover was a "painter who was not a painter" (EA, 17)[49] just as Picasso was a poet who was not a poet.

At this point the narrative returns to the event in question, Picasso's reading. His reading aloud elicits more generalizations: "I think what is going to happen is that a written language is going to be existing like it did in old civilizations where it is read with the eyes and then another language which only says what everybody knows and therefore is not really interesting which is read with the ears" (EA, 17). Stein's explanation of her distaste for her friend's poetry returns her to her central preoccupation: "Well you see Pablo I said you see the egotism of a painter is an entirely different egotism than the egotism of a writer" (EA, 18).

Picasso's attempt to find out Stein's real opinion of his poetry through the agency of Dali permits her, because both painters are Spanish and have married Russians, to generalize again: "And all this is very important with what I have been saying about the peaceful Oriental penetration into European culture or rather the tendency for this generation that is for the twentieth century to be no longer European because perhaps Europe is finished" (EA, 21).

"However here is Dali waiting to come" (EA, 22) and "Dali was a notary's son, in Europe the role in the arts played by sons of notaries is a very interesting one. They take the place of ministers' sons in America" (EA, 22). Dali's having opened a new area for observation permits Stein to adduce the contact with notaries which resulted from her efforts to rent a summer home as evidence for generalizations about them. Examples from the arts are added until she concludes that "they have a violence in freedom but they are never free, that is what it is to be a notary's son" (EA, 26).

The impending presence of Dali lets Stein reapproach the differing egotisms of painter and writer: painters "paint with what is inside them as it is in them and the only thing that is outside them is the painting they have just been painting and all the others which of course are always around them. . . . A writer as I say never looks at his writing, once it is a finished thing, but a painter well he sees it because his room is full of it . . . " (EA, 29). She buttresses the observation about a painter's painting only what is "inside" him with an anecdote indicating Picasso's irritation with models.

A return to Dali, a capsule evaluation of surrealism, and the end of his visit to Stein take her back to Picasso. This time she introduces the encounter at which she emerges ideologically victorious. During its course she reveals how thoroughly her earlier doctrine of the "continuous present" has been incorporated into the more inclusive space of the "human mind." She also demonstrates that, "human mind" or no, the scientific abstraction which is the basis of her narrative method can be made to serve the more personal motivations of self-justification and even retaliation.

Stein meets Picasso, who is anxious to reproach her with her words to Dali, in the company of Braque at a gallery. They "said how do you do" (EA, 31) and Stein, by an association of Braque with The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, suspends the climax of her anecdote to express several generalizations intended to relegate the attack on her by Braque and others in their Testimony Against Gertrude Stein to irrelevance. The focus is once again the difference between the egotisms of writers and painters: " . . . since writing is writing and writers know that writing is writing they do not really suffer very much about anything that has been written. Besides writers have an endless curiosity about themselves. . . . Anything interests anybody who is writing but not so a painter oh no not at all. . . . and all the painters felt that way about The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas, Braque and Marie Laurencin and Matisse they did not like it and they did not get used to it" (EA, 31-32).

Remaining in the "continuous present" of the "human mind," for these generalizations are stimulated by the recreation of the fortuitous encounter of Braque and Picasso together, Stein cites a conversation with Marie Laurencin in support of her thesis:

> She said of course no painter could be pleased the past of a painter was not a past because a painter lived in what he saw and he could not see his past and if his past was not his past then it was nobody's past and so nobody could say what that past was. . . .
>
> After all anybody creating anything has to have it as a present thing, the writer can include a great deal into that present thing and make it all present but the painter can only include what he sees and he has so to speak only one surface and that is a flat surface which he has to see and so whether he will or not he must see it in that way. (EA, 34-35).

Her own canons of composition asserted and Braque diminished to the role of a minor figure whose criticism is irrelevant,[50] Stein returns to the event in hand, the narration of her conversation with Picasso after which he leaves Paris, presumably to paint, not write.

Transitional phrases enable Stein to move back and forth between the chapter's event and divagations from it, to circle around her generalizations. The phrases maintain clarity without embedding us in chronology because they are the product of the "human mind" existing and not of "associational emotion." "Well anyway," "It is funny about . . . " and their variations are without reference to time; they mark movement in space perceptible without its being seen against a background. They are the equivalents of the "Well." "Well." which occurs so frequently in Steinian dialogue and which is less an interrogation than the maintenance of a _status quo_, a refusal to alter existence by deducing cause or necessity or by initiating connective action. Occasional _non sequiturs_ in her most abstruse manner function in the same way: "I weep I cry I glorify but all that has nothing to do with that" (EA, 82).

The "human mind," existing only in the present, has meditated on a series of encounters with Picasso. From these and associated encounters Stein has deduced a number of stated generalizations. She has also implied but left unstated two other instances of "knowledge" existing in the "human mind": she and Picasso are the shapers of art and literature in the twentieth century and she has a monopoly on writing. She has used the "objective" point of view and the scientific paradigm, adapted to narrative, to very subjective and suggestive ends.

Any given scientific paradigm of course is itself based on a subjective world-view. The historian of science Thomas Kuhn points out that scientific research "seems an attempt to force nature into the preformed and relatively inflexible box that the paradigm supplies" and that it "is directed [only] to the articulation of those phenomena and theories that the paradigm already supplies."[51] Major scientific advances, he posits, are not made by accretion of knowledge but by a change in the scientist's view, by the adoption of a different paradigm to explain different phenomena; "the scientist's world is qualitatively transformed as well as quantitively enriched."[52] The adoption of a paradigm tends to direct the scientist towards the selection of only those phenomena amenable to explanation by it; hence "objectivity" rests on premises arrived at subjectively. In its annotation of the paradigm, research creates its own enclosed space. Another paradigm results in another space. Just so with Stein. Her presupposition is also her conclusion. The "human mind" and its generalizations are an ostensibly objective method applied to material which, by virtue of the "paradigm" which governs its selection, remains subjective.

Stein's narrative procedure leaves her an easy victim to those critics who, treating her as a pundit and assuming that her pronouncements are meant as sempiternal and absolute laws, preoccupy themselves with her inconsistencies.[53] It is not difficult to find exceptions to assertions like the one that "most people that do anything in painting are not very tall and broad" (EA, 16). But Stein herself was fully aware that even the laws of science are not immutable: "the laws of science are like all laws they are paper laws, as the Chinese call them, they make believe that they do something so as to keep every one from knowing that they are not going on living" (EA, 243). Truth, even scientific truth, is relative; it belongs to the moment and can be disproved or altered by the observations of another moment. Stein does not promulgate her generalizations as eternal verities; they are the "knowledge" of the "human mind" at the moment uttered and at another moment may be altered, denied or deemed irrelevant. Like scientific "laws" they are often subject to revisions produced by contingency. But Stein's generalizations, unlike those of science, are atemporal by virtue of their looser relation with the observations which stimulate them. Scientific generalization and its data have a causal interdependence. Steinian generalization reverberates against its anecdotal observations in a contact, "collision" (ABWWI, 49).

Precisely this realization of contingency determines the anxiety Stein associated with dying or not having been born. "Stars were worlds" but like certain civilizations they have often "completely disappeared from this earth" (EA, 12) without ever having been discovered. Unknown, they have no identity, no necessity. From the contempporary view at least contingency has governed their existence or non-existence. If two children had not died, Gertrude Stein would never have been born. Thus faced with the accidental nature of existence, Stein shapes "truth," "history," into a self-enclosed moment. Truths are eternal and necessary no more than are stars, civilizations and children. That they exist in no inevitable relation to anything else makes any demand for consistency between them irrelevant. Just as in the scientific model the anomalies unexplained by a given "paradigm" excite a new "paradigm" which explains both the anomalies and the original data, so with Stein the observations of a new moment demand a new generalization.

Stein however moves beyond science in the extreme fragmentation characteristic of her method of abstraction. A scientific paradigm, even if it is inevitably replaced, is designed to endure; it incorporates all the previous or anticipated data or theories falling within the range of its world-view which it sees as significant and generalizes on the basis of the supposedly enduring validity of its presuppositions. Its eventual replacement defines its errors or limitations or both. In the autonomous moment which is Stein's atemporal unit of narration the generalization only exists, it does not endure through time. Paradoxically this makes it more immutable than is the purely scientific generalization because, unlike its scientific counterpart, it cannot be declared to have been in error. It always remains "true," the "knowledge" of its discrete moment. "Continuous" only in its present, it need never be the knowledge of another moment.

Stein obviously did not deliberately and narrowly set out to translate scientific into narrative method. Insofar as she consciously noted similarities between other disciplines and her own, she drew a rather ambiguous analogy between her early writings and the beginnings of cubism.[54] But the perceptual changes which characterize artistic endeavour from, say, Ingres to analytic and synthetic cubism are a part of shifting world-views largely conditioned by "revolutions" in scientific theory and technique.[55] Stein is responding to the problems of a particular discipline in a particular milieu. Her response is one natural to a mind trained by scientific discipline and strongly influenced by William James.[56]

Although she herself never drew any analogy between her work and that of the scientific laboratory except to cite the latter as the beginning of her interest in human types that later structured The Making of Americans, one can perhaps justifiably carry the analogy a little further to see how imbued Stein was with the scientific method and how thoroughly she had penetrated to its essential structure. If, in spite of its fragmentation and atemporality, the narrative method by which Stein presents the "human mind" "knowing," that is, recreating and generalizing, is analagous to scientific "progress" through paradigmatic "revolutions," then the theory of the "human mind" itself becomes a paradigm behind other paradigms. One comes round again to meta-structure, to Everybody's Autobiography as meta-autobiography.

The concept of scientific "progress" through "revolutions" in paradigmatic structure is contrary to the belief of historians of science contemporary with Stein. They held what she termed a nineteenth-century belief in "progress" as an accretion of knowledge towards commonly accepted and defined goals. Their paradigm was that of evolution. But those of Stein's contemporaries, like Wyndham Lewis, who merely observed scientific activity without professional commitment to its rationalization often realized that scientific "revolution" implied a change in world-view as well as an accretion of knowledge. Stein herself had grown up at a time when Darwinism was still disputed by many and by middle age could claim that "Einstein was the creative philosophic mind of the century and I have been the creative literary mind of the century" (EA, 21-22). In psychology she had watched William James turn to a consideration of the nature of consciousness, a consideration which routed the sequential logic of previous models of consciousness and formed a basis for the later American movements of pragmatism and behaviorism. In Europe Freud reshaped the pathological psychology of early practitioners like Charcot into a theory of the unconscious which would dominate the early part of the twentieth century. Stein herself refused any part of the psychoanalytic unconsciousness but was cognizant of its use by others.[57] The extent of scientific transformations in her own life-time; her assertion that "the laws of science . . . are paper laws"; her attribution of "progress" or evolution in science to the dead nineteenth century which, while it may have been her origin, she felt she had left behind to create the twentieth century: all lead one to believe that, intuitively at least, she understood the scientific method to be the elucidation of a self-reflexive world-view and, therefore, eminently suitable for adaptation to literary ends which must, in part at least, have been conditioned by her scientific training.

V. Paris France: Autobiography and Fiction

The public acclaim Stein garnered, for the first time in her life, during her American tour as well as the lecture demands of the tour itself seem to have stimulated her last and major ventures into self-explanation[58] and meta-writing, writing as simultaneously literary theory and its creative embodiment.[59] The success of The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas coupled with this discernible and appreciative audience evoked a rather idiosyncratic identity-crisis in Stein: "And it is funny about identity. You are you because your little dog knows you, but when your public knows you and does not want to pay for you and when your public knows you and does want to pay for you, you are not the same you" (EA, 44-45). "The thing is like this, it is all the question of identity. It is all a question of the outside being outside and the inside being inside. As long as the outside does not put a value on you it remains outside but when it does put a value on you then it gets inside or rather if the outside puts a value on you then all your inside gets to be outside" (EA, 47). " . . . being I I am I has really nothing to do with the little dog knowing me, he is my audience, but an audience never does prove to you that you are you" (GHA, 77). "It always did bother me that the American public were more interested in me than in my work" (EA, 50).

Much of the impetus towards the reformulation of the "continuous present" as the dominance of the "human mind" over "human nature" arose from her resistance to her personal popularity. Although she had for many years set herself up among painters and ex-patriate writers as a "personality," the pundit of Montparnasse, in its public extension the role threatened to engulf what Stein regarded as her authorial integrity. Writing, she decided in her re-evaluation of her function, encapsulated both the "human mind" and the source of the anxiety which stimulated the reformulation in the first place, "human nature." "Human nature" became the subject upon which the "human mind" meditated: " . . . time and identity is what you tell about as you create only while you create they do not exist" (WM, 92). "But what can a masterpiece be about mostly it is about identity and all it does and in being so it must not have any" (WM, 91).

Identity, chief attribute of "human nature," is also chief attribute of much twentieth-century autobiography. Stein's originality lies in her adoption of identity as subject matter within a stylistic formula which specifically excludes it as process, in her embodiment of criticism within the creative work. Proust discovers the ideal novel which he will write and which is the one the reader has just completed; Joyce joins beginning and end so the written word is self-enclosed and allusively incorporates all natural, historical and mythological cycles, making his novel an equation for Literature, the word Word: so Stein writes autobiography that is both the genre and its criticism.[60] Everybody's Autobiography represents the apex of her achievement in this genre. Two later works, Paris France and Wars I Have Seen, reveal her adapting the memoir and the journal to the requisites of the "human mind"-"human nature" matrix.

The essence of Stein's tribute to France is not so much to the place--that would be romance which says "where anything is" (GHA, 137)--but to its people and culture. Instances are adduced embodying the nation's cultural configuration as that of the "human mind" which says "what anything is" (GHA, 137). The French do not believe that science has "anything to do with the real business of living" (PF, 8); their fashions are essential abstraction (PF, 11); "Paris was where the twentieth century was" (PF, 11) because, rooted in tradition, it did not demand change and, therefore, historical time, but existed: "what is was and what was is, was their point of view of which they were not very conscious" (PF, 24). France has "tradition and freedom" (PF, 40), that is, stability and innovation; it exists and it moves in its existing as does the "human mind." Between French people "there is no relation . . . , all the contact between them all is so fixed and inevitable" (PF, 26).

Contact as opposed to relation is incarnate in a number of anecdotes and observations: the French family is self-contained, existing beside, not in necessary interaction with, other families; one has a political party "but one does not tell it" (PF, 9); foreigners are "facts" who "were just there" (PF, 17). In the case of American writers, the sensation of being in contact rather than in relation with the country's daily living is exacerbated because, unlike the French who read aloud, their written and spoken languages remained separate. The American read what had been written, he did not speak it. For the creative activity of the American expatriate, France became a "background" (PF, 17) against which movement could take place but did not have to be seen. Its daily life and culture are analagous in Paris France to the "space of time" of the "continuous present" or the landscape space of the plays in Stein's earlier formulations.

This central thesis of France as the necessary background for artistic endeavour in the twentieth century is supported, as were the generalizations in Everybody's Autobiography, by observations and anecdotes. While the "contact" between observation and generalization in Stein's narrative is clearly marked by the methods of scientific investigation in which she was trained, the increasingly ingenuous tone of each essay at autobiography also reveals her deviation from the more rigid deduction of her scientific model. The "human mind" operating at its purest and completely without "relation" would represent the simultaneity of consciousness as discrete components which reverberate against one another rather than connect. By fragmenting the moment into isolated words, the spatio-temporal indices of which remain encapsulated, it would create the linguistic construct of Stanzas in Meditation. Semantics would be banished.

The less completely abstract narrative method of the autobiographies does not mean that observation and generalization stand in a necessarily logical relation, that because A is so, B is so, but it does place A and B in a more definitive contact, lets them comment on one another. Definition and logic as they are traditionally conceived are shunned but a sort of "semantic space,"[61] a space neither rigourously definitive nor linear, but multidimensional, revealing a movement and clustering of concepts which could not necessarily be logically related, is created.

When Stein "knows" that "fathers are depressing" (EA, 133) and goes on to tell about her own father, the anecdote is neither description nor definition. It provides a point of contact with the generalization enabling the two, generalization and anecdote, to co-exist within a certain space. That they should co-exist enriches each. Similarly, when she lists fathers--"there is father Mussolini and father Hitler and father Roosevelt and father Stalin and father Lewis and father Blum and father Franco is just commencing now" (EA, 133)--she is making "contact" with her reader, another "human mind" which knows, perhaps, something of Lewis's writing, of twentieth-century governments, of the discrepancies of the period between Lewisian and international politics. The "semantic space" thus created never attains the rigidity of definition. Each reader contacts this assertion with the knowledge peculiar to the "human mind" at a given moment, a knowledge that can never be exactly duplicated. Mind contacts mind, moment faces moment without causal connection but embodying atemporal multiplicity. As a method of evoking Jamesian simultaneity of experience, Stein's narrative, in theory at least, is more flexible and is accessible to more readers than either highly symbolic or allusive techniques or the irrational, even if associatively logical, devices of stream-of-consciousness writing.

Paris France, with its anecdotes about dogs and family life, its encapsulated and simplified histories of French cooking or French politics, which create a semantic significance rather than rigidly defining and delineating their "meaning" for the book's central thesis, once again alters the autobiographical genre. Just as Stein superimposed the "outside" point of view of the biographer on the self-analytical concerns of the autobiographer in *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, just as she wrote about identity without pursuing the autobiographical quest for identity or self-definition in *Everybody's Autobiography*, so in *Paris France* she makes the historic, anecdotal and souvenir functions of the memoir subservient to a generalization (that Paris was the necessary background for American writers in the twentieth century) as it is known by the "human mind." One need only compare the work with, say, Malcolm Cowley's *Exile's Return* to see how far she has altered the genre to once again create a model of her literary theory. She is not concerned with an aura or its sentimental effects and after-effects nor is she preoccupied with careful analysis of the relation between her observations and her conclusions. Stein recreates things being, not what, how or why they are. She does not so much refuse definition as move beyond it.

Her earlier writings often provide an indication of both a movement towards this supra-definitive theory and a point to which she occasionally reverts even in her maturest work. The Making of Americans had been an attempt to describe humanity by a process of classification as well as to solve the literary problem of presenting holistically knowledge gained cumulatively: "And a great deal of The Making of Americans was a struggle to do this thing, to make a whole present of something that it had taken a great deal of time to find out, but it was a whole there then within me and as such it had to be said" (LA, 147). That is, it was an attempt at definition through description, " . . . after all description is explanation" (LA, 142). Tender Buttons was another attempt at description, this time by means of creating equivalents. The reader's difficulty with the work rose not from the method of employing a description which was to be an equivalent of an object but from Stein's violation of his expectations regarding the logical nature of the equation to be established between object and description. The same basic mode of description is being used in How to Write. Forensics, for example, are presented in terms of grammatical equivalents, predicate complements elaborated with examples:

> Now what is forensics. Forensics is eloquence and reduction.
>
> . . . .
>
> Forensics is a taught paragraph.
>
> Paragraphs.
>
> Will they cause more as the middle classes.
>
> Does it make any difference to her that he has taken it. Of course it does although as she was considerate of

> me she did not manage it. This is forensics.
> Everything makes spaces.
> . . . .
> Now think of forensics.
> What are forensics establishing.
> Forensics. I say I will obey her.
> Forensics. She will reveal him.
> Forensics. And they will come at them.
> With him.
> Now think of forensics as an argument.
> Does he mind forensics if it is edited.
> I can see that she can see to change one for three.
> Now is this forensics for me. (HW, 386)

Stein returns to this technique of creating equivalents of an object or an emotion without necessarily naming the referent towards the end of Paris France, altering for a time the nature of the "contact" between generalization and observation typical of the autobiographies. In the "Helen Button" episode the named referent is war. However the fictionalized anecdote also becomes an equivalent of fear although Stein submerges that emotion, except as it pertains to dogs, chickens or falling stars, beneath the more obvious stated equation with war:

> William the dog and Helen the little girl went on. They did not look back at the bottle. But of course it was still there because they had not touched it.
> That is war-time. (PF, 82)

> They all went away always looking behind.

> Very soon there was nobody anywhere.
> This is war-time. (PF, 92)

Stein's incorporation into Paris France of a fictional narrative written several years earlier[62] is indicative both of the uneasy position autobiographies generally occupy in relation to history and the novel and of the extent to which Stein has altered the genre to make it simultaneously "self-referential" and impersonal: "self-referential" because any incorporated event, fact or fiction, if it is what the "human mind" "knows" at that moment, is valid; impersonal because the "human mind" is not the "I" of identity nor need it "know" fear as the "I" of "human nature" knows it. If the "knowledge" of the "human mind" is in a fictional form, that, for Stein, is its autobiography.

In asserting the existence of generically undefined writing in which both fact and fiction are autobiographically significant, Stein is not only venturing perilously close to certain aspects of psychoanalytic theory which she refused to acknowledge but is also placing herself within the contemporary autobiographical matrix. Within a different theoretical framework she is doing what O'Casey does when he passes from visual fact into fantasy to depict the reality of the child's experience or what Julien Green does when he transforms event into symbol in, for example, the kiss he bestows on his mirrored image in Mille Chemins ouverts, a kiss that is metaphor for both his narcissism and his homosexuality. We have, in an incident such as that Green describes, no assurance of the veracity of his account beyond his own insistence that he wants to tell the truth in spite of memory's distortions or beyond the psychological consistency of the occurrence with the work's entirety, the fact that it could stand as symbol of a considerable part of the psychological reality of one Julien Green, autobiographer. The very fact of the event's having such a symbolic impact may lead the reader to suspect that it has gained intensity in retrospect and that the truth of Green's representation is entirely "self-referential," that the psychological supersedes the historical importance of the event.[63] Stein's use of the "Helen Button" passage falsifies truth no more than does Green's event intensified until it becomes symbol; she merely refuses an "objective" disguise to the fictional and symbolic manner in which the "human mind" has apprehended the emotion involved.

The "human mind," one remembers, has no relation to time, identity, death, emotion: these are its subject, not its essence. Implicit in any dissociation of knowledge and experience is a certain depersonalization which Stein's theoretical position intensifies. The "human mind" writes what it "knows" at each moment but at no moment is that knowledge complete or absolute. The virtual elimination of time through its fragmentation and encapsulation into distinct and autonomous units, moments of knowing, introduces a complete relativism of knowledge. The mind may, at a given moment, "know" only Helen Button's experience, not "know" fear directly.[64] Sublimation, although Stein would never admit to it, enters the sphere of the "human mind."

With Stein's increased exploitation of the relativism inherent in her theory of the "human mind," she begins stating emotion in a manner new to her but closer, in its appearance, to more traditional prose which seeks not only to create but to arouse emotion. In Everybody's Autobiography, for example, the "human mind" knew emotion; it did not experience it. Anxiety was presented by telling what the "human mind" knew about it--that time and identity are troubling--, that is, by using it as a subject of meditation not as a present activity. Stein had moved towards emotive ends with the lyricism of works like Lucy Church Amiably which aurally recreated emotion instead of descriptively representing it. By the end of Paris France she has combined the statement of what the "human mind" knows as opposed to what "human nature" experiences and the aural presentation of that knowledge in an autobiographical intensity of emotion which is new to her. The Stein devices of rhythm and repetition are used to create a dithyrambic quality which yet never is more than a statement of what the "human mind" "knows." Since the emotion is the result of, not the impetus to the writing or the form of the work, it remains dissociated from "human nature," identity.

> So this book is dedicated to France and England.
>
> France who was the background of all who were excited and determined and created by the twentieth century but who herself was not at the time enormously interested. France really prefers civilisation to tumultuous adolescence, France prefers that the adolescent learns reserve and logic and civilisation and fashion as he emerges out of adolescence, France who thinks that childhood and adolescence should be felt instinctively as not an end in itself but as a progression toward the state of being civilised. And England who like a boy who has not gone to school . . . and who then considerably older does go to school and very quickly catches up and passes the others who have been at school from the beginning because England did refuse the twentieth century. . . .
>
> And now they know.
>
> This book is dedicated to France and England who are to do what is the necessary thing to do, they are going to civilise the twentieth century and make it be a time when anybody can be free, free to be civilised and to be.
>
> The century is now forty years old, too old to do what it is told.
>
> It is old enough to like to live quietly and well, to go to heaven or to hell as they like, to know that to live as they please is pleasanter than to be told.

> So this is what England a d France are going to do and this book s dedicated to them because I want t em to do what they are going to do. Th nk you. (PF, 119-20)

Writing this passage against the background of the outbreak of war, Stein has herself provided the best evidence for her dictum that "sentences are not emotional but paragraphs are" (LA, 131).

VI. *Wars I Have Seen* and the Journal as Generic "Continuous Present": "Remembering . . . might be being"

By the time she had completed *Pari France* Gertrude Stein had totally assimilated the autob ographical form into the activities of the "human mind. Its absolute "presentness" precludes any beginning o end dictated by the nature of the subject: "oblige me y not beginning. Also by not ending." The shifting mate ial of her last two autobiographies bears eloquent wit ss to this. In 1940 *Paris France*, including the "shor story" of Helen Button written earlier, was published English. A French edition, advertising previously npublished material, appeared in 1941. That material oved to be an account of her receiving the news of t declaration of war, of the occupation and of her deci on to remain in France. Fragmented, condensed, and wr ten with less dialogue, it forms part of the narrative of the early years of the war and of "The Winner Loses" in the 1945 edition of Wars I Have Seen.

The impression of a documentary record of the "human mind" which one receives from the overlap between these two autobiographies is intensified in Wars I Have Seen by the sections which flesh out its central account: an epilogue, a section entitled "We are Back in Paris" and an appendix, "The Winner Loses: A Picture of Occupied France." Used like this, with a refusal to establish boundaries between works and with an arbitrary end, that of the war, independent of and unpredictable by the form, the autobiography recedes even further from extensive literary or psychological organisation, from any attempt to "retrouver le fil plus fin qu'un cheveu qui passe à travers ma vie, de ma naissance à ma mort, qui guide, qui lie et qui explique,"[65] or to "reconstituer l'unité d'une vie à travers le temps."[66] The withdrawal is towards the journal or diary which, lacking temporal perspective, precludes tracing identity through the systematisation of the material recorded. In this it is the closest generic analogue to the "continuous present," to experienced living, Stein could have found. Its form is that of Gide's epigram for life itself: "«Pourrait être continué. . . .»"[67]

Stein wrote a piece titled "A Diary" in which the meditation is on the recording of daily events as the "human mind" "knows" them. Along with a good deal of non-chronological movement among "today," "yesterday," "the day before," "the day after" (D,5), there is considerable emphasis on the necessity of writing "suspended in time": "Should a diary be written on the morning of the day described or before" (D, 18). Like all writing, a diary must focus on "be," not on "because and become": "A diary should simply be" (D, 7). "A diary should be instantly in recording a telegram. Also in recording a visit also in recording a conversation also in recording embroidery also in recording having wished to buy a basket. That is it" (D, 17).

A journal, within whatever subject limits one sets for its record, is indiscriminate in its recording. Wars I Have Seen is an attempt to present events as does a diary, without retrospective organization, to let them "be," an existence "suspended in time." In spite of the indiscriminate character of the record, and even if it lacks literary structure, a diary does have a thematic outline. If the journal sets itself a subject, war for example, this is obvious. But even if it does not, even if it is the most banal notation of births, marriages and deaths, of visitors and the weather, of the state of its author's crops and health, a thematic confine is created by the life of the person making the notation.

Yeats recognized this when he incorporated diaries into his autobiography, letting them represent one phase of the man. *Wars I Have Seen*, in its exploitation of the journal form, is the apex of Stein's movement, begun with *Paris France*, both towards a generic equivalent of the "continuous present" and towards thematic construction.

The thematic thread of *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* proved tenuous. A history of the activities of Stein's *salon* and of the growing friendship of Toklas and Stein, it becomes thematically and structurally diffuse after the initial and more important members of the *salon* disperse and the women settle into familiarity. The organization is that of chronology and associations imposed by the fictional narrator, Toklas, on the author, Stein.

The superficial subject of *Everybody's Autobiography*, the American tour, is of even less moment. The work's importance is to be found in its artistic formulation of Stein's new critical theory. The structure and activity of the "human mind" is its all. The objects of its activity, what it "knows," have no relevance for their own sake and can be limitless.

Paris France begins and *Wars I Have Seen* extends a reconciliation of the "human mind" and the thematic organization of literature. The impetus is no longer the activity per se of the "human mind" but its "knowledge," the subject of its meditation, France or the war. The return to a theme is a modification of the technique of Stein's portraits. There one had a subject of meditation and a "space of time" which enclosed it. That "space of time" was to be present to the reader as a totality, to remain a unity. In Wars I Have Seen the "space of time" has been replaced by an instantaneity of knowledge about a given subject. This effect is strengthened by the emphatic and frequently non-chronological use of dates--"Now in 1943" (WIHS, 25), "Now in 1942 in April 1942" (WIHS, 31)--which transfix time, remove it from the progression of events, by isolating an occurrence or state of affairs from others which remain undifferentiated. By their emphasis on the present, these dates arrest the future and, therefore, any causal sequence.

This mono-thematic activity permits an intensification of the "knowledge," always within the cadre of "human mind" contacting "human mind," accessible to the reader. The monotone of the statement, never rising to exclamation, oration, invective, achieves emotional intensity without resorting to the duplication of emotion by literary effects, without the writer's serving "mammon" by using "words indirectly" to say "what he intends to have heard by somebody who is to hear" (LA, 23). The reader's emotions are not manipulated; he is never told what he should feel. When Stein writes, "Are we excited yes we certainly are all around us there is fighting" (WIHS, 130), the nearly monosyllabic insistence of the statement, the intensity of the "knowing," is the emotion. Feelings are not induced for effect and are separate from, not attendant upon, the statement. Rhetoric, whether political or romantic, is replaced with anecdote which creates the emotion the "human mind" "knows," being "suspended in time," far more effectively than they could be created by descriptive or philosophical prose: "There are such funny things the new prefect was talking of having he himself been condemned to death by the maquis and the wife of the mayor said yes he will write about it in his memoirs and then she added meditatively condemned to death we are all condemned to death" (WIHS, 210). Stein's long apprenticeship in setting down words only as they are immediately present to her has culminated in a forceful use of the declarative sentence, devoid of sentimentality, that eliminates the gap between writer's and reader's emotion by stating her "knowledge" of that emotion rather than the elements necessary to its induction in another.

The thematic centralisation of Wars I Have Seen enables Stein to take up and resolve two recurrent conflicts of autobiographical subject with her literary theory: the necessity of writing about childhood and the role of scientific evolution in her thinking. "I do not know whether to put in the things I do not remember as well as the things I do remember" (WIHS, 1), she commences, echoing the autobiographical dilemma of Wordsworth[68] and Stendhal[69] and questioning once again both the nature of autobiographical veracity and the possibility of memory to the writer working within her theoretical construct. Writing about war which she experiences as timeless, Stein is first able to "know" childhood without remembering it: " . . . one of the things that seemed to me in 1914 was that Paris was then the way I remembered it when I was four only then there was no war. But war makes things go backward as well as forward and so 1914 was the same as 1878 in a way" (WIHS, 5).

> In time of war you know much more what children feel than in time of peace. . . . In time of peace what children feel concerns the lives of the children as children but in time of war there is a mingling there is not children's lives and grown up lives there is just lives and so quite naturally you have to know what children feel. And so it being now war and I seeing just incidentally but nevertheless inevitably seeing and knowing of the feeling of children of any age I do not now have to remember about my feeling but just feel the feeling of having been a certain age. (WIHS, 7)

She insists upon the difference: "For a very long time I did not know what it was to be a child although I remembered it so well and I wrote as if I knew but actually there is a great difference between having it and remembering it . . . " (WIHS, 10). Set paratactically against this is an account of a meeting with a young gendarme about to become Petain's personal bodyguard. The anecdote is appositive. Her narration is empathic; Stein "has" the incident rather than remembers it: "So as I say I know what it is to be any age now that there is a war and so remembering back is not only remembering but might be being" (WIHS, 11). Remembering, transmuted into an activity of the "human mind," transcends time.

Not unrelated to the opposition of memory and being is Stein's need to rationalize the influence on her of evolution, a physiological remembering. "Evolution was over my childhood, walks abroad with an evolutionist and the world was full of evolution . . . " (WIHS, 17), she tells us in a manner that is both satiric and a clue to the origins of the "continuous present." The triple variation of "evolution," "beginning again and again" each time with a slightly different emphasis, is analagous both to the mechanics of the evolutionary process and to the method of the early "continuous present." "This is my scientific history" (WIHS, 60), she adds later:

> Having been born in the nineteenth century it was natural enough to know what science was. Darwin was still alive and Huxley and Agassiz and after all they

> made all the difference of before and after. . . .
>
> And I began with evolution. Most pleasant and exciting and decisive. It justified peace and justified war. It also justified life and it also justified death and it also justified life. Evolution did all that. And now. Evolution is no longer interesting. It is historical now and no longer actual. Not even pleasant or exciting, not at all. To those of us who were interested in science then it had to do tremendously with the history of the world, the history of all animals, the history of death and life, and all that had to do with the round world. Evolution was as exciting as the discovery of America by Columbus quite as exciting, and quite as much an opening up and a limiting, quite as much. By that I mean that discovering America, by reasoning and then finding, opened up a new world and at the same time closed the circle, there was no longer any beyond. Evolution did the same thing, it opened up the history of all animals vegetables and minerals, and man, and at the same time it made them all confined, confined within a circle, no excitement of creation any more. It is funny all this and this was my childhood and youth and beginning of existence. (WIHS, 61)

If evolution structured Stein's youth, "William James was one of the strongest scientific influences" (WIHS, 63) of her adult life. Asserting simultaneity against progression, opposition against continuity, he instilled polarizations in her. The ruminating Adele and Jeff against the impetuous Helen and Melanctha, the "dependent independents" and "independent dependents" of The Making of Americans, are but fictional preludes to the critical dichotomy of "human nature" and "human mind."

From James she had learned that "everything is in opposition" (WIHS, 64).

In terms of Stein's career the opposition is that of the nineteenth versus the twentieth century: "I belong to the generation who born in the nineteenth century spent all the early part of my life in escaping from it, and the rest of it in being the twentieth century yes of course" (WIHS, 80). War is the ultimate assertion of this century against science, an assertion which will force even Britain, bastion of nineteenth-century English against twentieth-century American literature, into the contemporary era: " . . . and so the nineteenth century which had undertaken to make science more important than anything . . . reduced the world to a place where there was only that, forced the world into world wars to give everybody a new thing to do as discoveries being over science not being interesting because so limiting there was nothing else to do . . . " (WIHS, 64-65). In Wars I Have Seen subject and method are symbiotically conjoined. Each is the raison d'être of the other. The triumph of the twentieth century, in Stein's terms the adaptation of scientific influence and method to its opposite, atemporality, is complete.

VII. "Le mot «autobiographie» n'a plus de sens"[70]

> He had an odd autobiographical habit which led him to compose in his mind from time to time a short sentence about himself containing a subject in the third person and a predicate in the past tense.[71]

The particular form Mr. Duffy's "habit" takes gives us an insight into two psychological traits of autobiography, traits which Stein has transformed and exploited as form in her use of the genre. Mr. Duffy speaks in the past tense. Its use enables the writer to arrest time, to create, if he is an autobiographer, an artifact of himself against destruction by time, to "embalm himself."[72] One senses this desire to create an artifact of the self behind much autobiography and it is a freely admitted motivation of those practitioners of the genre such as George Moore who believe that "art is eternal":[73] "and yet the vainest woman that ever looked in a glass never regretted her youth more than I, or felt the disgrace of middle-age more keenly. She has her portrait painted, I write these confessions; each hopes to save something of the past, and escape somehow the ravening waves of time and float into some haven of remembrance."[74]

The desire to record oneself, to create oneself as artifact in the manner of Moore, is pursued in a different way by those autobiographers who assert one identity across time, who do not search the past for the changes which produced the present man but instead scan that past to assert that they have always been what they are. From their perspective identity is no longer an attribute which causes one to succumb to temporal flux, an unwanted preservation of continuity through mutation, as it is for Stein, but is a denial of time and mutation. This type of autobiography attempts to more closely ally the artifact with its prototype, to arrest time in life as well as in art. Testimony to such an autobiographical desire abounds. "I am encore in 1835 the man of 1794,"[75] Stendhal writes, insisting on existence over mutation, only to turn and mock himself later: "J'ai adoré Saint Simon en 1800 comme en 1836. Les épinards et Saint Simon ont été mes seuls goûts durables. . . . "[76] Others echo him. John Ruskin: "But so stubborn and chemically inalterable the laws of the prescription were, that now, looking back from 1886 to that brook shore of 1837, whence I could see the whole of my youth, I find myself in nothing whatsoever changed. . . . in the total of me, I am but the same youth, disappointed and rheumatic."[77] Wyndham Lewis: "I submit that what I am is what I was. . . . "[78] Stephen Spender: "Yet the fact remains that I am and was the same person: when I was a child there were moments when I stood up within my whole life. . . . "[79]

If the creation of an artifact of the self is an attempt to transcend time by transfixing it, the process of "looking back" which produces that artifact embeds the record in time. In Stein's terms, the autobiographer remembering, asserting an essential resemblance between what he was and what he is, is his own audience. It is precisely this element of time in the production of a "timeless" artifact that Stein hoped to circumvent by constructing an atemporal theory of literature which recreated being, not remembered it. She has transformed autobiographical motivation into autobiographical process.

Because the autobiographer is *a priori* still alive, because he has not yet completely succumbed to that time against which he is creating his artifact, this movement of Stein's into atemporality, her assertion of the writer as "human mind" over the self of identity, distances the work from seemingly related occurrences, the ongoing trivia, of everyday life. The theory of the "human mind" structurally accomplishes what the device of the transferred narrator did in *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*, what Mr. Duffy's third person does for him: it makes the autobiography impersonal by inserting a distance between the narrator and the author's identity or "human nature" such that the work both stands as artifact and becomes autotelic.

The third person is a fictional person: ". . . le «je» est témoin, c'est le «il» qui est acteur. Pourquoi? Le «il» est une convention type du roman à l'égal du temps narratif, il signale et accomplit le fait romanesque. . . . La troisième personne . . . fournit à ses consommateurs la sécurité d'une fabulation crédible. . . ."[80] Stein's use of narrative positions akin in their function to this third person establishes a formal rapport between confession or autobiography ("témoin") and the novel. She is rendering formally what has typically been viewed by autobiographers as a problem of veracity inherent in the act of authorial selection--"on ne dessine pas sans choisir"[81]--which inevitably distorts or fictionalizes the lived life. Gide's problem is exactly Stein's: "le plus gênant c'est de devoir présenter comme successifs des états de simultanéité confuse."[82] He remains content to note the problem of psychological verisimilitude and to conclude that "Peut-être même approche-t-on de plus près la vérité dans le roman."[83] Stein transforms her narrative technique to remove the problem, to mediate between the experiential simultaneity possible to the resonating structure of the novel and the self-reflexive ratiocination of the autobiography.

The tenuousness of the boundaries between the autobiography and the novel, then, is a problem of long standing which Stein has reconceived as a formal rather than a psychological dilemma. Stendhal played metaphysical games with autobiography and fiction and their possible combinations: "Cependant, ô mon lecteur, tout le mal n'est que dans ces sept lettres: B,R,U,L,A,R,D, qui forment mon nom, et qui intéressent mon amour-propre. Supposez que j'eusse écrit Bernard, ce livre ne serait plus, comme le Vicaire de Wakefield (son émule en innocence), qu'un roman écrit à la première personne."[84] But since Stendhal has written "Brulard" instead of "Stendhal," since moreover his manuscript, where the words "ces sept lettres" now occur, originally read "ces cinq lettres," indicating that he was thinking of his real name, "Beyle," since he later characterizes his attempts at self-explanation as "du roman plus ou moins possible"[85] and makes reference to Tristam Shandy,[86] since he sees at least some autobiography as the art "de mentir avec artifice comme J.-J. Rousseau,"[87] is he not already leaping generic distinctions? "A good biography," Lewis will say one hundred years later, "is of course a sort of novel."[88]

The dissolution of distinctions between autobiography and fiction has become a critical truism of the twentieth century, particularly where the subject is Metaphysical Man. Gusdorf in one of the definitive early articles on the genre distinguishes autobiography from Autobiography: "Il y aura donc deux versions, ou deux instances, de l'autobiographie: l'une part la confession proprement dite, d'autre part l'oeuvre entière de l'artiste, qui reprend la même matière, en toute liberté et sous la protection de l'incognito."[89] James Olney dealt with this second autobiography when he moved from the supposition that "a man's lifework is his fullest autobiography"[90] to an analysis of the narrator of Four Quartets as an autobiographer. Valéry characterized literary theories themselves as autobiographical.[91]

The position is alluring and perhaps psychologically apt but not without its hazards; "la vie se moque bien de la logique des romanciers,"[92] the autobiographer-novelist Julien Green warns himself and his readers. Stein's strength is her recognition of the artificial logic of the novel even while she remains aware of the relativity of autobiographical truth, its kinship with fiction, and incorporates elements of both into her form. The formal embodiment of the activity of the "human mind" specifically dislodges novelistic logic. Telling only what it "knows" in the "continuous present," unconcerned with thematic continuity or consistency, the "human mind" approximates more closely than does conventional narrative the actual living of a life, the experience of something-happening which, in the "present" of its occurrence, is without causal connections across time. As form, Stein's autobiographies are perhaps the closest recreation of a certain experience of life since Montaigne initiated what has since become the critical truism of the "consubstantiality" of life and art, recording himself as he knew himself at a given moment without regard for possible inconsistencies with past or future moments.

But quite apart from the Shakespearian conceit and its attendant cliché of a "second childhood," life is not circular but moves to a termination. Montaigne's autobiographical form cannot reach to death. It must attempt to transcend the linearity death imposes on life by reapproaching the same aspects of the self at different moments in the life. It uses the experiences of the moment, the product of linear progression, to create a portrait which "incorporates and extends the earlier portrait; it does not deny or annul it."[93] Mutation and time, transformed into art, ultimately subserve a spatial metaphor.

Stein's autobiographies, like Montaigne's, are singularly autotelic. They transcend history to become art-constructs through the creative exemplification of an atemporal theory of literature. Their very self-enclosure marks them as contemporary with and related to the novels of Joyce and Proust, the poetic resonances of Eliot and Pound. They simultaneously recreate the self--the self as the writer concentrating on "knowing," not the self as identity, more concerned with remembering than being--through form and deny the historical perspective implicit in the term "autobiography." Perhaps, ultimately, only Stein's general refusal to transmute what the "human mind" "knows" formally distinguishes them from the autobiographical fiction of Proust, Joyce, Richardson or Larbaud (and links them with Stendhal's "fictional autobiography"). By refusing to alter the "knowledge" of the "human mind" in order to achieve within a particular literary construct resonances with other literary constructs, by refusing to set up allusive, metaphoric and symbolic values that unite temporal and literary planes, Stein has given the autotelic attributes of much twentieth-century literature a veracity in autobiography.

CHAPTER THREE

Wyndham Lewis: The Metaphor of the Autobiographer as an Eye

I. "Outsideness is . . . where the light is"

"This book is about myself," Wyndham Lewis tells us in the opening paragraph of Blasting and Bombardiering. "It's the first autobiography to take only a section of a life and leave the rest. Ten years about is the time covered. This is better than starting with the bib and bottle. How many novels are tolerable that begin with the hero in his cradle? And a good biography is of course a sort of novel" (BB, 1).[1] The statement of intention sounds ingenuous and is misleading. Lewis was certainly aware that other autobiographers had taken "only a section of a life." Moreover his writings show an unusual awareness of the semantic value of form; just such an awareness had informed his criticisms of Joyce and Stein in Time and Western Man and his discussion of Hemingway, Faulkner and Eliot in Men Without Art. The progression in this initial paragraph from autobiography to biography and then to the novel marks the ambiguities inherent in the autobiographical form. Perhaps Lewis uses the statement of a supposed similarity between biography and the novel in part to justify his concealment of the private self in a literary genre designed for exposure of the intimate. But the statement also embodies the critical recognition of an incomplete transmutation, frequent and deliberate in the twentieth century, of life into literature.

With increasing frequency since the 1884 publication of _À Rebours_, the biographical or autobiographical impetus to much literature had been only partially transformed or depersonalized in its fictional form. The writer intensified, dramatized, symbolized or mythologized his experience to meet the demands of a literary structure in which events and observations interweave and resonate in a manner more shaped, more telling, than those of life. But the biographical skeleton, even so masked, remains visible to readers willing to be tempted, and misled, by it. Thus, in _À Rebours_, des Esseintes cultivates monstrously formed flowers, incrusts a tortoise with precious stones, combines liqueurs into symphonies of colour, perfume and taste, and cherishes and allusively binds the volumes of those authors most neglected by his contemporaries. In these artifices of his des Esseintes, Huysmans creates a symbolic equivalent for the spiritual state and the pursuits of the person on whom his hero is modeled, for himself, and for an era of "decadence" which Yeats thought was bodied forth in the line "'The very sunlight's weary.'"[2] Larbaud's Barnabooth, fictional poet and _journaliste_, in his recurrent use of the radical "or"[3] --"gold"--and in his fascination with express trains and high-powered automobiles, embodies both the preoccupation of the nineteenth-century nouveau riche with wealth and the speed and flux of Futurism, both the exotic primitivism represented by Latin America and the sophistication of Europe. His literary attempts simultaneously give a new shape to the novel and a symbolic expression to the influences active in Larbaud's own life and, by extension, that of his contemporaries.

If the turn-of-the-century novel, particularly in France, saw the frequent use of undisguised, although reshaped, autobiography, a use later even more marked in the work of Proust, Richardson and Joyce, the literary autobiographer also furthered the tendency to generic confusion. Autobiographers began to adopt novelistic techniques, employing symbolic clusters of events and literary allusions as a means of focusing on the self. In Gide's Si le grain ne meurt, its title alluding to the Parable of the Tares, the random chances of the seed released from the sower's hand suggest the unpredictable and precarious development of the self. Julien Green in his autobiography polarizes his being in images simultaneously embodying anxiety or fear and joy or exaltation,[4] or in literary allusions such as that to Villon's "terre lointaine," now become simultaneously Paris and the American South. W. B. Yeats seeks a metaphor for the art of the mystic poet in a Japanese veil, at dawn still trembling from the nocturnal gallop of the horses it represents.

The use of techniques adapted from the novel lets the autobiographer impose a focus on the mass of detail which constitutes a life and helps him to relate it to other lives. If he rejects a structure which establishes resonances between the autobiography--the personal narrative--and a historical or literary past, he still finds himself faced with the genre's central dilemma, the necessity of isolating patterns from the Jamesian "stream of thought, of consciousness,"[5] and the multitude of events that make up his lived experience. Stein sidesteps this difficulty of finding significant sequential and causal order in the experience of the self by denying the validity for literature of a self based on a continuing identity. By evolving a theory which assigns metaliterary value to the absence of those chronological, metaphoric and deterministic threads generally sought by the autobiographer she effaces the self as it is usually conceived. Lewis, who unlike Stein firmly anchors his literary theory within the space-time matrix, also shuns allusive, introverted, or introspective presentations of the self. He prefers to adopt for his autobiographies an image of externalization, an image of an "Observer," the autobiographer Lewis, "observing" himself, another "Observer" (BB, 172), the painter and writer named Lewis.

"But for my part," Lewis informs us in his first autobiography, "I was an artist, first and last. I was concerned with the externals of life, in conformity with my innate habit of mind . . . " (BB, 56). With a neoclassical painter's preference for the observed rather than the induced, Lewis limns the outside, the appearance, of the subject: "Call him a 'personal-appearance writer' and he is far from being displeased!" (MWA, 123). Lewis's language delineates and diagnoses in order to present a visual and conceptual unity; it does not dissect, fragment or erase the boundaries, corporeal or rational, that prevent being's merging into being, motive's fusing with motive. In the metaphors with which the autobiographies describe his literary function, his is the "externalist," the "objective," statement of the biologist as opposed to the "subjective" and "internal" interconnections sought by the anatomist, the psychiatrist, the Fraserian anthropologist or the Futurist. In his revision of Tarr Lewis had begun distinguishing the external from the internal: "The shell of the tortoise, the plumage of the bird, makes these animals approach nearer to art. Soft, quivering and quick flesh is as far from art as it is possible for an object to be," Tarr tells Anastasya. Art "has no inside" (T, 303). The distinction recurs throughout Lewis's work:

> In contrast to the jelly-fish that floats
> in the centre of the subterranean stream

> of the 'dark' Unconscious, I much prefer, for my part, the shield of the tortoise, or the rigid stylistic articulations of the grasshopper.
>
> . . . it is the shell of the animal that the plastically-minded artist will prefer. The ossature is my favourite part of a living animal organism, not its intestines. (MWA, 120-21)

> I am not an anatomist. I enjoy the surface of life. . . . Give me the dimple in the cheek of the Giaconda or of St. John the Baptist, and you can have all the Gothic skeletons or superealist guts that you like! And what applies to the body applies likewise to the mind. I do not like all these doctors. Give me the surface of the mind, as well. Give me the outside of all things, I am a fanatic for the externality of things. Their ah-ness gives them too sickly a beauty. And je hais le mouvement qui déplace les lignes! (BB, 9)

> As against the threadbare relics of the tribal past, I am on the side of the Machine Age. (RA, 93)

> The biologist looks at life dispassionately: if what he discovers is unpleasant, he does not prettify his report. The novelist is, in part, a biologist. (RA, 215)

In Snooty Baronet Sir Michael Kell-Imrie, "purely a naturalist" (SB, 60), begins his literary career with a book titled "Big Game of the Great Deeps" (SB, 60). From hunting the big game of Africa and deep-sea fishing, he turns to hunting down, in a literary way, men: "Since my fish book, two books of mine have been published. In those I have taken up the study of Man upon exactly the same footing as ape or insect" (SB, 65). "Accepted as a sort of disciple of Watson," he presents not the individual consciousness but its typical external manifestation, "specimen *people-behaving*" (SB, 66).

In the manner of his observation, then, Lewis aligns himself with an ideal scientist. Metaphorically and visually he evokes the machine's functional precision. That precision proved formative not only in his work but in the theoretical writings of the French neoclassicists, particularly those of Paul Valéry.[6] Leonardo da Vinci, mechanical inventor and painter, proceeding always by the observation and deduction of "Une intelligence . . . detachée,"[7] is a model artist for both. Lewis's machines are of the most tactually cold, defined and resistant of materials, steel; they are machines viewed in terms of form, function and product, the machines of Ferdinand Léger rather than the Futurist emblems of perpetual motion. They inform "the rigid stylistic articulations" of his paintings and graphics in which the human body as well as inanimate objects are presented as functional and expressive form;[8] they yield also that vehement response to Marinetti: "*je hais le mouvement qui déplace les lignes!*" The arts, pictorial or literary, which are the product of Lewis's fusion of the mask of the "Observer" with his preference for the Machine Age themselves assume the characteristics of machines. Lewis speaks of the "polished and resistant surfaces of a great externalist art" (MWA, 121), Satire. Early in his career he had reversed Bergson's definition of the comic. Bergson had declared that "Les attitudes, gestes et mouvements du corps humain sont risibles dans l'exacte mesure où ce corps nous fait penser à une simple mécanique."[9] "Nous rions toutes les fois qu'une personne nous donne l'impression d'une chose."[10] Lewis exchanges the terms of the equation so that the machine-like, the puppet, becomes the norm, a deviation from which produces laughter:

> The root of the Comic is to be sought in the sensations resulting from the observations of a thing behaving like a person. But from that point of view all men are necessarily comic: for they are all things, or physical bodies, behaving as persons. . . .
>
> The movement or intelligent behaviour of matter, any autonomous movement of matter, is essentially comic. . . . And we all, as human beings, answer to this description. We are all autonomously and intelligently moving matter. (WB, 246-47)

Both the mask of the "Observer" and the image of the machine as form expressing function link art with science, if by science we denote, as Lewis does in his metaphor of the biologist-novelist, the inquiry, unlimited in scope into the physically observable and the notation of such an inquiry. Like science, art must remain rooted in the physical, in an "objective" or observable reality: "Art is by definition a mere expressive projection of something that is there. But it is not, for that reason, dependent upon one religion, or upon one way of life, more than another, or upon one political system more than another, provided the artist is allowed a reasonable freedom. Its datum is everything. It sorts out, and arranges, as science sorts out and arranges, and, at its best, is not dissimilar in function . . . " (MWA, 278). Such convictions about the nature and function of art might well lead us to expect a rather Darwinian sort of autobiography, an attempt on the part of the author to observe himself as though he were another and a preference for the delineation of the external life, the career, rather than the inner or private life. Lewis lends his personal style to that expectation in Rude Assignment, "a history of a career, not a person" (RA, 127).

Lewis's definition of science as more than a technology, as a mode of seeing which can subsume art, this preference for the "dimpled cheek" of the Mona Lisa over "Rodin's fluxions in soapy white stone" (TWM, 250), is not a nostalgia for the Renaissance.[11] Rather it is a reconsideration and an adaptation to the Machine Age of what Lewis saw as the spatial and temporal integrity of Classicism. This reaction against nineteenth-century Romanticism in a preference for the "classical" and the consequent formulation of an "externalist" approach to literature and politics characterize Lewis's re-emergence from the "underground" (BB, 303) in 1926 when he published The Art of Being Ruled, Time and Western Man and The Lion and the Fox.[12] The General Strike and the appearance of these works end both Lewis's autobiographical accounts of his "personal life" (RA, 139). Their writing marks the beginning of the author's "externalizing" of his self; "Thenceforth my history is strictly that of my books" (RA, 139).

Romance, by Lewis's definition, is "a negative--what would be thought of as the non-modern state of mind." It refers to "something too emotionalized (according to our positivist standards), . . . to the effects of an egoism that bathes in the self-feeling to the exclusion of contradictory realities, including the Not-Self" (TWM, 26). The "great traditional enemy of the Present" (TWM, 22), "Romance . . . denotes what is unreal or unlikely, or at all events not present, in contrast to what is scientifically true and accessible to the senses here and now" (TWM, 27). The product of non-observation, it "is partly what you see but it is much more what you feel. I mean that you are the romance, far more than the romantic object. By definition, romance is always inside and not outside. It is, as we say, subjective" (BB, 121). Because it is "perhaps not susceptible at all of visual treatment" (TWM, 23), romance demands a participation in the Past and a total self-reflexiveness. These qualities, while they prevent the detached observation indispensable to Lewis's art, find their most obvious literary projection in autobiography. "Always inside," Romance depends on memory, the autobiographer's tool and his bane: " . . . . le génie ne pourrait rassembler ses idées . . . , s'il ne s'en souvenait plus; notre existence se réduirait aux moments successifs d'un présent qui s'écoule sans cesse; il n'y aurait plus de passé. O misère de nous! notre vie est si vaine qu'elle n'est qu'un reflet de notre mémoire":[13] so laments the most Romantic of autobiographers, Chateaubriand. Autobiography on Lewis's terms will obviously have to evolve in a more impersonal form than usual if it is to be consistent with his critical tenets.

Lewis's concept of the "classical" permits a separation from the past not possible to the "romantic" frame of mind. It refutes the attempt at temporal fusion which characterizes Romanticism and affirms a need for an historical perspective, a space between the present and the past. Refusing to posit the identification of the writer with the private consciousness, Lewis advocates the externalization, and therefore the individualization, of the self in myth-making activity:

> The Past as myth--as history, that is, in the classical sense--a Past in which events and people stand in an imaginative perspective, a dead people we do not interfere with, but whose integrity we respect--that is a Past that any person who has a care for the principle of individual life will prefer to 'history-as-evolution' or 'history-as-communism'. . . .
>
> So 'new existence externally related to another and past existence,' . . . is what we prefer. That is the condition of the 'classical Present' referred to by Spengler. . . . (TWM, 238)

The position that true individualism is the ontological outcome, not of a highly developed "self-feeling" embracing an introspectively treated personal or historical past, but of "presentness," of psychological as well as physical separation from the past, imbues Lewis's "'classic-romantic' opposition" (TWM, 25) with political significance. "Classical" "presentness" assumes an ethical value: "One of the pre-eminently 'classical' attributes is an indifference to originality. Indeed, in the classical artist, originality would be a fault. . . . The (classical artist's) preoccupation with form is not . . . due to disregard of weight of matter and worth of subject, but to the fact that the matter is given to him by his age . . . " (MWA, 192-93). The "'romantic' is the popular, sensational and 'cosmically' confused" (TWM, 26), "the opponent of tradition" expressing itself in "the warm, popular, picturesque expression" (TWM, 25). Contrasted with it, the "'classical'" is "the rational, aloof and aristocratical" (TWM, 26), "standing for the 'old order,' tradition and authority" and expressing itself in "formal calm" (TWM, 25).[14] The "'romantic'" evokes the self-centered person; French Romanticism was largely informed by Rousseau's *Confessions* and Stendhal's *égotisme* and gave rise to much introspective autobiography. The "'classical'" yields the politically aware person, capable of perceiving both Self and Not-Self, capable also of impartially observing himself in autobiography. Such a person is an individual in Lewis's terms; his existence is separate from that of the group:

> *Bergsonian durée, or psychological time, is essentially the 'time' of the true romantic*. It is the same as in disbelief of the reality of life: the more absolute this disbelief is, as a formulated doctrine, the more the *sensation* of life (which we all experience impartially, whatever our philosophy) will assume a unique importance. Or we can add a third analogy, which will further clear up this obscure point in contemporary psychology. The less you are able to realize other people, the more your particular personality will obsess you, and the more dependent upon its reality you will be. . . . And the more 'individualist' you are in this sense, the less 'individualist' you will be in the ordinary political sense. You will have achieved a fanatical hegemony with your unique self-feeling.
>
> Political 'individualism' signifies the opposite of that. It expresses belief in the desirability of *many* individuals instead of *one*. (TWM, 25)

Lewis's polarization follows that of Spengler. Both see Romanticism as the exaltation of fragmented over unified perception, of temporal over spatial existence. But Lewis reverses Spengler in his preference for "'classical'" rather than "Faustian" or "'romantic'" Man. Moreover, the "'classical'" is for him a reaction to Romanticism. In this he follows Eliot: "First there is a wilderness; but gradually man puts it in order. First, there is a 'romantic' young man: but he becomes 'mature'--and 'classical'" (MWA, 199).[15]

Lewis's inversion of Spengler's values emphasizes a different sense. The natural expression of Romanticism is music, particularly leitmotiv--"'Progress of the Species' set to 'Infinity'-Music at Beyreuth" (TWM, 305) --, that of Classicism, architecture. To be "Dogmatically . . . for the Great Without, for the method of external approach," as is Lewis, elevates "the wisdom of the eye" over "that of the ear" (MWA, 128). Lewis's aesthetic emphasizes "a philosophy of the eye" which militates against the "isolation" (TWM, 418) of that instrument. Such a "philosophy" establishes the eye as a "public," synthesizing organ to create space and not as a "private" (TWM, 419) organ to separate the visual from the other senses and so the achieve "external disunity," "the morcellement of the one personality . . . " (TWM, 419):

> . . . if by 'philosophy of the eye' is meant that we wish to repose, and materially to repose, in the crowning human sense, the visual sense; and if it meant that we refuse (closing ourselves in with our images and sensa) to

> retire into the abstraction and darkness of an aural and tactile world, then it is true that our philosophy attaches itself to the concrete and radiant reality of the optic sense. That sensation of overwhelming reality which vision alone gives is the reality of 'common-sense,' as it is the reality we inherit from pagan antiquity. (TWM, 418)

While one perhaps cannot go so far as to say of Lewis that "the eye is the intellect . . . , the 'person' in the human organism,"[16] it is both a metaphor for and an instrument of that intellect. It is the means both by which the artist engages in non-egotistic observation, independently collecting and recording experience or "data," and by which another person, equally independent of egotism, can, through the medium of pictorial art or the printed page, apprehend the same experience, can be another "Observer." This eye, both servant of the intellect, collector and transmitter of the observable, and metaphor for its non-personal, non-partisan functioning, the opposite of the "I," becomes the emblem of the autobiographer's detachment from the self conceived as having identity. As autobiographer, Lewis tells us at the end of Blasting and Bombardiering, he has been this sort of eye: "And I hope that, in addition to the entertainment--as my sight is keen, as nothing escapes my eye, and as I may claim a respectable measure of common sense, with which to interpret the 'bag' brought to me, daily, by this formidable eyesight--it may be that, in this amusing way by following my body round, as we have done, some portion of my experience may have passed over into you" (BB, 307-08).

Just as this autobiographical "eye" is symbol of the detached functioning of the intellect, just as it insures that the autobiographer, no longer identified with his body but only following that body around, overcomes the limitations of his own ego, so it also insures that the artist remains abstracted from all group identifications, even those which are biologically predetermined. So separated, he sets a distance between himself and his own historical, cultural and evolutionary origins, between his observations as writer and his own identity. " . . . the artist is older than the fish," Lewis tells us, "by this meaning the same as the statement that the intellect at its purest does not function in a specifically human way" (MWA, 231), that:

> The creation of a work of art is an act of the same description as the evolution of wings on the sides of a fish, the feathering of its fins; or the invention of a weapon within the body of a hymenopter to enable it to meet the terrible needs of its life. The ghostly and burning growths, the walking twigs and flying stones, the two anguished notes that are the voice of a being, the vapid twitter, the bellows of age-long insurrection and discontent, the complacent screech, all may be considered as types of art, all equally perfect, but not all equally desirable. (CD, 35)

The artist detaches himself from the group, whether it be particular, the cult of Christ whose symbol is the fish, or whether it be biological, the "human" species, and becomes a satirical "Observer" outside that group, "*homo animal ridens*" (MWA, 289). "Class is a corral" (RA, 178) but "Consciousness is privileged" (RA, 181). The artist's creation, at its purest, is primal, resistant to the anthropomorphism of Romanticism.

Nonetheless Lewis's use of the eye as metaphor for the artist, particularly in the last autobiography, when, going blind himself, he links "fresh eyes" with the new vision or knowledge of "fresh souls" (RA, 125), seems reminiscent of the Romantic images of the Mind's Eye or the Inner Light. In fact, Lewis inverts this image, repulsing Inner Darkness with Outer Light:

> I should be sorry to appear an out-and-out partisan of *outsideness*: but here are the arguments for it, and they are not insignificant.
>
> Under present conditions it secures to our arts and critical literature the freedom from mass-contagion, mental and emotional, those particular activities require. (That does not mean aloof or cold, but merely not intoxicated.)--Make the world too ideally safe for the politician, as formerly for the religionist, and by so doing you shut out the light and air necessary for thought and the creative arts: for he is only safe in the dark. Criticism is merely the introduction of the outside light into a dark place. *Outsideness* is to be where the light is. (RA, 71)

As he does with all his metaphors, Lewis insists upon the materialist nature of the eye. It sees the physical world objectively whereas the "mind's eye" or, in Lewis's dichotomy, the "time-eye," sees introspectively and subjectively. His "philosophy of the eye" is the affirmation of "The Object Conceived as King of the Physical World" over "The Subject Conceived as King of the Psychological World":

> To be "dogmatically for the great Without"--to set up the Shell as your shield, against the Dark Within, in a parti-pris for the rigours of the sun --in favour of its public values, in contrast to the private values of the half-lighted places of the mind--to evince more interest in the actor, and in action, than about the daydreams of a dilettante scene-shifter, or the brutal trances of the mob; all this must forever compromise you with the either disguised or overt doctrinaires of a disembodied, a non-corporeal, artistic expression. You have in the most unmistakable way come down upon the side of what is material, if you have accepted in the main my contentions--over against those people who prefer the mind's eye, as an instrument, to the eye upon the outside of their head. The mind's eye I refer to is that organ which looks out equally upon the past and present, but perceives the actual scene a little dimly, at the best peeps out upon the contemporary scene: it is the time-eye, as it might be called, the eye of Proust. (MWA, 145)

The "mind's eye" is introspective, elucidating itself; Lewis's eye, the creator of the plastic arts, of objects existing independently of their maker, is extroverted, illuminating the shape and structure of its surround. The first has but one content, the world as perceived by and related to the self and its projections;[17] the second, by abstraction from itself, observes myriad objects, all the visually perceptible forms of existence. For Lewis, the mystic's knowledge is "afflatus" (TWM, 295); structure and pattern are the physically-rooted realities to be sought by the artist:

> Take binoculars to these nests of camouflage--
> Spy out what is half-there--the page-under-the-page. (O-WS, 29)
>
> Swept off your feet, be on the look out for the pattern.
> It is the chart that matters--the graph is everything! (O-WS, 28)

The Lewisian artist, then, stands outside himself to derive both his artistic and political integrity. Lewis justifies this behaviour in Rude Assignment:

> . . . you simply cannot act and think at one and the same time (except in the sense that to think is to act).
>
> . . . the whole virtue of accurate observation is that it is a person observing--stereoscopically, the product of two or more groups, never of one. . . . --No person, of course, is capable of perfect detachment: the effort to attain to it would damage the observation. But a group does not observe at all: it acts. That is how it thinks. To think is to be split up.
>
> The surrender of your will to a group disqualifies you as an observer or as a critic. A group does not observe,

> or criticise, another group. It attacks it, or woos it. Valid observation demands some self-effacement: there is no self-effacement about a group. (RA, 70-71)

Unlike the Romantic who seeks to fuse fragmented perceptions into an experience of cosmic unity and who wishes to transcend his physical separateness to become psychologically one with the universe (Wordsworth, for example, reflecting that " . . . all/That I beheld respired with inward meaning"),[18] Lewis as artist seeks to step outside his self and to assert his physical and psychological separateness, his ontological status as a sort of "Split Man." If this self-effacement is the contradiction of Romanticism, it is also opposed to the sort of anti-romanticism, the obliteration of identity, advocated by a writer like Gertrude Stein. Lewis affirms individuality as accurate observation through non-partisanship (even if the self is being observed) whereas the same self-effacement is Stein's means of joining a group so large its identity is no longer definable, there being only the universal "human mind." Lewis steps outside the group; Stein expands it until it becomes so all-inclusive, so diffuse in its identity, as to lose its significance as a group.

The "Split Man" of The Apes of God is a descendant of the "ancient jewish people" who, Lewis recalling Matthew Arnold said, possessed a "keen awareness of the

Not-Self" which constituted their "originality" (TWM, 26). That awareness gave them their potential as "Observers," a potential which, in the contemporary arts, has succumbed to the prevalent "apishness." But if the artist, separated from his self, is a sort of "Split Man," the side in the ascendant is of the utmost importance. Ratner, the journalist-writer in *The Apes of God*, has reneged on his "ancient" heritage and manifests the ascendancy of the right-hand side, the side of unstructured energy, of Futurist energy, "*le mouvement qui déplace les lignes!*" Zagreus envisages him as a mind without space or a "time-mind," "as a homunculus, a disembodied mind. Or as the Holy Ghost--the most tremendous of all the feminine rôles." He might, Zagreus observes, "have gone to the Party as the Paraclete" (AG, 330). His left side, side of the heart or core,[19] of patterned energy or Vortex, is obliterated. The artist reverses Ratner's disguise; he is a "Split Man" with the left side, the side of structured energy, of form, in the ascendant.

II. The Autobiographical Eye: *Blasting and Bombardiering*

The artist as "Split Man," stepping outside his identity in order to "observe" rationally, is creating, we recall, "a mere expressive projection of something that is there." Art is another "outside," defined by its surface, its "articulations." "For art is only manner, it is only style. That is, in the end, what 'art' means. At its simplest, art is a reflection: a far more mannered reflection than that supplied by the camera." Without the artist, "the world ceases to see itself and to reflect" (BB, 262).[20] These two images, that of Art as a "reflection" compelling its audience "to reflect," and that of the artist as "Observer," coincide in the artist-autobiographer who, impartially "self-referential," "observes" the "Observer," "reflects" the reflector.

Just as Gertrude Stein used as a frontispiece to The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas a photograph which is a visual metaphor for the work's literary structure, so Lewis suggests the ambiguous position of the artist-autobiographer by very nearly enclosing Blasting and Bombardiering between two visual representations of himself. The two illustrations belong to a period closer to the date of composition of Blasting and Bombardiering than to the time of the events with which the autobiography deals. The first is a self-portrait, the product of an "Observer" engaged in "self-referential" observation, in auto-graphics. All the drawings reproduced in Blasting and Bombardiering, no less than the books by which Lewis chronicles the history of his career in Rude Assignment, are an "expressive projection" of their creator become a subject of autobiography. When the creator and his subject are the same person, as in the self-portrait, the metaphor of the artist as an "eye" becomes visually important; dominated by his spectacles, Lewis's eye looks to one side, uncompromisingly observing. Lewis had first called this drawing a "Self Caricature"[21] and the original title makes us realize how much the autobiography deals with the public pose, to what extent the "Enemy," his eye "on the look out for the pattern," structures the narrative.

The final "Wyndham Lewis," reproduced four pages from the end of the text, is a photographic observation, the essence of "outsideness." In between the frontispiece and this photograph appear the author's "masks": "The Bombardier," "The Battery Officer," The Author of Tarr." The "outside" indicates the metamorphoses of the man while the similarity of pose between "The Author of Tarr" and the final "Mr. Wyndham Lewis"--the identical tilt of the hatted head, the eyes looking straight out of the picture, the prominent gesture of the hand holding the cigarette or pipe--suggests the continuity of these "outsides": "I submit that what I am is what I was, but with a different accent on most things" (RA, 88). Of the years spent "underground" (BB, 211), years when there was no "outside," written, graphic or uniformed, displayed, there is no visual and little narrative account.

The reproduction of photographs and of Lewis's drawings and paintings constitute a visual analogy to an autobiographical method which consists of "following my body round" (BB, 308). They are equivalents in the world of artifacts of the "many external adventures" which are nonetheless, as Lewis says, "*my* adventures" (BB, 307) and which are the "observed" reality of the narrative. Their importance to that narrative is that they are signs for the cultural milieu in which Lewis worked and which he helped to produce and that they are a "reflection" of the man. They function as do the "specimen pages" (BB, 41) of *Blast* reproduced as corroboration of the way of seeing delineated in Lewis's account of his Vorticist activities. Within the literary structure of the autobiography, the drawings and paintings have little importance as independent art but a great deal of importance in so far as they reveal a particular quality of artistic endeavour and vision.

Reflections, literal and metaphoric, in part structure *Blasting and Bombardiering*. Not only is art "a reflection," not only does the artist hold "the mirror up to politics without knowing it" (BB, 4), but one of the earliest of Lewis's "'personal-appearances'" is the product of reflections. The "moujik" Lewis of *Blast*, he tells us, "had the tarnished polish . . . of the most gilded cafés of five or six continental capitals" (BB, 279).

He both reflects and reacts to a culture which he has absorbed partly in an externalized and distorted form from the reflections in the dull gold surfaces of those cafés. The Vorticists fomented their projects to outrage the British public "beneath that ceiling of glass, which reflected all your actions as if in a lake suspended above your head, surface downwards" (BB, 281), of the Vienna café. Similarly the meetings with Eliot and Joyce which form the substance of "Part V: A Tale of An Old Pair of Shoes" feature an "Observer" and a reflection. Eliot "slid . . . into my half-awakened consciousness" (BB, 283) to be taken "in through a glass darkly" (BB, 284). The vignette of the old pair of shoes which effects the conjunction of the stars in Lewis's constellation of the moderns--himself, Joyce, Pound and Eliot--is enacted before a "cracked Paris mirror" whose "irrelevant imperfections" "bisect" Lewis's "image" (BB, 274). The only person observing rather than participating in the scene, he is temporarily a literal "Split Man."

Just as Sir Michael Kell-Imrie arrives "incognito" (SB, 2) on the scene of Snooty Baronet, introducing himself through the descent of his wooden leg from a taxicab or as he depersonalizes himself behind a "Butler smile" (SB, 16), so Lewis in Blasting and Bombardiering reveals himself by means of the deflected light of others.

His introduction of himself is not only on the "personal-appearance" model--"a strange assortment of clothes, of haircuts, of exotic mannerisms" (BB, 1)--but is also effected by deflecting and diminishing the glory of Shaw:

> Let me, however, formally introduce myself. I am just as genial a character as Mr. Bernard Shaw, to give you an idea. I am rather what Mr. Shaw would have been like if he had been an artist--I here use "artist" in the widest possible sense--if he had not been an Irishman, if he had been a young man when the Great War occurred, if he had studied painting and philosophy instead of economics and Ibsen, and if he had been more richly endowed with imagination, emotion, intellect and a few other things. (He said he was a finer fellow than Shakespeare. I merely prefer myself to Mr. Shaw.) (BB, 3)

The method achieves more than mere coyness or a dismissal of Shaw; by comparing himself with a literary polemicist of some renown, Lewis is able to present himself "externally." His method is discursive and extrinsic, the opposite of that of contemporary introspective autobiographies, of Yeatsian "reverie, . . . the speech of the soul with itself."[22] The soul, introspectively revealed, is autobiographically irrelevant for Lewis, so much so that he substitutes for the descriptions of states of mind or psychological development usual in autobiographies a series of "credentials" which are activity labels: he has "been a soldier, a yachtsman, a baby, a massier, a hospital patient, a traveller, a total abstainer, a lecturer, an alcoholic, an editor, and a lot more." He is "a novelist, painter, sculptor, philosopher, draughtsman, critic, politician, journalist, essayist, pamphleteer, all rolled into one" (BB, 3). The labels mark outwardly perceivable, never inward and psychological, states.

The "Shaw" method of self-presentation is pursued throughout the two "panels" of "Art" (BB, 67) which begin and end Blasting and Bombardiering. In the first panel T. E. Hulme and Gaudier Brzeska are presented as, respectively, theorist and artist most closely allied to the "abstract" (BB, 106) art Lewis practised before World War I. Lewis justifies his inclusion of the character sketch of Hulme on the principle that "My contacts with this contemporary is one of the best ways of reflecting myself. I am describing myself in describing him, just as in describing me he would be revealing his own peculiarities" (BB, 114). The sketch of Hulme's abilities establishes in the world of observable reality an equivalent of Lewis's own propensities: "All the best things Hulme said about the theory of art were said about my art. This remark is altogether without conceit. The things to which his pronouncements would not apply--or to which my own pronouncements, which influenced him, would not apply--may quite well be more important. We happened, that is all, to be made for each other, as critic and 'creator.' What he said should be done, I did. Or it would be more exact to say that I did it, and he said it" (BB, 106).[23]

Similarly, the "post-War" (BB, 205) "panel" is structured around three of Lewis's "age-group" (BB, 286): Pound, Eliot and Joyce. Lewis defends this choice on the basis of its relevance as a reflector of the culture as he observes it and of himself:

> These three people are important, each in his own way: the three most important people I was associated with in the period I have chosen for this narrative.
>
> If I were a politician, a doctor, a biologist or an engineer, then the three people I have selected for this privileged treatment would be politicians, doctors, biologists, or engineers. But for me a book is more important than a party-cry, or a serum, or a theory of evolution, or an aeroplane engine. (BB, 251)

That Eliot has the "Gioconda smile" (BB, 275) so much preferred by Lewis to "Gothic skeletons or superealist guts," also suggests that his choice of artists to represent him (despite his earlier reservations in Time and Western Man about Joyce's "time-philosophy") is a "reflection" of the "new civilisation" for which he thought modern art should draw the "blueprints" (RA, 125). Their effect on literature, for Lewis, finds its analogue in the "little vorticist effort" (CD, 11) with which the Caliph transformed a street of his imperial city, an incompletely realized analogue perhaps, for art in the real world, unlike that in the world of the parable, is both created and limited to some extent by the already existing.

The inclusion in Blasting and Bombardiering of the "Cantleman" passages, a fictional account written as war was being declared, functions within the autobiography in the same way as does Lewis's description of his "age-group." The artist's creations, like his friends, are physical entities reflecting him. The passages come from an unfinished novel, "Cantleman-Crowd Master," on which Lewis began working in 1914. A section not published in Lewis's lifetime and entitled "The Country-house Party, Scotland" satirically presents the events of the weekend Lewis spent in Berwickshire at the home of Mary Borden during which Germany declared war on Russia. In Blasting and Bombardiering the events of this weekend are narrated in a straightforward autobiographical manner although some of the conversation is identical with that of the fictional fragment. Lewis, while presenting his relationship with the other guests as that of "a political ignoramus (myself) being instructed by Ford Madox Hueffer in the paradoxical necessity of war, just because a liberal government was there, and it is always a liberal government that makes war" (BB, 67), nonetheless takes a more active role in the discussions about the likelihood of war than does his fictional counterpart, Cantleman. And he is a good deal less stupid. Where Lewis experiences the imminence of war as "something overwhelmingly unsuitable [that] had come to pass" (BB, 63), the Cantleman of "The Countryhouse Party, Scotland" has to ask "What was war?" Moreover he is a good deal less inquiring than the Lewis of Blasting and Bombardiering. To his own question he responds: "He had no idea. Cantleman took up The Times and read what Leo had been reading. He could not understand. His father had been a soldier. That was a reason to misunderstand war, or think little about it: what his father had done he would not do. He would never be a soldier, since his father had been one: so why consider war?" (UP, 47). The difference in the presentations is largely due to the demands of the respective genres. Cantleman, as the person from whose point of view the narrator is relating the events of the weekend party, can be largely a medium on which the events going on around him are registered; his active participation is not necessary to the narration of the novel. Autobiography, on the other hand, posits the active involvement of the narrator in his account. Thus Lewis permits Cantleman to take up the narrative of the autobiography only when the fictional character, in his speculations on the Morpeth Olympiad poster, becomes involved in the events around him.

Lewis does not, however, permit the "Cantleman" passage to completely retain its integrity as an artifact. The "mask marked 'Cantleman'" (BB, 69) has been "toned . . . down" (BB, 70) by the "Observer" of 1937, Lewis as autobiographer, observing the "Observer" of 1914, the author of the fictional passage. The result is the interpenetrating temporal planes one so often finds in autobiography. But Lewis is careful to distinguish between the two personalities, that of 1914 and that of 1937: "So much for Mr. Cantleman. Need I repeat that this hero of mine is not to be identified with me? But to some extent, in the fragments I have just quoted, you get the lowdown on the editor of Blast. That is why I used them" (BB, 89). The passages, contemporaneous with that editor, altered only as perspective has given Lewis a clearer idea of his earlier self, provide an artifact which indirectly reveals the editor just as the "Helen Button" episode in Paris France proved an equivalent of what could not be literally expressed within Stein's construct of the "human mind."

"Deliberately autobiographical up to a point, it [this 'Cantleman' fragment] is the best possible material for an Autobiography" (BB, 89) because it externalizes, renders visible, what is otherwise subjectively experienced; it is a concrete exemplification of Lewis's aesthetic. The artist, as he is personified in Cantleman, "was master in the crowd, not master of the crowd." " . . . I was master of myself. Not of anybody else" (BB, 89). Cantleman, "'The Crowd Master'" (BB, 89), artistically embodies the political theory of The Art of Being Ruled. Without being a ruler, he is nonetheless an individual in Lewis's sense of the word; he stands outside the crowd, unidentified with it, detachedly observing it. "Master" of himself, Cantleman is a symbol of political freedom and of artistic endeavour based on non-partisan observation.

The first and final sections of Blasting and Bombardiering, the "Art" "panels," doubly reveal the artist as "Observer." Not only does the autobiography take the artist as subject of his own observation but it simultaneously reveals him by the quality of that observation, by its characteristics as art. Lewis consciously uses this mediation between life and art which is essential to autobiography and which evaluates both art and life, when he includes in Blasting and Bombardiering pages from Blast or character sketches. In them one simultaneously sees the autobiographical subject "observing" and the products, "specimen pages" (BB, 41), of his observation which present an "outside" from which to evaluate that observation.

The central section of the work deals with Lewis's war-time activities. These provide a literal basis for the metaphor of the artist as an "Observer." He serves first as an artillery officer whose principal duty is the manning of an "observation post" or "O-Pip" (BB, 123), then as an artist whose assignment is the visual recording of the warscape. The incident of the German sausage-balloon epitomizes the concept of the artist-autobiographer as an "Observer" "observing" another "Observer." Having crossed "an epic of mud" (BB, 171), Lewis's group of men has come within sight of the "O. Pip" which is their goal:[24]

> It was then that I first became fully conscious of the German sausage-balloons. They seemed to be immediately over the ridge; surprisingly lowdown and shockingly far forward. For why on earth were they allowed to stop? They hung there with an impudent air of being *chez soi*, right over our front line.
>
> As we approached they became more and more menacingly near. And it was now that I began to see why it was that this particular observation-post was not like other observation-posts, but in a class by itself. The explanation was patent--and I remembered that the officer who had visited it before me had talked a lot about sausage-balloons, but I had paid no attention to him.
>
> What was the matter with this O.Pip was obviously that it was *itself* observed by another O.Pip--but one *above* it, suspended in the air. That was what was the matter with it. An expert Observer, vertically above him, was observing any Observer who might take it into his head to use this particular spot for his so-called "observations". The sausage-balloons generally had artillery officers in them as Observers, who sat up there with impunity "observing" for all they were worth, of course, and possessing a godlike advantage over those upon the ground. (BB, 171-72)

The group of "five would-be 'observers'" reaches "the final bog of bogs" (BB, 173) and begins crossing a duckboard track towards the inaccessible observation post when shellfire directed from the sausage-balloon begins. They retreat:

> But as my party in this way beat a retreat, the shells followed us. There was no question at all that the shells were following us. They were not aimed at an area, or a track, or a movement of troops, but at five individuals. I looked back. The duckboard track was no longer molested. Clearly we were being chased. The accursed sausage-balloon was doing it. From its howdah, or gondola, we were being hunted. I felt more like a lion every minute--a lion who realizes that he cannot contend against creatures of another dimension. (BB, 174)

Although Lewis had apparently relegated the politics of the Deity to The Human Age, there is a suggestion in Blasting and Bombardiering that this regression of "Observers" is the natural relation between the human and the divine": "I am never sure that there is not an Observer up above us, like the Observer in the sausage-balloon, but yet more advantageously placed: one who is quite capable of setting a battery on to one, and in a word, causing the fire to be more personal than otherwise it would be" (BB, 193).[25] The images of the autobiographer as simultaneously a "lion" and "godlike" "Observer" unite the "Art" and "War" "panels" of Blasting and Bombardiering. In the first "panel" Lewis pictures himself as the artist or "Observer" become a literary "'Lion'" hunted by "Britannia's" fashionable (BB, 50). Dealing retrospectively with these images from a "selected area" of his life, he acts as "a tidy god," "a conscientious godling" (BB, 7). He becomes, in his autobiographic pose, the second or aerial "Observer" in the regression and Blasting and Bombardiering, the record of an observed "Observer."

This use of what might be termed a Regressed Observer as the structural image of Blasting and Bombardiering yields one-half of the usual autobiographic equation. "An autobiographer," theorizes Stephen Spender,

> is really writing a story of two lives: his life as it appears to himself, from his own position, when he looks out at the world from behind his eye-sockets; and his life as it appears from outside in the minds of others; a view which tends to become in part his own view of himself also, since he is influenced by the opinion of those others. An account of the interior view would be entirely subjective; and of the exterior, would hardly be autobiography but biography of oneself on the hypothesis that someone can know about himself as if he were another person. However, the great problem of autobiography remains, which is to create the true tension between these inner and outer, subjective and objective, worlds.[26]

This tension, which Spender calls "the great problem of autobiography," he expands into a more general literary theory. Writing, like Lewis, in a milieu in which "public events had swamped our personal lives and usurped our personal experience,"[27] in which all experience had political ramifications, he nonetheless reaches a literary position opposed to Lewis's. For Spender all literary production has its roots in the autobiographical impulse;[28] Lewis would particularly exclude "purely autobiographical matter" (RA, 139) from literature. In World within World, Spender extends the tension between inner and outer already implicit in his title to the relation between past and present: " . . . childhood is like wheels within wheels of this book, which begins, and revolves around, and ends with it."[29] Ultimately Spender's literary metaphysics are Proustian;[30] Proust is one of Lewis's chief targets in his attack on "time-philosophy" and his plea for a return to a more "'classical'" literary form.

Lewis's concern with "the surface of life," applied to so reflexive a genre as autobiography, must, in theory at least, annul the term's self-referential prefix and produce only one-half of Spender's equation, a "biography of oneself." It makes the writer, writing what others see in him or what he wants them to see, his own public. Far from exploiting the subjective approach which is the genre's particular privilege, Lewis places himself in overt competition with his "objective" counterpart, the biographer, and asserts the superior objectivity of his own account. "With an egoistic piety," he informs us in

Blasting and Bombardiering, "I have made it my business to preserve in these pages something of the first-hand reality. My reporting may, who knows, serve to trip up one or two of the Ludwigs and Stracheys of a future time" (BB, 256). The Ultimate Biographer, writing from the uniquely omniscient vantage-point of a "godling" where his own life is concerned, he is simultaneously an Anti-Biographer making "it as difficult as possible for the distant biographer to do his usual uncannily inaccurate work" (BB, 257).

Viewed in terms of The Art of Being Ruled, Lewis's use of autobiography to preclude future ultracrepidarian accounts of his life constitutes a political act. To step outside of one's identity, whether that identity be the result of self-labelling or of group affiliation, he maintains in the political treatise, is the essence of political awareness, of being governed without being manipulated. Even though Lewis insists that in Blasting and Bombardiering he is "talking no politics" (BB, 16), the very act of observation from a position outside identity renders the autobiography political in terms of Lewis's own theory. By denying the reader access to the more personal aspects of his life,[31] Lewis creates another form of Everybody's Autobiography. But Stein and Lewis escape a purely personal or psychological identity in their writing by mutually exclusive means. The former denies an external "Observer" or audience, even the writer as his own audience, because "they [the audience] create you,"[32] create an identity. The latter attempts to avoid personal identity by standing outside it, by becoming his own "Observer" or audience. The author of _Blasting and Bombardiering_, "observing" his subject's "reactions to a great political event" (BB, 16), necessarily observes the event. Co-existing with what seems to be personal and literary narrative, therefore, is an historical and political account. The autobiography ceases to be primarily self-relevant and bears not only on Lewis but on his contemporaries and his readers. In seeking the "graph" of events, Lewis has abstracted a particular form from their chaos. Autobiography, in so far as it presents such a "graph," denies life as it is experienced. It transmutes it to a greater or lesser extent, depending on the author's literary goals and abilities, into art, a life rendered resonant with other lives, everybody's autobiography.

Such at least would be the idealized and probably highly didactic outcome of Lewis's "externalized" autobiography were it transliterated into literary theory. The snare of subjectivity in Lewis's "objective" observation is to be found in fact in the physical reality of one person's _not_ being every person. " . . . the whole virtue of accurate observation is that it is a _person_ observing--stereoscopically, the product of two or more groups. . . . " But "no person, of course, is capable of perfect detachment. . . ." A different person, a different stereoscopic product with a differing degree of detachment, provides the possibility of a different observation: scientific theories are invalidated, different works of art created. Thus while subjectivity can perhaps be reduced to an infinitesimal role in observation, it can never be eliminated. "'Romantic'" expression will always hold some ground against the "'classical'" ideal:

> To be impersonal, rather than personal; universal rather than provincial; rational rather than a mere creature of feeling --those, and the rest of the attributes of a so-called 'classical' expression, are very fine things indeed: but who possesses more than a tincture of them today? . . . With all of us--and to this there is no exception--there are merely degrees of the opposite tendency, at present labelled 'romantic.' Just as Sir John Simon states, "We are all Socialists today," so in matters of art it could be said, "We are all romantics today," with at least equal truth. (MWA, 193-94)

Autobiography would seem to fall somewhat within the category of the inescapably "'romantic.'" Even if the emphasis is on the delineation of the present man, the author employs elements from a personal and public past to reveal and substantiate his present concept of himself. Lewis, seeking in Rude Assignment to prove the consistency of his literary and political position in 1950 with that of his earlier works, charts a "graph" of his own past. A "bio-graphy," it would seem, can never completely be a "'new existence *externally* related to another and past existence,'" a spatial configuration of the "'Classical Present.'" It must always remain to some extent the product of an attempt to trace vital continuity. But to "be on the look out for the pattern," to describe the self with the conviction that "the graph is everything," means moving beyond observation to abstraction. Life lived or written about in the biological sense, from the standpoint of sensation, physical or psychological, "est nul, ou informe, et, en général, indistinct." He who seeks its pattern, "Qui se confesse [,] ment, et fuit le véritable vrai,"[33] sensation "dans l'instant."[34] He creates an "expressive projection of something that is there," a "'new existence *externally* related,'" by virtue of its form, to "'past existence,'" a "'new existence'" which is an abstraction of lived experience.

Lewis's observation, turned on himself to produce a species of Anti-Biography, becomes in *Rude Assignment* "counter-polemic" (RA, 143) with all the implications of controversy as opposed to incontrovertible "truth" inherent in that term. The delineation of a "'pattern of thinking'" (RA, 143), the abstraction of order from the lived mass of "indistinct" experience, mythologizes the self. It renders that self significant by making it in a sense--a non-political sense--typic, simultaneously greater and lesser than its lived reality, exceeding that reality in its significance for others, lacking its richness of detail. Not the self but its metaphysical abstraction results:

> Davantage: non seulement l'homme a acquis cette propriété de s'écarter de l'instant même, et par là de se diviser contre soi-même, mais il a acquis du même coup une remarquable propriété, . . . la *conscience de soi-même*, cette conscience qui fait que, s'écartant par moments de *tout ce qui est*, il peut même s'écarter de sa propre personnalité; le *moi* peut quelquefois considérer sa propre personne comme un objet presque étranger. L'homme peut s'observer (ou croit le pouvoir); il peut se critiquer, il peut se contraindre; c'est là une création originale, une tentative pour créer ce que j'oserai nommer l'*esprit de l'esprit*.[35]

The "Observer" observing the "Observer" creates a "pattern" that is neither. The writer may be a Jean-Edern Hallier, Lewis's "socialist" counterpart in the world of the deposed Salvator Allende, like him "Veilleur, par vocation,"[36] a man who projects autobiography as novel and fable[37] and who classifies himself as a "mythomaniac,"[38] delighting in the ambiguity of the creative and psychiatric connotations in the label. He may be Lewis's own creation, Snooty, who claims that "my investigations into the nature of the human being have led me to employ the arts of the myth-maker, in order the better to present (for the purposes of popular study) my human specimens" (SB, 3). Or he may be Lewis's antithesis in the theoretical polarization of the neoclassicists, a Valéry, convinced that "il n'est pas de théorie qui ne soit un fragment, soigneusement préparé, de quelque autobiographie"[39] and that myth may be the unexpected by-product of a fortuitous pun.[40] But from whichever of these theoretical premises the writer proceeds, when he externalizes and abstracts elements of his life, when he seeks a "pattern," he mythologizes the self. Art, Lewis tells us, is "a discipline, a symbolic discipline," a process of myth-making "in the same class as ritual, as civilized behaviour, and all ceremonial forms and observances" (MWA, 291). Lewisian autobiography responds to the exigencies of art, asserting the intellect over sensation, pattern over contingency, rational structure over experiential diffuseness.

III. Rude Assignment: "Counter-polemic"

In Blasting and Bombardiering Lewis writes from a particular conception of the graphic artist; "not out to do more than limn the action," to tell "a plain tale of mere surface events," he is "keeping out the pale cast of thought as far as possible" (BB, 186). But when he begins to write Rude Assignment, Lewis's "outsideness" has been modified by pessimism and defensiveness, pessimism about the society his art "reflects" and defensiveness against what he perceived as unjust criticism of his own work. He had begun drafting sections of this second autobiography at least seven years[41] before its 1950 publication. Even these preliminary notes indicate that pessimism regarding the possibility of reconciling the artist's role with the political realities of contemporary society conditioned his assessment of his own career: "I am an artist first and foremost; the doctoring is secondary. And for an artist to be obliged to recognize that the time it is his function to express is past expression--that all it needs is the services of a surgeon, and that without a moments [sic] delay: that it is past antidotes, or the healing catharsis of art: that is a disheartening step for the artist to have to take. Subconsciously he would tend to evade that recognition" (PS). "That recognition," he implies, provided the impetus to his "political" books, his "doctoring." It also is consonant with Lewis's growing conviction that "'We are all romantics today'" and that the artists aspiring to a new form of "classicism" were "the first men of a Future that has not materialized" (BB, 258).

If the narrative method of Rude Assignment is still that of an external "Observer," the subject to which it is applied often verges on the "'romantic'" and psychological preoccupations Lewis denigrated even while recognizing their contemporary ubiquity. The "narrative of my career up-to-date" becomes the tracing of a "pattern of thinking" (RA, 222), a demonstration of "how my mind works" (RA, 81). The career, in the guise of its books, has been "revisited . . . in order to extract material with which to compose a true image of my mind" (RA, 222). In spite of his refusal to indulge in purely personal reminiscence, Lewis's Rude Assignment moves towards a definition of autobiography provided by the most self-confessedly egotistic of his contemporaries, H. G. Wells: "An autobiography is the story of the contacts of a mind and a world."[42]

With this small concession to what Lewis earlier termed the "'romantic,'" this consideration of the mind or the subjectively experienced as well as the world or the "outside," the autobiographical rhetoric changes. The "Observer" image which structured Blasting and Bombardiering and which Lewis first intimated in his metaphor of the autobiographer as "a conscientious godling" (BB, 7) doing a "spot of tidying-up" (BB, 6), he echoes in the description of Rude Assignment as "a cleansing operation on the grand scale" (RA, 11). This difference of scale in the two works marks their difference of tone. Lewis writes Blasting and Bombardiering in what he termed his "familiar style" (L, 347). He relies a good deal on vignettes which wittily reveal through a single delineating external stroke both character and the artistic and political climates: "Ezra carried his 'youth' a little aggressively upon the tip of his chin" (BB, 281); Auden "is all ice and woodenfaced acrobatics" (BB, 304). Moreover Lewis's claim to autobiographical veracity rests on his physical presence relative to the narrated events. He is a uniquely positioned "Observer": "I will fix for an alien posterity some of the main features of this movement. No one is better fitted than I am to do so, in all humility I may asseverate. I was at its heart. In some instances I was it" (BB, 257).

The "grand scale" of Rude Assignment alters the autobiographical tone, makes it less casual and familiar and more acrimonious, less the record of an "Observer" and more a self-vindication. Reasoning replaces anecdote. A certain rhetoric of persuasion or of conspiracy between author and reader sometimes insinuates itself, a rhetoric which resorts to expressions like "of course," "certainly," "you see"--"Of course there have to be group techniques" (RA, 89); "Certainly the critic would never have realized" (RA, 154); "those who . . . , being smart you see, pretend . . . " (RA, 222). Such a rhetoric anticipates and answers a reader's supposed questions before he phrases them and replaces the "Observer" standing outside the group with a new group, writer and reader, within which is created the illusion of a bond of good sense and intelligent interpretation.

Early in the autobiography, Lewis defines *Rude Assignment*: "Certainly it is about my work, and especially that side of it that has raised up difficulties for its author. But it is also about *the nature of this type of work*, and about the paradoxical position of the workman--not myself alone--engaged in it. And, more personally, it is about the nature of my thinking (as illustrated in my work and otherwise) which has resulted in my life being so difficult a one to live. Lastly, this book is itself a work--a new work" (RA, 10). Unlike most autobiography, it adds polemics to its ontological status as a work of art. "Qui peut interdire la polémique à celui qu'aucun engagement ne lie?", the hero of Jean-Edern Hallier's autobiography demands.[43] The consistency of Lewis's autobiographical venture with his aesthetic principles which insist on "outside," accurate observation depends on such an absence of allegiance to any group.

But much of the ontological ambiguity of *Rude Assignment* lies in its abandonment of the particular subjects of autobiography. Autobiography is privileged among literary genres in its possibilities for the reporting of events which the author was in a better position to observe and assess than were others and for the interpreting of the inward or "psychological" processes of its subject. Lewis, rather than write this sort of autobiography, undertakes to write a better biography than could anyone else, to "arrange," present and interpret the externally manifested "data" of his life. In Rude Assignment he attempts to write a Biography that will reveal all apocryphal stories, criticisms, or future biographies to be irrelevant and error-ridden. In this sense the book is anti-biographical in precisely the way in which Blasting and Bombardiering was. The extent of Lewis's animus against future biographers manifests itself in an unpublished manuscript entitled "Record of Life in America." In it he justifies the unusual nature of his autobiographical impulse: "When a person who, like myself, has played a prominent part in the intellectual life of his country, in his time, comes to die, the circumstances of his life [2 unreadable words], by way of biography, [come] to be distorted and arranged according to the fancy of the biographer, or biographers. --I hope to write, successively, accounts of all the phases of my life upon the correct and truthful interpretation by which I lay most store" (RLA, 1).

In Rude Assignment Lewis makes his concern for biographical veracity clear by evoking Cardinal Newman:

> In the first place, a writer who is a
> novelist, a critic, a political pamph-

leteer, as I am: who has been engaged, as in my case, in the analysis of what is obsessional in contemporary social life; in composing satiric verse; exposing abuses in art-politics; celebrating in fiction picturesque parasites; in weighing, to the best of his ability, contemporary theories of the State (few made known to us without a pistol at our heads); who has often found himself in conflict with the inveterate prepossessions of his age and country; who, as an artist, has come at a time of great change, and has, without reserve, entered into the controversies arising from this embittered struggle between the old and the new: anyone extending himself in so many directions, with such a maximum of informality, and disregard of consequences, will find, as time goes on, that more and more people and things are mixed up with his work, so that to speak of one is to speak of the other.

In the course of controversy, in order to discredit an opponent (and after the controversy has died down this does not stop), many disobliging fictions gain currency. A picture of a man is in this way handed down which is a very bad likeness, one that corresponds only slightly with the original. After his death, even, the painting goes on. . . .

This sensation of malaise with regard to the scurrilous 'likeness' for which enemies are responsible has a history. Those who have invited reprisals, as the result of some action inflaming contemporary opinion, must often have experienced it: but there is of course a classic instance. Newman . . . at last turned upon an attacker. 'Better,' he wrote, 'that he should discharge his thoughts upon me in my lifetime, than after I am dead.'

And it is a strange thing how satisfactory it is when some malevolent person 'discharges his thoughts,' a discharge which one is free to answer. . . . For if only the spurious portrait of oneself gets painted in public (and not surrepti-

> tiously, so that one never sees it, though one may hear that the work is going forward and will be there someday--to be gazed at in shocked astonishment by another generation--weighted with that deceptive authenticity which things contemporary have)--if it is brought out into the open to be painted there, then all is well. 'The phantom may be extinguished which gibbers instead of me,' as Newman said. 'I wish to be known as a living man, and not as a scarecrow.' And so long as the living man is still there he can annihilate the phantom: whereas when a phantom himself it would be too late. (RA, 10-11)

The appeal to reason inherent in apology has, as Lewis would say, a "false bottom" (RL, 284,299). Apology, because it does not deal with the writer's wife, his vacations or his breakfasts, because it prefers "logic" to a more impressionistic or anecdotal account, is not the less personal or subjective for all that. The apologist opposes his reasoned account against that of his enemies, implicitly asking the reader to believe that his biographical interpretation of the actions and artifacts of his life is, by virtue of his greater proximity to them, better-intentioned and more accurate than that of his critics. But logic, in spite of its "objective" formulation, derives from the mental operations of a person. It is "external" only in its style, not in its motivation.

It is perhaps more than coincidence that Newman wrote Apologia pro vita sua, described as the "only 'classical' English apology,"[44] to defend his conversion to Catholicism. His adoption, in his attempt to clear his character, of a form of philosophical discourse the history of which lay largely in theological controversy suggests that apology was for him the formalized, logical relation of another autobiographical modification, the confession. Ideally one could perhaps distinguish the two on the basis of their being inner- or outer-directed. Confession, one might say, examines the self for the benefit of the self; apology examines it for the benefit of hostile fellow-men. Confession is self-revelation, to one's self or to God; apology is self-defense, self-justification. One literary critic, Francis Hart, has distinguished confession and apology on the basis of intention or impulse: "'Confession' . . . places the self relative to nature, reality; 'apology' places the self relative to social and/or moral law. . . . Confession is ontological; apology ethical. . . ."[45]

When one considers actual confessions and apologies, however, the distinctions become difficult to maintain. "Nul ne peut écrire la vie d'un homme que lui-même," Rousseau writes in an anti-biographical mood, " . . . mais en l'écrivant il la déguise; sous le nom de sa vie il fait son apologie. . . ."[46] Or again he phrases his role in a manner Lewis might well echo: "Je suis observateur et non moraliste. Je suis le Botaniste qui décrit la plante. C'est au médecin qu'il appartient d'en

regler l'usage."[47] Yet the literary consequences of Rousseauistic "observation" and confession led to, by reaction and not by sympathy, Lewis's doctrine of the "Observer" as "in part, a biologist." St. Augustine ostensibly writes his *Confessions* as a form of prayer but his reader soon becomes aware of his sharp eye for secular critics, of his apologetic tendencies. Montaigne, refusing to constrain himself within either form, yet links confession with the rebuttal of slander: "En faveur des Huguenots, qui accusent nostre confession privée et auriculaire, je me confesse en publicq, religieusement et purement. S. Augustin, Origene et Hippocrates ont publié les erreurs de leurs opinions; moy, encore, de mes meurs. Je suis affamé de me faire connoistre; et ne me chaut à combien, pourveu que ce soit veritablement; ou, pour dire mieux, je n'ay faim de rien, mais je crains mortellement d'estre pris en eschange par ceux à qui il arrive de connoistre mon nom."[48] "Puisque mon nom doit durer parmi les hommes, je ne veux point qu'il y porte une réputation mensongère; je ne veux point qu'on me donne des vertus ou des vices que je n'avois pas, ni qu'on me peigne sous des traits qui ne furent pas les miens":[49] thus Rousseau turns confession to apologetic ends. And even while he placed himself so completely "relative to nature" as to be responsible for much in the cult of "romantic" sensibility, he prefaces the *Confessions* with a specific appeal to his enemies, an appeal he reiterates periodically throughout the work.[50]

Moreover, whether we deal with Rousseau's or with Lewis's version of the "Observer," whether with confession or apology, the author holds the autobiography to be artistically and historically valid on the grounds of his "sincerity" of intention. "Etre éternel," Rousseau apostrophizes God, "rassemble autour de moi l'innombrable foule de mes semblables. . . . Que chacun d'eux découvre à son tour son coeur aux pieds de ton trône avec la même sincérité. . . ."[51] Lewis claims a fundamental consistency of political position grounded in an apodictic personal sincerity: "With people capable of sincerity, no revolutionary change is possible. Thus, if I am found advocating today a maximum of centralisation, whereas twelve years ago I was all for the doctrine of the sovereign state, these diametrically opposite principles both have been adopted--as *opinion*--with the same end in view" (RA, 99). Of no party, he remains an individual, true to himself, a "Lewisite" (DPDS, 22).

"Sincerity" for the writer of confessions involves the revelation of the damaging as well as the praiseworthy, of inconsistencies and contradictions as well as unity of being; with Rousseau "Il faut dire tout. . . ."[52] For the apologist, however, "sincerity" is the fundamental unity of being which dictates all his opinions, no matter how contradictory they seem, and which gives "pattern" to his life. Lionel Trilling notes that the word "sincerity" "as we now use it refers primarily to a congruence between avowal and actual feeling. . . . " Remarking that " . . . the word cannot be applied to a person without regard to his cultural circumstances,"[53] he suggests a distinction between "sincerity" and "authenticity":

> Society requires of us that we present ourselves as being sincere, and the most efficacious way of satisfying this demand is to see to it that we really are sincere, that we actually are what we want our community to know we are. In short, we play the rôle of being ourselves, we sincerely act the part of the sincere person, with the result that a judgement may be passed upon our sincerity that it is not authentic.
>
> The word 'authenticity' . . . may very well resist such efforts of definition as I shall later make, but I think that for the present I can rely on its suggesting a more strenuous moral experience than 'sincerity' does, a more exigent conception of the self and of what being true to it consists in, a wider reference to the universe and man's place in it, and a less acceptant and genial view of the social circumstances of life.[54]

Lewis's use of the word "sincerity" is in the sense of Trilling's "authenticity." Both as a personal attribute and as an absolute he posits this sincerity (authenticity) as the basis of his defense against his detractors: "It is the type of mind, not the doctrine, that is important.

Their [his enemies'] fundamental insincerity--because of the pragmatism and subjectivism which is natural to them--would still call wrong anything that was not of their way of feeling. So I am not so much obliged to answer charges, really, as to defend the right to be sincere; and--from my standpoint--the necessity to be sincere" (RA, 143). Lewis relates "sincerity" then to the "pattern" or the "graph." It indicates a consistency in motivation the transient forms of which are opinions: "I submit that what I am is what I was, but with a different accent on most things" (RA, 88).

The appeal to "sincerity" is used to opposite ends as one moves from confession to apology. Rousseau attempts to reveal himself completely, emphasizes the internal impulse and sensibility and insists that the confession of certain contradictions in his behaviour or tensions in his life pledges his sincerity. Lewis or Newman assert that, because they are sincere (authentic), such contradictions, or seeming contradictions, can be reconciled into consistency.[55] A rhetoric emphasizing the external replaces the rhetoric of confession: "I am but giving a history of my opinions," Newman explains, "and that, with the view of showing that I have come by them through intelligible processes of thought and honest external means."[56] Lewis summarizes Rude Assignment: "I linked with what I am thinking now these past debates into a central pattern of thinking, which is common to the past and to the present. This is the clearest refutation of and best answer to those who have never liked what I say, and, being smart you see, pretend that it is something it is not" (RA, 222).

Because Lewis, like Newman, attempts to show that his opinions have been arrived at by "external means," he includes an analysis, unusual in autobiography, of the contemporary public's response to art. The first part of Rude Assignment, he tells us, "is to take the form exclusively of a catalogue of my personal handicaps." Chief among these is the fact that "I am what is described as a 'highbrow'. That is the first thing about me; it underlies, and influences, all the other things that I am--all the things that it is not desirable to be." The "handicap" of the label is to be found in its inaccuracy: "But this term--half abuse, half of derision--is not me, it is not an attribute of mine, or anything personal to me. It is just something that happens to any writer or other artist, to be described in this ridiculous fashion--one who is not a bestselling or potboiling hack" (RA, 13).

Corresponding to the lowbrow and the highbrow among artists are a "Majority Public" (RA, 15) and a "Minority Public" (RA, 16). The "Majority Public" prefers "something self-evidently trivial or shoddy" to "something self-evidently engaging all the energies of a considerable mind and sensibility" (RA, 19). And the "Minority Public" has become "too specialized: an unrepresentative fraction of the whole. And it is the whole, in some form or other, that is required by a writer" (RA, 16). The situation, as Lewis analyzes it, has been aggravated by the exploitation and encouragement of a "Majority Public" by those with capital and power. He suggests, obliquely at first, that his detractors criticize him for pointing out this exploitation:

> The cheapening of human life--until we all have grown rather like doctors in our necessary callousness about the human animal, whose 'ideals' look sillier at every fresh homicidal outburst: the lowered standards of life ensuing upon war--all of this conspires to dethrone homo sapiens and to put in his place homo stultus or the Yahoo of Swift. No one is to blame for this. It is human nature accomplishing its destiny. --The enemies of man do not point these things out, since they profit by them. And the friends of man get called his enemies. (RA, 23-24)

In "the thickening twilight of the arts" (RA, 25), the artist finds himself dependent upon a smaller and smaller public, "driven" from "the outer world of men in general, of reality" (RA, 26).

Having asserted the presence of "two Publics" (RA, 18), Lewis goes on to an historical analysis of the term "intellectual," still following his method of "external" presentation. Through a discussion of the works of Julien Benda (Trahison des clercs), Edouard Berth (Les Méfaits des Intellectuels), Léon Bloy (L'Ame de Napoléon), and Georges Sorel (Les Illusions du progrès), he arrives at a definition both of an intellectual and of the "betrayal" perpetrated by many modern intellectuals. Of the word "intellectual" Lewis decides that "Something rigorous, hard, and cold in the way of thinking: the rational rather than the emotional approach--without limiting it historically in any way--would be the first steps in identification" (RA, 41). Modern intellectuals have abandoned this unemotional approach: "With all the energy at their disposal a majority of the modern intellectuals have striven to excite to passionate action --not to exhort to reflection or moderation, not applied to the reason, but always to the emotions: they have pointed passionately to the battlefield, the barricade, the place of execution, not to the life of reason, to what is harmonious and beautifully ordered. This is in fact the betrayal, specifically indicated by Benda" (RA, 31).

If Lewis found that being a "highbrow" was a "handicap," being a satirist was doubly so. Satire he defines as the "unemotional" expression of "objective truth" (RA, 48). It can be classed as "realism." A society with a large and emotional "lowbrow" public, Lewis explains, will have little appetite for such "realism." It will demand a pretty rather than an accurate portrait and will classify any objectively real work as satire, using the word pejoratively, or caricature. The distaste of such a public for things as they are, for truth--"Truth . . . is what is" (WA, 5)--, leads them to discredit the work of the satirist. In a chapter titled "Malice" Lewis presents himself as an example "of how handy a thing it is to somebody seeking to combat Mr. Lewis the critic, to have Mr. Lewis the satirist in the background" (RA, 54).

Lewis analyzes his political notoriety in much the same way that he had assessed his "handicaps" by means of a general discussion of all writers of his sort and of all satirists in the contemporary world. Politics, he explains, are inescapable because "Man in society is an animal who is governed" (RA, 59). Again, "two Publics" exist. The "Majority Public" is told of a political system based on morals; the "Minority Public" (the politicians in this case) governs according to a "private philosophy" which, "in most cases, would coincide with that of Machiavelli" (RA, 62). Confronted with politics, a writer on the side of "realism" will set "himself to study them, like any other science" (RA, 63). That study, Lewis claims, has been his third handicap:

> With candour, and with an almost criminal indifference to my personal interests, I

> have given myself up to the study of the State. With me the first incentive to so unattractive a study was a selfish, or at least a personal one: namely a wish to find out under what kind of system learning and the arts were likely to fare best. A craft interest, that is to say. Of course later my intellectual zeal transcended this limited and specialist enquiry. I saw that human life itself was threatened, in the frenzy of our Party games and economic lunacies.--How do we not think of the State, when it shakes about under our feet, and is no longer able to hold at bay the primitive chaos, man's dread of which is its most obvious, if not its only, excuse for existing?
>
> At no time, however, have I been in the least danger of falling in love with a political Star, or becoming excited about a Party. Nevertheless, I have been reported as in love with more than one political Star of the first magnitude.--As the result of a natural confusion between my disposition and their own, busy and excited adherents of some Prophet have accused me of being under the spell of their master's rival. (RA, 63-64)

This analysis of his relation to politics and of the general political climate serves Lewis doubly. By referring to "more than one political Star of the first magnitude," he indirectly suggests that those who have accused him of admiration for Hitler have been in error. He also creates a transition to an analysis of his particular political doctrines and the way in which misinterpretation of them has been used to malign him. His position, he maintains, is that of a "'Detached Observer'" (RA, 69), an Eye, and he goes on to formulate the necessity of the individual's separateness from the group and the reasons for his own belief in "outsideness" (RA, 71). His own position set forth, he can go on to denounce as engaging in "The Game of Labelling" (RA, 78) those who attack him; George Orwell is the guilty party in this particular exposé. In another variation on the "external" method of self-presentation, Lewis reveals himself "Thinking Aloud Upon Current Affairs" (RA, 82), hoping to make it self-evident to his readers that he had not made his "reactions conform to this or that Party dogma" (RA, 89). His individuality, his independence from all groups established, the "external means" by which he reached his thought revealed, he can then discuss the nature of the changes in his political beliefs in terms of a consistent, or authentic, response to varying situations.

The literary effect of such an analysis as Lewis has presented is the opposite of that achieved by confession. With the confession the reader lends the author his credulity precisely because the rhetoric is so personal. In apology the submergence of the personal in a style delineating the "external," of the subjective in what can be perceived by "forcibly abstracting myself" (RA, 105)--a "pattern" or a "graph"--, establishes the rapport with the reader. The motivation and effect of confession are avowedly psychological. It aims at self-knowledge and self-cleansing and, if the consciousness of an "enemy" does temper its introspection, it still promotes self-vindication by means of an emotional appeal from author to reader. Apology, by externalizing the subjective, places its primary emphasis on the "enemy" rather than on the self and attempts to convince the reader through reasoned argument and polemic. We have seen Lewis using adverbial phrases to indirectly apostrophize the reader and to create an illusion of a bond formed by shared intelligence. Rousseau also apostrophizes his reader, but more directly and ironically, indicating, for example, the emotional frisson confession is expected to induce: "O vous, lecteurs curieux de la grande histoire du noyer de la terrasse, écoutez-en l'horrible tragedie, et vous abstenez de frémir si vous pouvez."[57] Where the apologist attempts to promote the reader's understanding of his position, the author of confessions induces that reader's psychological identification with his situation.

Apology, representing itself as "objective," is historical in a sense contrary to most autobiography. "Le privilège de l'autobiographie," writes Georges Gusdorf, tracing the genre's development from the advent of Christianity and the confessional, "consiste . . . en ce qu'elle nous montre non pas les étapes objectives d'une carrière, dont le relevé exact est la tâche de l'historien, mais bien l'effort d'un créateur pour donner le sens de sa propre légende."[58] Such a definition implies that all autobiography, even that so seemingly subjective as Yeatsian "reverie," involves a dialectic, "the speech of the soul with itself." The author reasons about and with himself, if not consciously as is generally the case, unconsciously in the act of selection preceding writing. But the apologist intensifies and formalizes this dialectic to its polemical extreme. He no longer views the life as a psychological construct, a sort of Gestalt needing discovery, but treats it instead as an artifact demanding historical and political explanation.

The apologist compartmentalizes his life more thoroughly than do most autobiographers. Newman restricts himself to a history of the thought leading to his religious conversion; Lewis in Rude Assignment excludes aspects of his life not visibly related to the opinions and works for which he had been attacked. Lewis, in fact, acknowledges such a compartmentalization as characteristic of his life. To Alan White of Methuen and Company he wrote, "I do recognise a discrepancy between Mr. W. L. the writer and my own easy-going, anything but contentious, self" (L, 528).[59] Describing the beginning of his writing career, he said that "The 'short story' was the crystallization of what I had to keep out of my consciousness while painting" (WL, 101). In "Physics of the Not-Self" Lewis had distinguished between those who participate in group emotion and those who retain their individuality as respectively embodying self and "that forbidden principle of the not-self." The "not-self" principle has its "seat" in the intellect; it is "a breaker-down of walls, a dissolvent of nations, factions, and protective freemasonries" (ES, 54). It is the "Observer."

The compartmentalization of his life characteristic of the apologist alters the nature of the dialectic. The soul no longer communes with itself and the writer no longer examines his past to gain self-knowledge. Instead the second party to this communication, what we might term the "other," is externalized. In apology the intellect is examined to enlighten the "enemy" who is "outside" the self and who can be reached only by reasoned argument. The accusations of this external "enemy" condition the apologist's response, the "pattern" which emerges. Thus Newman directs his Apologia pro vita sua almost entirely against the charge of untruthfulness and Lewis, even though he personally felt his novels, poems and visual art to be the centre of his creative activity,[60] presents an historical "graph" primarily of a political pamphleteer because these polemical works had provoked the attacks of his detractors.

Lewis casts the debate implicit in all apology into a formal equivalent when he writes "an interrogatory" (RA, 182). The logical form is used "to make clear how personal interests have not guided me to my conclusions" (RA, 182) and to epitomize the outer-directedness of apology. Lewis in the "Answers" provides responses, framed in logical discourse, to "Questions" designed to provide a platform for his position. Implicit is an identification of the reader with the questioner and of the author with the answerer. An illusion of a bond of reason is created between the two without the questioner's ever having specifically agreed to any given response. Into this dialectic intrudes the third persona of the apology, the "Imaginary Heckler." He speaks mockingly rather than logically and, by doing so, provides the basis not only for the further development of the author's thought but also for the display of his greater reasonableness.

This reasonable tone and this emphasis on "external means" which govern apologies leave their authors feeling it incumbent upon them to justify their use of so "self-referential" a genre. Wayne Shumaker notes Newman's defense of his writing an autobiography: "not until Newman has shown his conviction that his character can be cleared only by an orderly recountal of his spiritual life from boyhood does he adopt the chronological method of conventional autobiography."[61] Lewis shortens his own similar justification by citing Newman but, we have seen, still stops to define his aims in terms of his work. So far as possible the personal ramifications of autobiography are obviated in apology. We have noted Lewis accounting for the difficulties of his life, for example, not by introspective analysis but by listing "personal handicaps" which are the attitudes of others to intellectuals, much as, in Blasting and Bombardiering, he presented himself "externally" by stating his "credentials."

In keeping with non-personal autobiography, Lewis does not present his political or aesthetic theories in their embryonic, pre-verbal states but in their manifestations as books. Even in "Part II: Personal Background of Career," this pattern is maintained. He still announces his purpose as anti-biographical and apologetic: "The same end is still in view . . . : namely to spoil the sport of the irresponsible detractor, to improve my chances of some day not being too much lied about, to clear the path immediately ahead . . . " (RA, 103). In the three "personal" chapters preceding his "First Published Work," chapters "strictly speaking extraneous," since "I published nothing, nor did I exhibit" (RA, 120), he still traces his development by "external means." The first of these chapters deals with a commitment to freedom of speech conditioned by economic independence as a student, the second with formal education, his first literary productions, and the influence of France from whence "originated" his "first published writings" (RA, 113), and the third with the style of the Slade Art School and the aesthetics of The Wild Body. The emphasis, even though he cannot fall back on publications, remains on what is produced; personal development begins at age eight when he writes and illustrates war-stories. Lewis's writings, the visible printed word, remain the "external means" of refuting his critics and of lending logic to his convictions:

> As everywhere else in the present work I have, in this part, one engrossing object: namely to meet and to destroy unjust, prejudiced, and tendentious criticism--past, present, and future. . . .
>
> A secondary aim is to elicit a pattern of thinking: to show how any one of my books is connected with every other: that they are a litter of books, not really discrete: how the critical books carry forward what is, in fact, a type of thinking, belonging to a certain type of mind.
>
> It of course follows from this that responsibility is shared by all of these writings: further, that accusations levelled at this or that book can often be disproved by reference to some other book. My writings possess this unity because they are functional and because the impulse to action faithfully corresponds, without affectation, to the dictates of the will. No deviation has occurred, the central stimulus has remained throughout the same, although I have made use of various methods. Because of this unvarying character of the stimulus, it can easily be shown that, wanting in many things as they may be, and at times misdirected, my writings have not been wanting in humanity. (RA, 141)

Whether or not one accepts Lewis's supposition that "the impulse to action faithfully corresponds . . . to the dictates of the will" or agrees that he has demonstrated that only his "methods," not their "central stimulus," have changed, his self-defense by the evidence of a "pattern of thinking" drawn from his work places his apology within the non-subjective, the "'classical,'" context of his own criterion for art: "The graph is everything!" Like Stein he can be attacked only by denying his premises.

But Lewis's particular "graph" also reveals how selective even such a "'classical'" approach can be. It is doubtful whether anti-Lewis sentiment would have reached the proportions it did had he not added to his fictional satires the polemical works of the nineteen-thirties. His 1939 book, The Hitler Cult, came too late to save him from much of the criticism to which Rude Assignment responds. These polemical books he describes as beginning with an "early account of the gathering storm cloud in Germany in 1930" (RA, 209). They "can be written off as futile performances--ill-judged, redundant, harmful of course to me personally and of no value to anybody else" (RA, 209). Such an assessment reveals the large role retrospective judgment can play in apology. While Lewis did state in Hitler that he wrote "not as critic nor yet as advocate" (H, 4), his later characterization of the book as being about "the gathering storm cloud in Germany" is decidedly a war or post-war evaluation. In 1930 he had seen Hitler as a "'Man of Peace'" (H, 32) who would become more tolerant when he gained power. The later anti-war books had maintained the position that German policy was "peace-at-any-price" (LWOE, 91) and that allied policies of encirclement were forcing unwanted militancy on Germany. Lewis assumed the role of political pundit in these works and political pundits are notoriously prone to misjudgments which are seldom held against them for long. The reader might find himself with no quarrel with Lewis's own term, "ill-judged," as a characterization of these works. But his retrospectively coloured description and his brief dismissal of their contents reveals how distorting the apologist's selection of the details to chart his "graph" can be.

The apologist, whether he denies purely egotistic goals as does Newman or whether he frames his work, as does Lewis, within a theory which deems invalid as aesthetic motivation either identification with a group or individualism based on an egocentric sense of uniqueness, tends to extend his self-vindication to a justification of others. Again an assumed "enemy" functions to different ends in apology and confession. If apology is "ethical," confession is often moral. St. Augustine thinks of himself as providing an example for others. Similarly Rousseau: "Je conçois un nouveau genre de service à rendre aux hommes; c'est de leur offrir l'image fidelle de l'un d'entre eux afin qu'ils apprennent à se connoitre."[62] The service the apologist renders to his fellow man is not that of an example--Newman shows himself to be particularly scrupulous in not using his influence to make converts--but is that of a vindicator of others similarly accused. Newman's defense extends to the Catholic priesthood: "In exculpating myself, it was plain I should be pursuing no mere personal quarrel; --I was offering my humble service to a sacred cause. I was making my protest in behalf of a large body of men. . . ."[63] Lewis had already intimated in Blasting and Bombardiering that he defended others as well as himself: " . . . I would rescue a few people I respect, and who are, for their sins, objects, like myself, of great popular curiosity and liable to continue so, from the obloquy and misrepresentation which must be their unenviable lot" (BB, 14). And Rude Assignment, we recall, pertains to "the paradoxical position of the workman--not myself alone--" engaged in Lewis's particular activities. " . . . in defending myself I play a not unuseful part, and defend many, many, other people." A "sort of public bodyguard" (RA, 201), he submerges personal concerns beneath issues of wider significance: "there is nothing I treat of here that is simply my private affair and that of nobody else. Quite the contrary: throughout matters are discussed which are, in the most tragic sense, everybody's business" (RA, 11). Self-vindication has become a species of "Everybody's Autobiography" by virtue both of an aesthetic theory and a specific interpretation of an artistic and political milieu.

The autobiographer and particularly the apologist following Lewis's model must, as an "Observer," maintain a difficult balance between the individual and the group. Lewis does this in Rude Assignment by altering the reference of both terms. With the major exception only of certain English determinist writers, the autobiographer had tended, since "the nature-sentiment of Rousseau" (TWM, 186), to situate his "individualism" at least to some extent within the confines of the "Romantic Reaction" (TWM, 185). The first person pronoun and the ego became indissoluble; being an "individual" meant being original, separate, achieving, in Lewis's appraisal, "a fanatical hegemony with your unique self-feeling." Lewis's view of "individualism" defines Romanticism as "the great traditional enemy of the Present." He responds not to nature but to the state of being governed. "Individualism," for him, involves the right and obligation of each person, not to be original or unique, but to step outside his group and be an "Observer."

"It expresses belief in the desirability of _many_ individuals instead of _one_."

In _Rude Assignment_ a slight movement away from the absolute terms of this definition of "individualism" minimizes the loss of freedom which Lewis had seen as inherent in belonging to a group: "Now I am a doctrinaire internationalist. As there is no Party today that is any longer internationalist, I am without a Party. But, to that extent, I have surrendered my will: and if a Party appeared whose plank was _one world_, I should belong to it. As it is, there are some of us in all Parties. Were I ever to possess a Party, it would be so large a one that I should still retain a large measure of my scientific licence to observe" (RA, 71). Lewis's group, so large as to lose much of the identity of a group, would still permit him to transcend identity. It stops, in its diffuseness, just short of the metaphysics of _Everybody's Autobiography_: "The earth is all covered over with everyone" so there is "no connection between any one and any one."[64]

Lewis's expansion of the terms "individual" and "group" enables him to at least partially transform the particularistic nature of autobiography and to place it within the context of his own criteria for Art. A further modification of his own ontological status as an "Observer," involving both a rejection of the solitariness of the "'romantic'" individualism that had become a frequent connotation of the "auto" prefix and a refusal to belong to any existing group, lets him function literarily as he does politically:

> The particular note of solitary defiance . . . what must have seemed an exaggerated individualism on my part, in 'The Tyro', as much as in 'The Enemy', is not to be traced, oddly enough, to love of the ego, but to a sense of typicalness: of a type out of place. I have never felt in the least alone.
>
> . . . the originality in question did not seem peculiar to me as an individual. . . .
>
> It was not my ambition, as it was that of my earliest friends, to be as like somebody else as possible, or everybody else. . . . So I decided to stand outside this perpetual acting.
>
> . . . .
>
> Naturally by the time of my 'Enemy' period, I had come to understand that I belonged to a widely diffused human group. Undoubtedly there were very few of us in England. All the more reason to insist upon the type-side of the matter, it appeared to me.
>
> The gist of this excursion into psychology is that I felt it to be an accident--a disagreeable one--that I was straying around by myself. I was a group-animal, behaving as one of the solitary breeds by chance (I never confused myself with lions or eagles.)[65] I had all the confidence of a herd--that was not there. In England there had been numbers of us at one time. I knew that from the books I read. (RA, 197-98)

By retaining, by virtue of membership only in non-existent political or cultural groups, neither his individualism (in the egocentric sense) nor his group affiliation, by literally acting as "'new existence externally related to another and past existence," Lewis creates himself, whether in fiction or in autobiography, as an uniquely advantaged "Observer."

The "Observer," creating art, projects "something that is there." The "datum is everything." Art "sorts out, and arranges, as science sorts out and arranges. . . . " The one discipline constructs a theory, the other a mythos. Lewis, treating himself autobiographically as a "'new existence externally related to another and past existence'"--either ontologically by identifying only with a non-existent group or historically by citing Newman--, selects and arranges the manifestations of his self, his "data." He mythologizes himself. Such autobiography, polemical in motivation and impersonal in method, approaches other genres in which Lewis wrote. Polemical subject and focus mark their separation. In *Filibusters in Barbary*, an ostensible travelogue, he "graphs" the European and American exploitation of "under-developed" countries in a first person narrative. The "Observer," even though his experiences structure the work, exposes only what is "outside" himself. Unlike the narrator of autobiography, he is only a medium, not a focus, in the work.

Another traveller, also narrating his adventures in the first person of America, I Presume, but selecting and arranging his details so tellingly, so starkly, as to exaggerate "'personal-appearance'" to the point of caricature, produces a satiric novel. But again his observation produces no "graph" of the person. Major Corcoran, a circus performer (the supposed hunter of lions made into a "lion"), sees himself only as a member of a group; he is always the Major. His self-reflexive observations represent the faulty observation of that group. He becomes a type, "English all through," who "cannot help feeling it was a little caddish to drag my personal appearance in" (AIP, 298). But Corcoran has "been turned inside out. I am not inside myself at all, any more" (AIP, 15). He has become all "personal appearance," hence his satiric value for Lewis who, as a Regressed Observer in the work, retaining his anonymity, "graphs" a social and political situation. Because the Regressed Observer is anonymous, he can contradict the "observations" of his narrator. Thus Lewis, without breaking the novel's structure, uses Agatha to present his own opinions on British-American relations, opinions the satirized Corcoran rejects.

"A good biography is . . . a sort of novel." Lewis, presenting the three "panels" of Blasting and Bombardiering--art, war, art--or the tri-partite structure of Rude Assignment--"counter-polemic," "personal background," "counter-polemic"--, has, like the author behind Major Corcoran, acted the role of the Regressed Observer. But the author who recedes behind the novel's first person narrator has no place in the ostensible structure of the novel; he is non-existent in terms of the novelistic illusion. The Regressed Observer of the autobiography, however, receives the work's entire focus. The self is the subject of the work, no longer merely an instrument of satire or social criticism.

Even if we posit that no novelist writes except to be read, his work is ostensibly an autotelic structure. But autobiography, existing to explain, necessarily incorporates a listener-reader into the structure. If that autobiography deals in "counter-polemic," if it is an apology, its structure also depends upon an overtly present "enemy" whom it refutes. Lewis's impersonal autobiography approaches the novel in that it represents lived life with fidelity to sensation no more than does fiction. The "graph," particularly if its coordinates are books as in Rude Assignment, is as much an "expressive projection," as much a matter of the arrangement of "data," of the creation of a mythic structure, in the one as in the other. But in the polemical or satiric novel, the "enemy" exists unacknowledged, outside the literary structure. In the autobiography, along with the reader who is to be convinced of the author's "authenticity," he becomes a character requiring the author's own objective "outsideness" in his look at himself. Such autobiography approaches Lewis's definition of the "'classcal'" in its "outsideness" and can be symbolized as if it were a painting (an ancient Chinese painting, not a nineteenth-century "'Romantic'" one) which all three, writer, reader and "Enemy," regard:

> My book is about a little group of people crossing a bridge. The bridge is red, the people are red, the sky is red. Of course the bridge is symbolic. The bridge stands for something else. The bridge . . . is the war.
>
> Upon one side of this bridge is a quite different landscape to what meets the eye upon the other side, as if the stream spanned by the bridge separated a tropic from a polar landscape. And the principal figure among those crossing this little bridge--that is me--does not know that he is crossing anything, from one world into another. Indeed, everybody else seems to know it except him.
>
> He does not see the cold stream. He scarcely sees his companions. Yet he is not a sleepwalker: he has his eye fixed upon a small red bird, upon a red bough, within a large red tree. Rather pretty, isn't it? (BB, 2-3)

CHAPTER FOUR

Yeats's Autobiographies: "All Metaphor"

I. "Personal utterance" and the "Lunar parable"

In 1903 Maud Gonne married Major John MacBride, ending the hopes which, for fourteen years, had nourished Yeats's idealistic love. Richard Ellmann attributes a change in the poet's style to his disappointment; his "asceticism" having proved unsuccessful, he "thought to put on wantonness instead."[1] During the next fifteen years, as England moved into the "Great War" and the twentieth century and as Ireland prepared the events which culminated in the Easter Uprising and Civil War, W. B. Yeats abandoned the "Celtic Twilight" for "personal utterance" (Au, 102)[2] and the doctrine of the Mask.

In a letter to his father dated August 5, 1913 he explains some of the change in his poetic intention: "Of recent years instead of 'vision', meaning by vision the intense realization of a state of ecstatic emotion symbolized in a definite imagined region, I have tried for more self portraiture. I have tried to make my work convincing with a speech so natural and dramatic that the hearer would feel the presence of a man thinking and feeling" (L, 583). Yeats of course never abandons the idea of vision as it embodies the ecstatic moment; his statement of intention merely shifts the locale of that vision. The self has replaced Tir-nan-Oge or the Isles of the Blessed. At first the "personal utterance" is that of "I, the poet William Yeats" (Po, 214), lending poetic resonance to lived experience. Only occasionally does the "I" become a persona: "An Irish Airman," the conjugal "we" "almost settled in our house" (Po, 148), "A weather-worn marble triton/Among the streams" (Po, 152). But as the concept of "personal utterance" coalesces with Yeats's evolving doctrine of the Mask, the immersion of the self in a persona becomes a style. The Masks become numerous and varied: "A sixty-year-old smiling public man" "dream[s] of a Ledaean body" (Po, 243), an aging poet speaks out of the pride, the bitter or gay whimsicality of Crazy Jane, a Pilgrim, or Malachi Stilt-Jack. Or self and Mask, self and anti-self, become the personae of poetic dialogue.

Yeats's doctrine of the Mask seems to have emerged from his reading of Nietzsche and from his interest in the occult tradition. He first read the German philosopher in 1902 and was taken both with his suggestions about the mask worn by the superman and with his cyclical theory of history.[3] His preoccupation with the esoteric dated from at least 1884;[4] "next to poetry," he wrote to a critical John O'Leary, the study of "Magic" is "the most important pursuit of my life" (L, 210). But only after

1910, and very slowly and laboriously, did he begin to create a formal system of "metaphors for poetry" (V, 8) out of the occult tradition and the concept of the Mask. The term "mask" appears in Yeats's _Journal_ in an entry for August 2, 1910: "I see always this one thing, that in practical life the mask is more than the face" (M, 254). About a week later the _Journal_ records a draft of a poem first intended for _The Player Queen_ and finally published as "The Mask." In the end Yeats turned _The Player Queen_ into prose farce and it was not until 1916, after Ezra Pound had introduced him to Fenellosa's translations of the Noh drama, that he succeeded in transforming the Mask into concrete symbol in _At the Hawk's Well_.

At this stage of Yeats's development the idea of the Mask had not yet been transformed into doctrine; it tends still to be an intuited symbol. Not until 1914, with "Swedenborg, Mediums and the Desolate Places," did Yeats tentatively begin to formulate philosophically his knowledge of the occult tradition. The essay coincides with his writing of his first autobiography. Perhaps he had begun thinking about the autobiography as the result of Moore's publication of _Hail and Farewell_; whatever the impulse, he first suggests the genre, in obviously conventional terms, to his father:

> I have a great project, would you like to write your autobiography? . . . You

> could say anything about anything, for after all, you yourself would be the theme, there would be no need to be afraid of egotism, for as Oscar Wilde said, that is charming in a book because we can close it whenever we like, and open it again when the mood comes. I think you might really do a wonderful book, and I think a profitable one. It would tell people about those things that are not old enough to be in the histories or new enough to be in the reader's mind. . . . (L, 571-72)

Yeats's own Reveries over Childhood and Youth heeds these remarks in a presentation that is, nevertheless, more discontinuous than that of the many "developmental" autobiographies which had been written during his youth; its method is closer to that of Ruskin's Praeterita or James's A Small Boy and Others than it is to that of Gosse's Father and Son to which it was compared (L, 589). Yeats himself characterized the work as "less an objective history than a reverie over such things as the first effect upon me of Bedford Park . . . " (L, 589). While the discontinuous quality of the narrative represents a major departure from autobiographical tradition, the discrete episodes are consonant both with the nature of childhood memories and with the poetic mind recollecting events which have been formative as images. As they do in Henry James, events "signify"[5] rather than function as history.

The first edition of Reveries over Childhood and Youth marks the beginning of a long period during which

Yeats worked simultaneously on the two genres new to him, autobiography and essays "discovering a philosophy" (SMDP, 311). Published in 1915, it had been written a year earlier along with "Swedenborg, Mediums and the Desolate Places." In 1915-16 Yeats wrote the "First Draft" of an autobiography; this is the material Denis Donoghue published as Memoirs. During 1917 he worked on Per Amica Silentia Lunae (published 1918) and began his work, which would last eight years, on A Vision. During the winter of 1920-21 he rewrote "First Draft" which he published as Four Years (1921) and The Trembling of the Veil (1922). The two books were re-issued together under the title The Trembling of the Veil in 1926. After receiving the Nobel Prize, Yeats responded by writing, in January, 1924, The Bounty of Sweden (published 1924, 1925) and in 1925 he ended his first eight years work on A Vision with its publication. He began revising it immediately, finishing in 1934. During these nine years he published Estrangement (1926) and The Death of Synge (1928). The history of the re-arrangement of and selection from his 1909 Journal (published in its original form in Donoghue's Memoirs) is not known but since Yeats had been publishing as soon as a work was ready for some years, one can assume with some surety that he reworked the Journal in the period 1925-1928. Dramatis Personae was written in 1934 (published in 1935), the second edition of A Vision appeared in 1937 and The Autobiography of William Butler Yeats, a collection of all his autobiographical writings which we now know as Autobiographies, in 1938.

Autobiography and the philosophic essay: each informed the other. Personality in autobiography became mythic, a microcosmic image of a universal and historical system; the philosophical system found its explication in Yeats's own personality and experience. In Per Amica Silentia Lunae Yeats acknowledges the autobiographical origin of his philosophic system: "I begin to study the only self that I can know, myself, and to wind the thread upon the perne again" (PASL, 85). He expands the concept of the Mask by repeatedly renaming it, by speaking of "the other self, the anti-self or the antithetical self, as one may choose to name it" (PASL, 22), or of "the Daemon" who "comes not as like to like but seeking its own opposite, for man and Daemon feed the hunger in one another's hearts" (PASL, 29). He finds cosmic equivalents of individual self and Mask in "Anima Hominum" and "Anima Mundi."

Later in A Vision Yeats elaborated this opposition of self and anti-self and linked the two in what he termed "Unity of Being," the harmony or balance transcending both. During the eight years it took him to write this second philosophic book, he began providing definitions of the Mask and alluding to a harmony between it and the self in other works. In _If I Were Four-and-Twenty_, an essay written in 1919, Yeats asserts this new concept of "Unity of Being" as a principle of his life, relating it to a moment of vision:

> One day when I was twenty-three or twenty-four this sentence seemed to form in my head, without my willing it, much as sentences form when we are half-asleep: 'Hammer your thoughts into unity.' For days I could think of nothing else, and for years I tested all I did by that sentence. I had three interests: interest in a form of literature, in a form of philosophy, and a belief in nationality. None of these seemed to have anything to do with the other. . . . Now all three are, I think, one, or rather all three are a discrete expression of a single conviction. (IFT, 1)

In the continuation of his autobiography (1921, 1922) he began to provide definitions of the terms of his philosophical system:

> I thought that in man and race alike there is something called 'Unity of Being', using that term as Dante used it when he compared beauty in the _Convito_ to a perfectly proportioned human body.[6] My father, from whom I had learned the term, preferred a comparison to a musical instrument so strung that if we touch a string all the strings murmur faintly. . . . I thought that the enemy of this unity was abstraction, meaning by abstraction not the distinction but the isolation of occupation, or class or faculty. . . . (Au, 190)

Of the Mask itself: it "delineates a being in all things the opposite to . . . [one's] natural state" (Au, 247).

At the same time, Yeats finds a double of personality in history and culture. At the end of the essay If I Were Four-and-Twenty, in an ironic statement of self-effacement, he insists on a national equivalent of Unity of Being, on what Autobiographies terms Unity of Culture: " . . . and if I were not four-and-fifty, with no settled habit but the writing of verse, rheumatic, indolent, discouraged, and about to move to the Far East, I would begin another epoch by recommending to the Nation a new doctrine, that of unity of being" (IFT, 21).

Yeats had twice in his youth attempted partially autobiographical novels which would embody ideas of personality and the occult. John Sherman presents self and anti-self, although the poet was still far from having arrived at these labels when he wrote it, in antithetical characters and places. The Speckled Bird, a rambling presentation of Yeats's encounters with the occult, proved, for lack of any system, too difficult to finish. He treats both themes, with their interpenetration of the personal and the literary-philosophic, much more successfully in his autobiographical writings and in A Vision.

The tensions which A Vision systematizes had long been present in other forms in Yeats's thought. In the 1907 essay "Poetry and Tradition" he had written that "the nobleness of the Arts is in the mingling of contraries, the extremity of sorrow, the extremity of joy, perfection of personality, the perfection of its surrender, overflowing turbulent energy, and marmorean stillness; and its red rose opens at the meeting of the two beams of the cross, and at the trysting-place of mortal and immortal, time and eternity" (CA, 131). In later terms, "consciousness is conflict" (PD, 48). In _A Vision_ Yeats translated this concept of "the mingling of contraries" into diagrams of opposing gyres. They originally represented Empedoclean Discord and Concord and turn, each within the other, in opposite directions, one expanding as the other contracts. Moving by analogy, he identifies the first gyre as a "subjective cone" of "_antithetical tincture_ . . . achieved and defended by continual conflict with its opposite," the second as an "objective cone" of "_primary tincture_" (V, 71-72) treating of externals. These gyres, moving in opposite directions, with opposite patterns of growth and diminishment, reveal the unity of their opposites when the symbol is translated into a natural image: "The resolved antinomy appears . . . in the whirlpool's motionless centre, or beyond its edge" (V, 195).[7] By way of the occult, Yeats has approximated the Lewisian image of the Vortex, a movement of energies around an empty cavity.

Within these gyres move what Yeats termed "the _Four_

Faculties: *Will* and *Mask*, *Creative Mind* and *Body of Fate*" (V, 73). The balance between these faculties determines personality. Will refers to "the Is" (V, 73), to the "normal ego" (V, 83); " . . . it has neither emotion, morality nor intellectual interest, but knows how things are done, . . . everything that we call utility" (V, 83). Mask is "the object," "the Ought" (V, 73) of Will. It is its "object of desire or idea of the good" (V, 83). Creative mind is "thought" or "Knower" (V, 73), while Body of Fate is thought's "object" or "Known" (V, 73), "the series of events forced upon" the personality "from without" (V, 83). Will can "attain self-knowledge and expression" (V, 83) only by forcing the Mask, its opposite, by means of the Creative Mind, on the Body of Fate. Yeats seeks an allegory of this theatrical conception of the Mask in the improvisation of Italy's *Commedia dell' Arte*:

> The stage-manager, or *Daimon*, offers his actor an inherited scenario, the *Body of Fate*, and a *Mask* or rôle as unlike as possible to his natural ego or *Will*, and leaves him to improvise through his *Creative Mind* the dialogue and details of the plot. He must discover or reveal a being which only exists with extreme effort, when his muscles are as it were all taut and all his energies active. But this is *antithetical* man. For *primary* man I go to the *Commedia dell' Arte* in its decline. The *Will* is weak and cannot create a rôle, and so, if it transform itself, does so after an accepted

> pattern, some traditional clown or pantaloon. . . . In the *primary* phases man must cease to desire *Mask* and Image by ceasing from self-expression, and substitute a motive of service for that of self-expression. Instead of the created *Mask* he has an imitative *Mask*; and when he recognizes this, his *Mask* may become the historical norm, or an image of mankind. The author of the *Imitation of Christ* was certainly a man of a late *primary* phase. (V, 84)

Diagramming the pattern by which one or the other of these Faculties dominates in the interpenetration of the gyres, Yeats comes up with four cardinal points which he transfers to a circle. That circle he equates with the lunar cycle. The different combinations of the Faculties, determining the personality of each individual, identify him with a certain lunar phase. The First Phase, the dark of the moon, represents complete objectivity. Unity is possible only with that external to oneself, with God. Its persona cannot be found in the real world but the saint most closely approximates it. The Fifteenth Phase, the full moon, represents complete subjectivity. Unity is with the self found through the Mask, its opposite, and can be symbolized by the sexual act: "All these symbols can be thought of as the symbols of the relations of men and women and of the birth of children" (V, 211). The artist, or, mythologically, "Narcissus and his Pool" (Au, 294), approximate most closely to it. Autobiography, gazing at oneself in literature, would seem to be a genre natural to the subjective phase. The individual whose phase is near that of the full moon can attain to "personality, the breath of men's mouths" (S, No. 2 [1902], 9). That "personality" represents the achievement of Unity of Being through the assumption of the Mask and lets the artist express the *Anima Mundi*, the "great memory that renews the world and men's thoughts age after age" (IGE, 80) in a symbolic tradition. Character, on the other hand, belongs to the man who has not achieved unity, to the fragmented consciousness. Hence Yeats can write that "my character is so little myself that all my life it has thwarted me. It has affected my poems, my true self, no more than the character of a dancer affects the movement of the dance" (PD, 22). Literature, the product of the "true self" discovered through the Mask, belongs to personality, expresses that *Anima Mundi* the symbol of which is a garden or pool (PASL, 63).[8] Narcissus' pool, autobiography, should reflect personality, a whole, and not character, a fragment.

By physical analogy, Yeats equates the lunar cycle, represented by a circle, with the Wheel of Being. This wheel functions as symbol from the smallest to the most cosmic cycle: "This wheel is every completed movement of thought or life . . . " (V, 81). On the microcosmic plane "Every phase is in itself a wheel; the individual soul is awakened by a violent oscillation (one thinks of Verlaine oscillating between the church and the brothel) until it sinks in on that whole where the contraries are united, the antinomies resolved" (V, 89). One thinks too of Yeats's own oscillation between antithetical and primary tinctures: "I think that two conceptions, that of reality as a congeries of beings, that of reality as a single being, alternate in our emotion and in history, and must always remain something that human reason, because subject always to one or the other, cannot reconcile. I am always, in all I do, driven to a moment which is the realization of myself as unique and free, or to a moment which is the surrender to God of all that I am" (PD, 18-19). Or the phase may represent an historical moment, the wheel an historical cycle, "perpetually returning to the same point" (V, 255). Wheels function within wheels: each one thousand years in Yeats's elaboration makes a complete cycle, each two thousand a "Great Wheel" (V, 202), and twelve Great Wheels make the Magnus Annus.

While Yeats used the "Lunar metaphor" (Au, 331) or "Lunar parable" (Au, 334) in Autobiographies to define himself and others, A Vision has obviously been affected by his doctrine of "personal utterance" and a good deal of autobiographical material becomes evidence for his theories of personality and history. Yeats's biographers agree that he characterized himself as a man of Phase Seventeen, one to whom "Unity of Being . . . is now more easy than at any other phase" (V, 141). One can easily read back from the characteristics Yeats attributes to this phase to his own life and so see how the poet's conception of himself has shaped the entire system and has led him to place himself, along with his peers in Phase Seventeen, Shelley, Landor and Dante, at the creative apex of that system. In Phase Seventeen Will is "The Daimonic Man," the man who seeks an antithetical self. His Mask is "Simplification through intensity," a simplification towards which Yeats's desire for "personal utterance" and the passionate and uncorrupted speech still to be found in certain folk-tales led him. Creative Mind is "Creative imagination through antithetical emotion," again an often stated Yeatsian aim. His Body of Fate is "Enforced Loss" (V, 140-41), an allusion to Shelley's loss of wife and children, Dante's loss of Beatrice, Yeats's own loss of Maud Gonne. The man of Phase Seventeen characteristically uses autobiographical material to transmute the abstract. Yeats finds his example "of the first victory of personality" in just such a use: "Dante in the Convito mourns for solitude, lost through poverty,[9] and writes the first sentence of modern autobiography, and in the Divina Commedia imposes his own personality upon a system and a phantasmagoria hitherto impersonal . . . " (V, 289).

A good deal of the apparatus of A Vision involves interchange between theory and autobiography and, occasionally, their fusion. In Yeats's introduction to the second edition, for example, the "communicators" who have explained the system to him, first through his wife's automatic writing, then through her speech while sleeping, no longer have an axiomatic existence apart from the Yeats couple: "Much that has happened, much that has been said, suggests that the communicators are the personalities of a dream shared by my wife, by myself, occasionally by others . . . a dream that can take objective form in sounds, in hallucinations, in scents, in flashes of light, in movements of external objects" (V, 23). And Yeats intended the portrait of Giraldus which he commissioned from Edmund Dulac to be a medieval and stylized Mask of himself. To use his own phrase, "the myth becomes biography" (V, 273) and the biography, a myth.

The day after he finished correcting the proof sheets for the second heavily revised edition of A Vision Yeats wrote to Dorothy Wellesley: "I begin to see things double--doubled in history, world history, personal history" (Y-W, 149). A year later he collected his autobiographical writings in the form in which they were later published as The Autobiography of William Butler Yeats. The separate volumes had come to represent a unity to him. In them, as in his poetry and his philosophical system, the personality had correspondences with the nation and with history and myth. If in the poetry Maud Gonne could be "a Ledaean body" (Po, 243), a Helen without "another Troy for her to burn" (Po, 101), and Ireland could be his tower--"Is every modern nation like the tower,/Half dead at the top?" (Po, 269)--, so Yeats's striving towards Unity of Being might be his generation's striving to escape Victorian poetics, his nation's striving (or so he hoped) towards Unity of Culture. The man and his literature, the literature and the nation, fuse into one symbolic reality:

> Some will ask whether I believe in the actual existence of my circuits of sun and moon. Those that include, now all recorded time in one circuit, now what Blake called "the pulsation of an artery", are plainly symbolical, but what of those that fixed, like a butterfly upon a pin, to our central date, the first day of our Era, divide actual history into periods of equal length? To such a question I can but answer that if sometimes, overwhelmed by miracle as all men must be when in the midst of it, I have taken such periods literally, my reason has soon recovered; and now that the system stands out clearly in my imagination I regard them as stylistic arrangements of experience comparable to the cubes in the drawing of Wyndham Lewis and to the ovoids in the sculpture of Brancusi. They have helped me to hold in a single thought reality and justice. (V, 24-25)

II. Autobiographies: "Stylistic arrangements of experience"

Reveries over Childhood and Youth

Yeats seems to have written his own autobiography with the encouragement of the genre he had given his father still in mind for the preface to Reveries over Childhood and Youth contains an allusion to the remark by Oscar Wilde which he had quoted: "In any case, because one can always close a book, my friend need not be bored" (Au, 3). The Trembling of the Veil closes with a reference to the same historical value of reminiscence which he had earlier cited to his father: "I have written these words instead of leaving all to posterity . . . that young men, to whom recent events are often more obscure than those long past, may learn what debts they owe and to what creditor" (Au, 381). But whatever the sincerity of the intention, its historical rather than literary bias is hardly sufficient to sustain a writer of Yeats's stylistic and introspective capabilities through twenty years of periodically writing autobiography.

The stylistic complexity of Autobiographies seems to have evolved gradually as Yeats moved beyond the genre's historical significance and considered its possibilities as literature, as the re-making of the self, and as he left the slightly ingenuous narrative voice of Reveries over Childhood and Youth for the more analytic tone demanded by the portrayal of his activities and intellectual interests as a young man. Perhaps the first check and consequent moulding of the autobiographical "I" occurred even before he began writing in his desire for discretion. Curtis Bradford records that Yeats carefully deleted from the typescript of Reveries over Childhood and Youth passages "that might give offense to his family":[10] his recollection of a deranged relation who trustingly appeared on their doorstep and whom they "betrayed" by returning to her asylum, his account of his first orgasm, included again in "First Draft" and again omitted in the use of that text for The Trembling of the Veil. References to his first autobiography in letters to his father show much anxiety about the circumspection of his undertaking.[11] Continuing his autobiography, he writes that it "shall be for my own eye alone" (L, 603). And so much of it was. In his transmutation of "First Draft" into The Trembling of the Veil Yeats omitted all reference to his affair with Olivia Shakespear,[12] dismissed his unsuccessful courtship of Maud Gonne with a phrase--"being in love, and in no way lucky in that love, I had grown exceedingly puritanical" (Au, 334)--and suppressed the romantic motivation of his nationalism[13] in favour of the patriotic. Similarly he refused to respond directly and in kind to George Moore's Hail and Farewell[14] until he wrote Dramatis Personae after Moore's death.

If a predisposition to circumspection and what he probably regarded as good taste led Yeats to abandon the "tout dire"[15] style with which he had begun "First Draft," other factors more germane to his life and work determined the mythopoeic form Autobiographies ultimately assumed. Yeats's reading public knew him as a poet, a poet who by means of "personal utterance" fused the personal and the contemporary with the mythic and the traditional or historical. In relation to that public, Yeats concerned himself in Autobiographies not with the man, with what he termed "the bundle of accident and incoherence that sits down to breakfast" (GI, 509), but with the author. He knew very well what critics of the genre have just begun to take into account, that the reader is interested in the literary autobiographer as a man consistent with his previous works.[16]

Because autobiography, skillfully used, is literature, not the confessional, because its chief persona is the author, not the quotidian man, it presents a "truth" of dual structural significance: it shapes the reader's literary experience and his perception of the author but it also moulds the man behind the author. Author and man tend to fuse in the minds of both readers and writer. Autobiographical style, particularly if the work, like Rousseau's, aims at self-justification, is "une manière spécifique de se revêtir à autrui."[17] As Rousseau's style, derived from his ensconcement in "sincerity," found first a modification in Stendhalian _égotisme_, then a counterbalance in the Decadents' creation of the self as literary artifice, authors began to realize that they clothed themselves with their work not so much for the observation of others as for their own self-definition. Paul Valéry, writing particularly of Stendhal and generally of those who choose to "unbutton"[18] themselves before their readers, suggests an inevitable self-reflexiveness in all literature: "L'Egotisme littéraire consiste finalement à jouer le rôle de _soi_; à se faire un peu plus _nature_ que nature; un peu plus soi qu'on ne l'était quelques instants avant d'en avoir eu l'idée. Donnant à ses impulsions ou impressions un _suppôt_ conscient qui . . . se dessine de plus en plus, et se _perfectionne_ d'oeuvre en oeuvre _selon le progrès même de l'art de l'écrivain_, on se substitue un personnage d'invention que l'on arrive insensiblement à prendre pour modèle."[19] The writer, looking at himself through his literature until he takes the literary personnage for a model, reverses the acknowledged direction of the literary enterprise: " . . . l'oeuvre capitale d'un artiste, c'est l'artiste lui-même,--dont les ouvrages successifs . . . ne sont que les moyens et les effets extérieurs--parfois accidentels." The artist, as his own major work, "se façonne et se modèle peu à peu, se déchiffre et se reconnaît; il devient un homme nouveau, celui qui fait enfin ce qui lui seul peut faire."[20] When the writer simultaneously creates literature and is created by that literature, his autobiography becomes a reversible garment: it remains the expected record of the artist's development and, therefore, of the genesis of his works, but turned, it reveals the author shaping himself through his works and in their image.

No writer brought to autobiography a greater awareness of this reversibility of its supposed function than W. B. Yeats who early in his career had already chided those who criticized his penchant for revision:

> The friends that have it I do wrong
> When ever I remake a song,
> Should know what issue is at stake:
> It is myself that I remake.[21]

Adapting a Journal entry for Autobiographies, he alters the emphasis of the process, identifying, as would a more sceptical Sartre after him, the "imposture"[22] with the self: "I thought myself loving neither vice nor virtue; but virtue has come upon me and given me a nation instead of a home. Has it left me any lyrical faculty? Whatever happens I must go on that there may be a man behind the lines already written; I cast the die long ago and must be true to the cast" (Au, 485). The poet no longer follows only the dictum, "Hammer your thoughts into unity" but also hammers his life into a shape compatible with the literary products of those thoughts. The "three interests," literature, nationalism and a philosophical systematization of the occult, now become "a discrete expression of a single conviction," form patterns in Autobiographies which are justified not by logic or history but by "personal utterance": "I can no more justify my convictions in these brief chapters than Shakespeare could justify within the limits of a sonnet his conviction that the soul of the wide world dreams of things to come; and yet as I have set out to describe nature as I see it, I must not only describe events but those patterns into which they fall, when I am the looker-on" (Au, 330). Those patterns act as symbols uniting, with varying degrees of complexity, the poet and that "bundle of accident and incoherence," the private man, Yeats and Ireland, the personal and the universal, the present and the remembered life, the self and its opposite or Mask. Style, the "self-conquest of the writer who is not a man of action" (Au, 516), transforms the personal into the mythopoeic.

" . . . the memories of one's childhood are brittle things to lean upon" (CT, 153): so Yeats once excused some faulty recollection. Reveries over Childhood and

Youth never "leans upon" memories; instead it invokes childhood experiences, as Henry James had just done, because they "signified,"[23] had come to "'count,'"[24] were "determinant."[25] Although its fragmented recollections present less complexity than does the organization of much of Autobiographies, it does intimate from its opening lines the "stylistic arrangements of experience" which structure the collected work. "My first memories," Yeats begins, "are fragmentary and isolated and contemporaneous, as though one remembered some first moments of the Seven Days. It seems as if time had not yet been created, for all thoughts are connected with emotion and place without sequence" (Au, 5). More than a justification of the discontinuous narrative which follows, the image places the poet at the centre of Creation. The biblical allusion both alerts the reader to the mythopoeic nature of Yeats's autobiography and asserts his continuity with the "traditional knowledge"[26] he deemed essential to literature.

This "fragmentary and isolated and contemporaneous" narrative, this "revery," Yeats defined as "the speech of the soul with itself" (CA, 181).[27] Shaped by his father's theories of the unity of personality and of literature[28] and by his early admiration of Shelley, revery, as style, made possible to Yeats the mystical and symbolic experience. In an early essay Yeats quotes Shelley on the nature of revery and goes on to express his own mystic-symbolic ideology:

> 'Those who are subject to the state called reverie, feel as if their nature were resolved into the surrounding universe or as if the surrounding universe were resolved into their being,' and he [Shelley] must have expected to receive thoughts and images from beyond his own mind, just in so far as that mind transcended its preoccupation with particular time and place, for he believed inspiration a kind of death; and he could hardly have helped perceiving that an image that has transcended particular time and place becomes a symbol, passes beyond death, as it were, and becomes a living soul. (IGE, 81)

Employed as autobiographical style, revery shows affinities with several writers concerned to examine the "seed-time" of their "soul."[29] But Yeats remains less concerned with "the history of a Poet's mind"[30] and more fixed in detached images endowed with both personal and poetic significance than Wordsworth; his revery lacks the subtle associativeness of Jamesian prolixness; the images with which he communes with himself have the altering effect but not the harshness of Adams's "sudden strains that permanently warp the mind."[31] Less psychological and "developmental" than these autobiographers, enticed by the idea of shaping his life as he might shape a poem, Yeats reports that his first immersion in revery occurred at puberty, attended by the romantic prop of a cave reminiscent of Shelley and by imaginative projections of his self into literary postures: " . . . my passions, my loves and my despairs, instead of being my enemies, a disturbance and an attack, became so beautiful that I had to be constantly alone to give them my whole attention. I notice that now, for the first time, what I saw when alone is more vivid in my memory than what I did or saw in company" (Au, 62-63). His interest in the natural sciences diminished and "I began to play at being a sage, a magician or a poet. . . . as I climbed along the narrow ledge [to the cave] I was now Manfred on his glacier, and now Prince Athanase with his solitary lamp, but I soon chose Alastor for my chief of men and longed to share his melancholy . . . " (Au, 64).

Nascent in this very serious play, this emerging conviction "that creation," even the creation of the self, "should be deliberate" (Au, 83), is Yeats's later doctrine of the Mask. As he muses over his earliest literary contacts, the poet moves towards that doctrine without yet naming it: he seeks in his narrative poetry "a landscape that is symbolical of some spiritual condition and awakens a hunger such as cats feel for valerian" (Au, 74); he "was about to learn that if a man is to write lyric poetry he must be shaped by nature and art to some one out of half a dozen traditional poses, and be lover or saint, sage or sensualist, or mere mocker of all life; and that none but that stroke of luckless luck[32] can open before him the accumulated expression of the world. And this thought before it could be knowledge was an instinct" (Au, 87). For a time Hamlet becomes an image of the unnamed anti-self, "an image of heroic self-possession for the poses of youth and childhood to copy, a combatant of the battle within myself" (Au, 47). Yeats joins a debating club, "not from natural liking," but "to become self-possessed, to be able to play with hostile minds as Hamlet played" (Au, 93), to begin to move towards his antithetical self. The emphasis on play, on action that involves spontaneous and deliberate choice, remains integral to the use of the Mask throughout *Autobiographies*: "Some day setting out to find knowledge, like some pilgrim to the Holy Land, he [the artist] will become the most romantic of characters. He will play with all masks" (Au, 470). In between the first intimations of the Mask in *Reveries over Childhood and Youth* and this statement in *Estrangement*, Yeats will explicitly use that doctrine as a metaphor with which to structure *Autobiographies*.

But in *Reveries over Childhood and Youth* the idea of the Mask is still latent. Much of the success of the stylistic use of revery in this book depends on its clarity as images, on the absence of analytical complication. Yeats recalls the death of his brother with the images an impressionable child retained--stories of the banshee's cry and his drawings of ships at half-mast--and not with the adult expressions of mourning; he presents vivid memories of the behaviour of a particular schoolmaster never terming him a pederast because, as a boy, he had not understood the import of the man's behaviour. Recollections invoked by revery stand alone, without comment, without necessary connection with one another, because for Yeats they have seminal poetic value; they exist prior to any logical faculty. "I was divided from all those boys," he tells us, "because our mental images were different" (Au, 35). His particular images define his separateness in a manner simultaneously more primal and more symbolic than that available to analytic discourse. Their fragmentation reflects the condition of their existence in his memory. A child perceiving "the broken corner of a tower with a winding stair" (Au, 54) cannot foresee the man who would find in Vergil's Aeneid one of "the builders of my soul" (Au, 58-59) and who would set Norman tower and Trojan ruins resonating against one another in his poetry. For Yeats as autobiographer of his childhood to do more than limn the "mental images" which originally "signified" would be to falsify the nature of his poetic development and experience.

Reveries over Childhood and Youth, with its discontinuous narrative which is far richer as suggestive image than as literal fact, pre-figures both the themes and structure of much in the remainder of Autobiographies while never enunciating either. Yeats's family history not only illumines the characters which earliest people his imagination,[33] it endows him with a personal tradition: "All the well-known families had their grotesque or tragic or romantic legends, and I often said to myself how terrible it would be to go away and die where nobody would know my story" (Au, 17-18). They provide the necessary "double," the mirroring in "world history" of "personal history," and open the way to literature, to the harmony of the two images, " . . . for thoughts become more vivid when I find they were thought out in historical circumstances which affect those in which I live, or, which is perhaps the same thing, were thought first by men my ancestors may have known" (PD, 5-6).

Each branch of the family brings a particular attribute to the poet. The sea-going Pollexfens suggest romantic adventure and, in their reticence and solitude, the note of tragedy, high, stern and lonely. "Even today," Yeats writes of his grandfather, William Pollexfen, "when I read King Lear his image is always before me, and I often wonder if the delight in passionate men in my plays and in my poetry is more than his memory" (Au, 9). The Middletons introduce him to faery stories, theme of much of his early work and premonition of his later systematization of the occult tradition. The Yeats branch provides him with an Irish history: "Now that I can look at their miniatures, turning them over to find the name of soldier, or lawyer, or Castle official, and wondering if they cared for good books or good music, I am delighted with all that joins my life to those who had power in Ireland . . . " (Au, 21-22). The separate branches unite the contemplative and the active, the man of passion and the man of ideas. A Yeats says of them: "'We have ideas and no passions, but by marriage with a Pollexfen we have given a tongue to the sea cliffs.'" This, "the only eulogy that turns my head" (Au, 23), brings the reader symbolically round to the Creation once again; the diverse family attributes have achieved harmony in the birth of the poet.

Yeats never literally applies the central tenet of his doctrine of the Mask, that harmony is a balance achieved between self and antithetical self, in _Reveries over Childhood and Youth_; he had not yet sufficiently developed it. Nonetheless he does tend to oppositions which thematically pre-figure his explicit use of the philosophic system later in _Autobiographies_. As it was in _John Sherman_, Sligo is set against London and, by extension, Ireland against England, the natural study of birds' cries and moths against the schoolroom. The young poet counters his father's "mere reality" (Au, 83) --"'I must paint what I see in front of me'" (Au, 82)-- with the occult: "It was only when I began to study psychical research and mystical philosophy that I broke away from my father's influence" (Au, 89). The orator John F. Taylor, solitary, proud and passionate, balances the gentler and humbler John O'Leary who "would speak a sentence . . . in ignorance of its passionate value, and would forget it the moment after" (Au, 96). Before O'Leary, "I was the poet in the presence of his theme" (Au, 96); before Taylor, he was the poet in the presence of his style. Taylor literally represents Yeats's anti-self. The poet faces the orator in debates because he feels such activity to be least natural to him, because he wishes to overcome his timidity and to cultivate "self-possession." Taylor opposes "his science or his Catholic orthodoxy" to Yeats's "supernaturalism" (Au, 97). But as the Yeatsian poet must find style by donning the Mask of his antithetical self, so Yeats found the image of his style in Taylor's oratory: "his delivery . . . gave me a conviction of how great might be the effect of verse, spoken by a man almost rhythm-drunk, at some moment of intensity, the apex of long-mounting thought" (Au, 99).

These implied oppositions gain structural prominence in The Trembling of the Veil. Reveries over Childhood and Youth opens up images, symbols of experience; it does not impose order on them. The child strives to find himself in a variety of situations; the young man looks to shape himself and his writing. The tone of aspiration which informs much of the later narrative often emerges here, broken only in the last paragraphs by a second pattern which will gather force slowly throughout Autobiographies until it becomes dominant in Estrangement and The Death of Synge, a pattern of melancholy, of disillusion and defeat. Yeats links his first literary success, the publication of two books, within a single sentence with his grandmother's death. His grandfather also died a few weeks later, breaking the strongest of his links with Sligo. A traditional order crumbles in pettiness; servants begin to steal and people to quarrel over worthless ornaments. The tone is of an idyll broken.

The final paragraph intensifies the melancholy. In a coda to what has passed before, Yeats effects one of his entries into the work in an "editorial" capacity in order to comment from the perspective of his older self: "For some months now I have lived with my own youth and childhood . . . and I am sorrowful and disturbed. . . . when I think of all the books I have read, and of the wise words I have heard spoken, and of the anxiety I have given to parents and grandparents, and of the hopes that I have had, all life weighed in the scales of my own life seems to me a preparation for something that never happens" (Au, 106). In 1914 the personal and literary life remained unachieved; Yeats has not yet learned to "play with all masks," "to see things . . . doubled" in himself and the world.

The Trembling of the Veil

Yeats had used an antithetical structure, sometimes overt, often implied, in much of his early work. In his invocation of the rose he had sought a traditional symbol embodying opposing values: "I thought that for a time I could rhyme of love, calling it The Rose, because of the Rose's double meaning" (Au, 254). The Rosicrucian rose blooming at the centre of the cross multiplied the possible number of opposites symbolized and effected their harmonious conjunction:

> I have but images, analogies,
> The mystic bread, the sacramental wine,
> The red rose where the two shafts of
> the cross,
> Body and soul, waking and sleeping,
> death, life,
> Whatever meaning ancient allegorists
> Have settled on, are mixed into one
> joy. (Pl, 152)

Per Amica Silentia Lunae sees Yeats's last symbolic use of the rose. Although he does not employ it within the text, the cover design of the original edition bears a stylized rose personifying the conjunction of flesh and spirit, of "Anima Hominum" and "Anima Mundi," a conjunction Yeats occasionally realized in poetic image but still could not present in philosophical discourse. It took the long elaboration of A Vision, an elaboration which Yeats made his major activity in the four years between his marriage and the publication of the first chapter of _The Trembling of the Veil_, to develop this antithetical structure, to name and define its attributes, so that it might simultaneously be a "philosophical system" and "metaphors for poetry." When he used the material of "First Draft" in writing _The Trembling of the Veil_, Yeats made two major structural revisions: he omitted, as we have seen, material of a personal nature, particularly that relating to Olivia Shakespear and Maud Gonne, and he imposed his new metaphor of antithesis on his reminiscences and characterizations. Where antithetical structure had been an unnamed attitude rather than a system, a certain habit of thinking, in _Reveries over Childhood and Youth_, in this second autobiographical volume it becomes the controlling image.

The symmetry of Yeats's "Lunar parable" determines and explains the structure of the five chapters of _The Trembling of the Veil_. Yeats took his title from a line of Mallarmé's to the effect "that his epoch was troubled by the trembling of the veil of the Temple" (Au, 109). That trembling is characteristic of an age "'seeking to bring forth a sacred book'" (Au, 315).[34] When he first makes reference to the phrase (1897), Yeats worries facetiously that "the inquietude of the veil" might yield "illusions" rather than wisdom (TLAM, 45). By the time he writes the "Epilogue" to Per Amica Silentia Lunae, he openly associates the phrase with the tradition of the poet as magician. The "trembling of the veil" presages revelation, revelation of Unity of Being, of a "tradition . . . more universal and more ancient" (PASL, 95), of another order of reality. And in this sense the "small tear" in Mallarmé's metaphoric veil may well have found an echo in Yeats's mind in a passage in Marius the Epicurean in which the Platonist Apuleius advances the theory that there are "varieties of facts, of truths, just 'behind the veil,'" which indicate "a world, wider, perhaps, in its possibilities than all possible fancies concerning it."[35]

In this context, "the trembling of the veil" is associatively related to the "trembling" horses in a Japanese temple painting, an image with which Yeats questions the "impassable barrier" (Au, 187) between the physical and the supernatural worlds: "I had found when a boy . . . a pamphlet on Japanese art and read there of an animal painter so remarkable that horses he had painted upon a temple wall had slipped down after dark and trampled the neighbours' fields of rice. Somebody had come into the temple in the early morning, had been startled by a shower of water-drops, had looked up and seen painted horses still wet from the dew-covered fields, but now 'trembling into stillness'" (Au, 186). The revelation of art is the revelation of that Unity of Being possible only to the subjective man contemplating his Mask. One recalls Yeats's description of his Phase Fifteen:

> Under the frenzy of the fourteenth moon,
> The soul begins to tremble into stillness,
> To die into the labyrinth of itself!
> (Po, 185)

But the attempt "to bring forth a sacred book" proves abortive because of the era. A Vision had placed the contemporary world at Phase Twenty-two, the point midway between Phase Fifteen, total subjectivity, "mind . . . completely absorbed by being," and Phase One (in a twenty-eight phase lunar cycle), total objectivity, "body . . . completely absorbed in its supernatural environment" (V, 183). Phase Twenty-two represents a trough between the subjective and objective modes, the moment at which the assumption of the Mask ceases to be voluntary, the discipline of the artist, and becomes "enforced," "for here the being makes its last attempt to impose its personality upon the world before the Mask becomes enforced once more, character substituted for personality" (V, 85-86). Such an age can produce no art which fuses the opposites between which it stands; its possibilities remain unrealized. "Is it true," Yeats asks, "that our air is disturbed, as Mallarmé said, by 'the trembling of the veil of the Temple', or that 'our whole age is seeking to bring forth a sacred book'? Some of us thought that book near towards the end of [the] last century, but the tide sank again" (Au, 315). Art in such an age is the product of individual Unity of Being, never of Unity of Culture.

Yeats's use of Mallarmé's image and his application of A Vision in The Trembling of the Veil suggest a pattern of promise and its failure to be fulfilled, of a movement towards a moment of crisis and a subsequent diminishment. The central chapter, "Hodos Chameliontos," figuratively charts that never fully realized moment after which "the tide sank again," "Four Years" and "Ireland after Parnell" the aspirations leading to it, "The Tragic Generation" and "The Stirring of the Bones" disillusion, loss and fragmentation in both the personal and historical consciousness.

"Four Years"

At the beginning of "Four Years" Yeats emphasizes the break with his childhood marked by his grandparents' death. As a young man in Bedford Park he "could not understand where the charm had gone" which he had felt there as a child (Au, 114). He delineates more clearly his opposition to his father. Against John Yeats's theories, he asserts the value not of the future but of the past. "I was in all things Pre-Raphaelite" (Au, 114), he asserts in reaction to his father's realism and goes on to define his "quarrel" as being solely with the present: "it is not true that youth looks before it with the mechanical gaze of a well-drilled soldier. Its quarrel is not with the past, but with the present, where its elders are so obviously powerful and no cause seems lost if it seem to threaten that power" (Au, 115). More importantly, "Four Years" marks a turning away from an almost solipsist interest in "mental images" (Au, 35, 186) to their manifestation in the external world. The chapter records Yeats's first acquaintance with the writers and occultists most nearly contemporaneous with him. Their treatment presents a complex instance of the autobiographer's double temporal perspective. With the possible exception of Oscar Wilde, whose greater age, wealth, wit and notoriety--even before his trial--made him more visible than others of Yeats's friends of the period, the poet presents the painters and writers of his "generation" (Au, 164) because of the artistic capabilities each seemed to possess at the time. In a remark he claims to have once made at The Rhymers' Club he embodies the egalitarian fellowship of those still too new to literature to be ranked: "'None of us can say who will succeed, or even who has or has not talent. The only thing certain about us is that we are too many'" (Au, 171).

But if Todhunter and Nettleship rank as equally with Henley and Morris in Autobiographies as they did in the attention of the youthful Yeats, they are nonetheless subjected to a scrutiny of which the poet, at twenty, would have been incapable. The mature Yeats erects antithetical images into the basis of a characterology. William Henley's powerful torso belies his amputated leg: "halt inarticulate . . . beset with personal quarrels, [he] built up an image of power and magnanimity till it became, at moments, when seen as it were by lightning, his true self" (Au, 125-26). With "the antithesis that is the foundation of human nature being ever in my sight, I see his crippled legs as though he were some Vulcan perpetually forging swords for other men to use" (Au, 128). Yeats opposes Wilde's charm, "acquired and systematized, a mask which he wore only when it pleased him," to R. A. M. Stevenson's which "belonged to him like the colour of his hair" (Au, 132). He chooses to explain Wilde as the antithesis of his "dirty, untidy, daring" family in Dublin, as performing "a play which was in all things the opposite of all that he had known in childhood and early youth" (Au, 138). He sets Wilde in his white dining-room--"perhaps too perfect in its unity, his past of a few years before had gone too completely" (Au, 134-35)--against his mother's household--"there is an old story still current in Dublin of Lady Wilde saying to a servant, 'Why do you put the plates on the coal-scuttle? What are the chairs meant for?'" (Au, 137). From the vantage-point of thirty years Yeats also describes the shortcomings of his early contemporaries--Florence Farr, Edwin Ellis, Jack Nettleship--~~,~~ shortcomings visible to the youthful poet but not thus explainable by him, in terms of the inability of each to find or, having found, to conform with "his simplifying image" (Au, 159).

But when he "described what image--always opposite to the natural self or the natural world--Wilde, Henley, Morris copied or tried to copy" (Au, 171), Yeats did not entirely mould his youthful perceptions to the more sophisticated classifications of the mature poet. The terminology and the clarity of the antithetical metaphor belong to the autobiographer but the antithetical impulse, as yet undefined, belonged, he tells us, to his subject also: "My mind began drifting vaguely towards that doctrine of 'the mask' which has convinced me that every passionate man . . . is, as it were, linked with another age, historical or imaginary, where alone he finds images that rouse his energy" (Au, 152). The "mental images" of the occult replace those of his earlier "reveries" in this search; the doctrines of Mme. Blavatsky and MacGregor Mathers supplement the Pre-Raphaelite movement, Pater's aestheticism and Symons's symbolism. Against the "conviction that the world was now but a bundle of fragments" (Au, 189), a conviction to which The Trembling of the Veil in its turning from one activity to another bears eloquent testimony, Yeats began to adapt his father's doctrine of Unity of Being, imbuing it with historical and literary tradition: "I had been put into a rage by the followers of Huxley, Tyndall, Carolus Duran, and Bastien-Lepage, who not only asserted the unimportance of subject whether in art or literature, but the independence of the arts from one another. Upon the other hand, I delighted in every age where poet and artist confined themselves gladly to some inherited subject-matter known to the whole people, for I thought that in man and race alike there is something called 'Unity of Being' . . . " (Au, 190).

It is this aspiration to Unity of Being which lends Autobiographies its mythopoeic tincture. Yeats's acquaintances possess more than historical or dramatic significance; they are both symbols of the fragmentation against which he reacted and images of the striving, even if unsuccessful striving, to overcome that fragmentation. They created much of the ambience in which the youthful Yeats moved; by later classifying them in terms of self and Mask he gives that ambience the value of a mythos. Certain figures had already assumed a legendary stature at the time, their shortcomings only contributing to their mythological value. Mathers was one such; he

> had much learning but little scholarship, much imagination and imperfect

> taste, but if he made some absurd statement, some incredible claim, some hackneyed joke, we would half-consciously change claim, statement or joke, as though he were a figure in a play of our composition. He was a necessary extravagance, and he had carried further than any one else a claim implicit in the romantic movement from the time of Shelley and of Goethe; and in body and in voice at least he was perfect; so might Faust have looked in his changeless aged youth. In the credulity of our youth we secretly wondered if he had not met with, perhaps even been taught by, some old man who had found the elixir. Nor did he undeceive us. (Au, 187)

In retrospect, all, even a dissident journeyman hatter, "image of our hysteria" (Au, 148), assume symbolic value.

At the point in his narrative at which Yeats explicitly turns to the occult, to an acceptance of correspondences between worlds, he also begins setting up symbolic reverberations between his prose account and his poetry. Previously he had quoted his own poetry as the syntactic completion of a prose thought[36] or that of others as illustrative of some statement in his text; he reproduces, for example, a long passage from Shelley to indicate the strength of his early identity with Ahasuerus and to mark the literary origins of his interest in the cultivation of the mythic attributes of the self. But in the context of self, anti-self and Unity of Being he sets his own poetry symbolically rather than illustratively against his prose. Lines from "The Second Coming" form an apposition to what "I did not foresee . . . : the growing murderousness of the world" (Au, 192). Naming "abstraction, . . . the isolation of occupation, or class or faculty" (Au, 190), as the enemy of Unity of Being, he apposes to that definition lines from "The Hawk," lines published some forty years after the time of which Yeats is speaking:

> Call down the hawk from the air,
> Let him be hooded or caged
> Till the yellow eye has grown mild,
> For larder and spit are bare,
> The old cook enraged,
> The scullion gone wild. (Au, 190)

Such a juxtaposition forces the reader to unite statement and poem in a symbolic structure. The apposition remains meaningless until we treat the hawk as emblematic of the abstraction Yeats believed inherent in logical thought unmodulated by emotion,[37] the empty larder, the cook and the scullion as manifestations of the physical and spiritual famine resulting from such abstraction. This done, we have created a symbolic space between prose and poem, a space in which we momentarily situate the autobiographer. Yeats has suffused the ostensibly historical and "developmental" autobiography with the imaginative world from which his current writing springs.

"Ireland after Parnell"

Each chapter of The Trembling of the Veil sees Yeats turning from one interest to another. If "Four Years," dealing as it preponderantly does with literature, evokes the stirrings of Yeats's aspirations to Unity of Being, "Ireland after Parnell" might be said to portray his search for an anti-self through which to realize it. As he ends "Four Years" Yeats begins to specifically associate Ireland with both the fragmentation he finds in the world and the possibility of vanquishing it through Unity of Being: "a nation or an individual with great emotional intensity might . . . give to all those separated elements, and to all that abstract love and melancholy, a symbolical, a mythological coherence" (Au, 193). "I had seen Ireland in my own time turn from the bragging rhetoric and gregarious humor of O'Connell's generation and school, and offer herself to the solitary and proud Parnell as to her anti-self, buskin followed hard on sock, and I had begun to hope, or to half hope, that we might be the first in Europe to seek unity as deliberately as it had been sought by theologian, poet, sculptor, architect, from the eleventh to the thirteenth century" (Au, 195). "In reality," Yeats tells us, he "had the wildest hopes" of creating an Irish Prometheus Unbound, of unifying his country "by an image, or bundle of related images" accepted by all as "a common design" (Au, 194). "Perhaps even these images, once created and associated with river and mountain, might move of themselves and with some powerful, even turbulent life, like those painted horses that trampled the rice-fields of Japan" (Au, 194). The ideal nation might become the ontological equivalent of the work of art.

Yeats's identification of Parnell with Ireland's anti-self endured. Late in life, echoing the imagery of "the trembling of the veil" in an age "seeking to bring forth a sacred book," Yeats understood Parnell's fall as the conception of his own literature and that of Lady Gregory and John Synge: "The modern literature of Ireland, and indeed all that stir of thought which prepared for the Anglo-Irish war, began when Parnell fell from power in 1891. A disillusioned and embittered Ireland turned from parliamentary politics; an event was conceived; and the race began, as I think, to be troubled by that event's long gestation" (Au, 559). In 1891 the event could hardly have seemed so seminal. At the time it represented a "lull in politics" which might serve the ends of a new "intellectual movement" (Au, 199). Much experimenting remained to be done before Yeats would find his own direction in that movement. His account in "Ireland after Parnell" of his attempt to effect a transmutation of Ireland, to arouse in her that Unity of Culture, based on enlightened patriotism and myth, which would be analogous to the individual's Unity of Being, is brief.

Once more he poses Taylor against O'Leary. He attempts to create a literary pantheon with Douglas Hyde and Standish O'Grady, "whose rage was a swan-song over all that he had held most dear, and to whom for that very reason every Irish imaginative writer owed a portion of his soul" (Au, 220), for its members. With these two and with Lionel Johnson and Sir Charles Gavan Duffy chief among others, he establishes "The Irish Literary Society" to publish books on Irish subjects for the Irish public and to begin small country libraries of Irish literature. The library scheme was subverted and Duffy had himself rather than Yeats named editor of the book series, considerably altering its planned direction. Yeats professes himself magnanimous about this last, attributing it to a misunderstanding. Only once, in a manoeuvre George Moore might have envied, does he permit himself to hint of backstairs manipulation and cheap journalism; while imaginatively reconstructing Duffy's background, he sees "the dirty piece of orange-peel in the corner of the stairs as one climbs up to some newspaper office" (Au, 225). Duffy's Ireland of the discarded orange-peel and Yeats's of the "nation-wide multiform reverie" (Au, 262) share few common goals.

In Ireland only Parnell had given evidence "of power over the self, and so of the expression of the self" (Au, 233). His legendary silence and rigid self-control confront the quarrels and vain rhetoric of the politicians who remain after him. Their parties are equivalents of self and anti-self failing to achieve unity:

> When we loathe ourselves or our world, if that loathing but turn to intellect, we see self or world and its anti-self as in one vision; when loathing remains but loathing, world or self consumes itself away, and we turn to its mechanical opposite. Popular Nationalism and Unionism so changed into one another, being each but the other's headache. The Nationalist abstractions were like the fixed ideas of some hysterical woman, a part of the mind turned into stone, the rest a seething and burning; and Unionist Ireland had reacted from that seething and burning to a cynical indifference, and from those fixed ideas to whatever might bring the most easy and obvious success. (Au, 234)

In such an environment participation in any nationalist organization can only be an error. "I had surrendered myself to the chief temptation of the artist, creation without toil" (Au, 202), Yeats would decide in retrospect.

But by donning the Mask of a public speaker, by fighting the "rancour" (Au, 206) of Ireland's melodramatic reconstruction of its history, although he has not served his own writing, he has, unknowingly, eased the way for Synge. The very characteristics which made his political work so personally useless become one-half of a new antinomic view of Ireland:

> I was preparing the way without knowing it for a great satirist and master of

> irony, . . . and to help me I had already flitting through my head, jostling other ideas and so not yet established there, a conviction that we should satirize rather than praise, that original virtue arises from the discovery of evil. If we were, as I had dreaded, declamatory, loose, and bragging, we were but the better fitted --that declared and measured--to create unyielding personality, manner at once cold and passionate, daring long-premeditated act; and if bitter beyond all the people of the world, we might yet lie--that too declared and measured--nearest the honeyed comb;--
>
> Like the clangour of a bell
> Sweet and harsh, harsh and sweet,
> That is how he learnt so well
> To take the roses for his meat.
> (Au, 206-07)

In 1923 in "The Gift of Harun Al-Rashid" (Po, 514) Yeats again employs this antithesis of "bitterness" and "the honeycomb" and some pages later in Autobiographies he uses it with reference to Parnell: "he might have brought the imagination of Ireland nearer the Image and the honeycomb" (Au, 221). Yeats exploits the sexual intimations, which he would have known from several sources, of the allusion. In a note to "Among School Children" he cites Porphyry's The Cave of the Nymphs as the source of the phrase "honey of generation" (Po, 535).[38] Yeats follows Porphyry in associating honey with "the pleasure of intercourse"[39] and at various times he adopts the three symbolical uses of honey which Porphyry traces: it "is taken as symbol of purification, of preservation against rotting and of pleasure in the descent to genesis."[40] Yeats uses the first significance in the phrase "nearer the Image and the honeycomb," the second in the last stanza of "Vacillation" and the third in his epithet "Baille Honeymouth" (Po, 459, 460, 461) and more generally in his sexual metaphor for Unity of Being born out of the conflict of opposites.[41] Porphyry is also the source for his opposition of "bitterness" with "the honeyed comb." He notes that the ancients offered libations of honey to the dead and of bile to the gods, "hinting that, while the soul perishes through pleasure, it is through bitterness that it returns to life. . . ."[42]

Yeats would have drawn the association of honey with sexual pleasure from several other sources as well. It appears in Marius the Epicurean[43] and is implied in Coventry Patmore's "The Precursor."[44] In Autobiographies Yeats complicates his allusion to the honeycomb by quoting the lines from "Another Song of a Fool," the song of the schoolmaster metamorphosed into a butterfly. Schoolmaster and butterfly long represented for Yeats the straight and generally arid path of logic and the more indirect and creative way of intuition. The bell of these lines not only tolls time, baptism, marriage and death, but its tones, "Sweet and harsh, harsh and sweet," duplicate the bitterness and the honeycomb. This reference to the honey moves beyond the original sexual or "natural" signification of the image; it becomes the honey of the subjective man contemplating his own self, that of the image of "Goldsmith deliberately sipping at the honey-pot of his mind" contrasted with "this pragmatical, preposterous pig of a world" (Po, 268), the honey which in Samson's riddle (Judges xiv:5-20) symbolizes spiritual sweetness preventing bodily corruption, meat out of the devourer, sweetness out of strength, through God's miracle or, in Yeatsian terms, Unity of Being: "The lion and the honeycomb, what has Scripture said?" (Po, 286). The final reference to "roses for his meat" recalls Yeats's and Patmore's "Precursor" of "Divine Love" and self-transcendence. Substituting roses for "wild honey," Yeats brings a large body of allusion to bear on the symbol he had already used so extensively and reinforces his emphasis on Unity of Being as means of personal and national salvation from an increasingly fragmented world.

But Synge as this hoped for embodiment of Ireland's Unity of Being in a writer remains some fifteen years in the future of the events Yeats narrates in "Ireland after Parnell." Faced with the contemporary failure of nationalism as a cohesive force, Yeats can only change direction once again. In the "one house where nobody thought or talked politics" (Au, 236) he finds a group of Theosophists with whom he develops his interest in the occult. He begins to set himself, artist or subjective man, against

George Russell, saint or objective man, at the same time rationalizing his defection from political activity: "I thought there could be no aim for poet or artist except expression of a 'Unity of Being' like that of a 'perfectly proportioned human body'--though I would not at the time have used that phrase" (Au, 246); but the saint, "the man of science, the moralist, the humanitarian, the politician," "must seek no image of desire, but await that which lies beyond their mind--unities not of the mind, but unities of Nature, unities of God" (Au, 247). Their phase is objective. Politics deals with mere power; art, through artifice, embodies the instinctual, the innate tradition passed from generation to generation as birds pass on the skill of nest-building: "politics, for a vision-seeking man, can be but half achievement, a choice of an almost easy kind of skill instead of that kind which is, of all those not impossible, the most difficult. Is it not certain that the Creator yawns in earthquake and thunder and other popular displays, but toils in rounding the delicate spiral of a shell?" (Au, 249).[45] Not only are power, "brute blood" (Po, 241), and artifice opposed, but the shell's spiral is synonymous with Yeats's symbol of conflicting forces, expanding and contracting gyres.[46]

Book II ends with "certain vivid moments" (Au, 249) which stand in apposition to the antinomic mythology Yeats has been elaborating. Russell returns from a walk with the story of a beggar whose words suggest that even God pursues an anti-self: "'God possesses the heavens, but He covets the earth--He covets the earth'" (Au, 249).[47] Death both opposes life and gives birth to it as monks, in a Theosophist's dream, garden over the coffin of the dead young man who "railed against the glory of the world" (Au, 250). Another young man swings on a pendulum between Theosophy and Mass.

"Hodos Chameliontos"

As was Yeats's earlier change of direction, so this turning from political nationalism to the occult is accompanied by the "wildest hopes," hopes that, through occult symbols, he might find a mythology to unify Ireland and literature: "I had an unshakeable conviction, arising how or whence I cannot tell, that invisible gates would open as they opened for Blake, as they opened for Swedenborg, as they opened for Boehme, and that this philosophy would find its manuals of devotion in all imaginative literature, and set before Irishmen for special manual an Irish literature which, though made by many minds, would seem the work of a single mind, and turn our places of beauty or legendary association into holy symbols" (Au, 254). However in "Hodos Chameliontos" Yeats recalls himself not as on the way to Unity of Being but as overwhelmed by the multiplicity and fragmentation of the images he pursues. An obsessive questioning fills the narrative: "Who made" (Au, 261) the coherent stories formed by the interlocking visions of several people? From where did the dream images come? Do the emotions of the wise and cultured "pass into the general mind" (Au, 262)? "Is there nation-wide multiform reverie" (Au, 263)? "How could I judge . . . " (Au, 263)? What had historian and psychologist "ignored and distorted" (Au, 264)? "Was modern civilization a conspiracy of the subconscious" (Au, 264)? Were spirits "really people of the past" or no "more than images and symbols" (Au, 267)? All his evidence of Unity of Being merely increases his personal sense of fragmentation: "To that multiplicity of interest and opinion, of arts and sciences, which had driven me to conceive a Unity of Culture defined and evoked by Unity of Image, I had but added a multiplicity of images . . . " (Au, 269). "I was . . . astray upon the Path of the Chameleon" (Au, 270).

Sections VIII and IX of "Hodos Chameliontos" contrast strongly with the increasing fragmentation evidenced throughout The Trembling of the Veil, first in the failure of artists and writers to achieve harmony between their self and anti-self, then in Ireland's refusal to accept her Image or Mask, and finally in the outright chaos of the occult in which "image called up image in an endless procession" (Au, 270). Against this confusion experienced by his autobiographical subject, the young man, Yeats sets the more composed image of the "settled man" (Au, 270) writing that autobiography. The passages that follow constitute a most marked intrusion of the authorial present--"the canaries have just hatched out five nestlings" (Au, 270)--and reverse the direction of The Trembling of the Veil. The mature Yeats explains both his "craving" (Au, 264) and his youthful mistaking of the proper method by which to seek its satisfaction by reference to innate learning. His canaries' building of a nest when he has placed the requisite materials in their cage, his small daughter's excitement at the sight of a boy, her response when leaning against her mother to "the unborn child moving within" (Au, 272): these now constitute his evidence of Anima Mundi, of a knowledge both primal and universal, of "some knowledge or power" from "beyond" the mind (Au, 272) which informs creative action. "An image," the grass he gave his canaries, the felt movements of the foetus, evokes the creative response, "but our images must be given to us, we cannot choose them deliberately" (Au, 272). The poet becomes "lost" through striving to choose, through attempting to create a false mythology.

The images of the mating canaries and their nestlings, of his young daughter already responsive to sexual differences and the capacity for motherhood, have not been chosen haphazardly among possible examples of innate behaviour. They are emblematic of the sexual union, in both its orgasmic and procreative potential, as the basic metaphor of Yeats's pattern of dualities and their resolution. In the long passage which follows his examples, worth quoting almost entirely because it reveals so clearly the structure of dualism and rebirth informing Autobiographies, Yeats re-expresses that pattern, citing analogues from literary tradition and applying the imagery of union and subsequent rebirth to the poet:

> I know now that revelation is from the self, but from that age-long memoried self, that shapes the elaborate shell of the mollusc and the child in the womb, that teaches the birds to make their nest; and that genius is a crisis that joins that buried self for certain moments to our trivial daily mind. . . . We have dreamed a foolish dream these many centuries in thinking that they ["personifying spirits" or "Gate-keepers"] value a life of contemplation, for they scorn that more than any possible life, unless it be but a name for the worst crisis of all. They have but one purpose, to bring their chosen man to the greatest obstacle he may confront without despair. They contrived Dante's banishment, and snatched away his Beatrice, and thrust Villon into the arms of harlots, and sent him to gather cronies at the foot of the gallows, that Dante and Villon might through passion become conjoint to their buried selves, turn all to Mask and Image, and so be phantoms in their own eyes. . . . The

> two halves of their nature are so completely joined that they seem to labour for their objects, and yet to desire whatever happens, being at the same instant predestinate and free, creation's very self. We gaze at such men in awe, because *we gaze not at a work of art, but at the re-creation of the man through that art*, the birth of a new species of man, and it may even seem that the hairs of our heads stand up, because that birth, that re-creation, is from terror. Had not Dante and Villon understood that their fate wrecked what life could not rebuild, had they lacked their Vision of Evil, had they cherished any species of optimism, they could but have found a false beauty, or some momentary instinctive beauty, and suffered no change at all. . . .
>
> They and their sort alone earn contemplation, for it is only when the intellect has wrought the whole of life to drama, to crisis, that we may live for contemplation, and yet keep our intensity.
>
> And these things are true also of nations. . . . And as I look backward upon my own writing, I take pleasure alone in those verses where it seems to me I have found something hard and cold, some articulation of the Image which is the opposite of all that I am in my daily life, and all that my country is. . . . (Au, 272-74, my italics)

Keats, "coarse-bred son of a livery-stable keeper," must make "luxuriant song" (Au, 275). The passage pre-figures several themes which appear later in *Autobiographies*: Unity of Being as an outcome of drama or crisis, the necessity of a poetic aristocracy, the rebirth of the writer through his art. Also pivotal within the smaller structure of *The Trembling of the Veil*, the passage marks a turning from optimism, "wildest hopes," always to be scattered, to necessary pessimism. Optimism leads to but a "false beauty." Where the first two chapters of this book recorded the hope of synthesis, the last two record disillusion, failure and fatalistic despair.

"The Tragic Generation"

Ian Fletcher has remarked Yeats's over-dramatization in "Four Years" of his role in the founding of the Rhymers' Club and his failure to list members other than those he knew well. Fletcher is unwilling to choose between "stylization" or "simple forgetfulness" as motive of Yeats's "inaccuracies" but, whatever the cause, finds its consequence in the confusion of the Rhymers with "The Tragic Generation."[48] But if "Four Years" and "Ireland after Parnell" have traced aspirations, never successfully realized, to find through literary and political organization a Unity of Culture in Ireland comparable to Unity of Being in the individual, "The Tragic Generation" and "The Stirring of the Bones" mark both Yeats's realization of his failure and his intimations of a new path to Unity. "The Tragic Generation" formulates a response to his earlier characterization of the Rhymers: "The only thing certain about us is that we are too many." In recording the disintegration of this democratic assemblage, it begins to postulate an aristocracy of the arts, to intensify the transcendence of the quotidian self, to mythologize the "true self" which Yeats aimed at in poetry and autobiography.

Yeats structures the centre sections of "The Tragic Generation" with analogies between anecdote or literary gossip and his lunar "symbolism" (Au, 293), each illustrating the other and both pointing to the failure to attain that Unity of Culture which has been the goal, even if not always so precisely formulated, of the youthful Yeats. Wilde's downfall, described in Section II, is explained by reference to Yeats's lunar system in Section III. He belongs to Phase Nineteen, the phase which marks "a sudden change" from the more subjective minds closer to the full of the moon, but which has not yet achieved the "professional and abstract" (Au, 293) climax of the age. His nature belongs to just that point where "no mind made like 'a perfectly proportioned human body' shall sway the public again" (Au, 293). Out of phase with his time, just past those phases where men can attain to complete immersion in the self, his posing or seeking after an Image becomes self-caricature. He divides the stage with Shaw, a man in phase with the age, a man "content to exchange Narcissus and his Pool for the signal-box at a railway junction, where goods and services pass perpetually upon their logical glittering road" (Au, 294).

Yeats finds an analogue for the two dramatists in two portraits. In Strozzi's portrait of a Venetian gentleman he sees subjective predominance, man living in and through "his whole body" (Au, 292). Strozzi's portrait epitomizes the artist's transcendence of his everyday self through complete subjectivity, a transcendence which remained just out of Wilde's reach. In contrast, Sargent's portrait of President Wilson, mechanical and dead in all except the eyes, explores the abstraction characterizing Shavian rhetoric. Nonetheless it is Shaw and Sargent who are one with their time and that reflection introduces the pattern of defeat, disintegration and self-defense which pervades the last two chapters of _The Trembling of the Veil_. The age, Yeats felt, stood on the edge of a void, on the verge of complete abstraction and superficiality, of the individual's complete divorce from the self: "Neither his crowd nor he [Shaw] have yet made a discovery . . . that the moon draws to its fourth quarter. But what happens to the individual man whose moon has come to that fourth quarter, and what to the civilization . . . ?" (Au, 294). Yeats quotes lines from "The Phases of the Moon" to signal the change and to introduce a certain Stoic despair and resignation to the individual, rather than the nation, as the unit of modern consciousness and activity. Ireland, associated with pipe music and doomed to the superficiality of the age, will never hear the music of the harmony of the spheres: "I can but remember pipe music to-night, though I can half-hear beyond it in the memory a weightier music, but this much at any rate is certain--the dream of my early manhood, that a modern nation can return to Unity of Culture, is false; though it may be we can achieve it for some small circle of men and women, and there leave it till the moon bring round its century" (Au, 295).

The absence of Unity of Being in Yeats's contemporaries personifies the fragmented, "objective" nature of the time. Henley is thus explained, as are the Rhymers. The "disorder" of their lives is the expression of an "'age of transition'"; they "lacked coherence" as the result of that age (Au, 304). Pater symbolizes the tragedy of the transition: "_Marius the Epicurean_ . . . seemed to me . . . the only great prose in modern English, and yet I began to wonder if it, or the attitude of mind of which it was the noblest expression, had not caused the disaster of my friends. It taught us to walk upon a rope tightly stretched through serene air, and we were left to keep our feet upon a swaying rope in a storm" (Au, 302-03). Yeats's fellow poets fall off that rope in "The Tragic Generation," always illustrating his antithetical structure as they do so. Johnson and Dowson represent saint and sexual sinner, pre-figuring the Martyn-Moore antithesis of _Dramatis Personae_. Johnson's "spiritual ecstasy," Yeats hypothesizes, heightened "The Vision of Evil" (Au, 310) he appreciated in Villon and Dante. Saint and sinner are united in the characterization of Beardsley in which Yeats extends, and indeed overextends, his symbolism so far that he becomes apologetic: "I must not only describe events but those patterns into which they fall, when I am the looker-on" (Au, 330), he warns, then applies his "Lunar metaphor" along with a theory of victimage to Beardsley. Beardsley, a man of Phase Thirteen, "all subjective" in his approach to Unity of Being, would, in his pursuit of an antithetical Image in the Vision of Evil, "take upon himself not the consequences but the knowledge of sin. I surrender myself to the wild thought that by so doing he enabled persons who had never heard his name to recover innocence" (Au, 331). Yeats explains him as having come to see with "a kind of frozen passion, the virginity of the intellect" (Au, 332), the erotic and vicious apparitions moving before his eyes.

The ironies of the failure to achieve Unity of Being multiply in "The Tragic Generation" until its characters become not so much tragic as pathetic. Their masks fall. Johnson, dead after long alcoholism, is revealed as having been motivated in his asceticism by lack of physiological development; Dowson, idealistically and romantically in love, copulates with the dirtiest whores; our last glimpse of Wilde finds him being cheered through the streets of Dieppe to a brothel that he might acquire "'a more wholesome taste'" (Au, 327); Henley, who "dreamed" himself a "violent burly man" (Au, 296), disintegrates after the death of his daughter from an inherited syphilitic infection;[49] Symons goes mad. Fascinated as many of these men may have been by a Vision of Evil, in fact they attained to nothing so absolute. Instead their wavering indirection and lack of Unity, the sordidness of much of their activity, personifies the incohesiveness and inconclusiveness of the age. Once again one of Yeats's seemingly disordered memories reiterates this misdirection with a mordant wit. The sexual union which is the root symbol of Yeats's Unity of Being and which is parodied or degenerate in "The Tragic Generation" becomes ironically revelatory of the time in a story about MacGregor Mathers: "Mathers is much troubled by ladies who seek spiritual advice, and one called to ask his help against phantoms who have the appearance of decayed corpses, and try to get into bed with her at night. He has driven her away with one furious sentence, 'Very bad taste on both sides'" (Au, 346).

The fragmented memories with which this chapter ends, as have the others, reflect the incoherence among his fellows and in his country and historical period. As he did in "Ireland after Parnell," Yeats turns to the historic present tense. His use of the tense in Reveries over Childhood and Youth is attributable to the discontinuousness of early memories and to the vividness of their recollection. But in The Trembling of the Veil, although Yeats does use the historic present in fragments, both the tense and those fragments suggest something beyond mere discontinuity or the attempt of the Romantic historians to create an impression of action by use of the present.[50] The Romantics derive their use of the historic present from moments of intense action or excitement in epic literature. However Yeats in his reading of these epics seems to have responded markedly to the fall of Troy rather than to the battles preceding it, to the outcome of events rather than to the actions causing them, to cyclic rather than individual history. While his use of the historic present undoubtedly owes something to its Romantic adaptation to create a sense of action, it also derives from its epic use in moments of despair, defeat and crumbling civilizations to create a pathos and poignancy that yet does not lack sublimity. It is the historic present of those moments in the Aeneid when images of defeat overpower historic fact, when the historic present takes over from the perfect in the reiteration of that fact: "ceciditque superbum/Ilium et omnis humo fumat Neptunia

Troja."[51] Moreover it is passive, both at the end of "The Tragic Generation," where Yeats records images for the lack of coherence in a literary movement, and in "The Stirring of the Bones," where he presents events as discrete, unrelated to one another by style or logic, to record a similar lack of cohesiveness in Irish political movements. Yeats is minimally active in these memories; he is present mostly as an observer. "I am walking" (Au, 346), he tells us, or "I am at Stuart Merrill's" (Au, 347) or "at Maud Gonne's hotel" (Au, 370), at "the Mansion House Banquet" (Au, 366) or "sitting in a café" (Au, 347). "It is eight or nine at night" (Au, 367); "The meeting is held in College Green" (Au, 367); "French sympathizers have been brought" (Au, 369); "Mathers is much troubled" (Au, 346). He turns himself and others into surfaces on which the record of fragmentation inscribes itself. "I notice" (Au, 346, 371) introduces more than one observation. The copulative diminishes his action, transforms it into a state of being: someone does not tell him but "I am told" (Au, 371); he does not feel sad but "I am very sad" (Au, 348). This historic present tense with its strong associations with epic and heroic poetry perhaps assumes ironic nuances in The Trembling of the Veil where it reflects the crumbling of a cultural and national unity that are never quite achieved, that never quite reach heroic proportions or produce a "sacred book."

The last two of the fragmented memories concluding "The Tragic Generation" concern the theatre. One carries the doctrine of the Mask to its extreme; Dauthendey would have poetic drama played by actors carrying, not wearing, masks to "'express my scorn for reality'" (Au, 348). The second records Yeats's response to the first performance of Jarry's Ubu Roi.[52] The theatrical metaphor has been almost as dominant as the "Lunar parable" throughout the chapter. The collapse of the Rhymers' Club, the chapter's central event, finds its metaphor in the stage: the "Rhymers had begun to break up in tragedy, though we did not know that till the play had finished" (Au, 300).[53] Both the plays which open the chapter and that which closes it, framing it, as it were, in a metaphor of drama, personify the abstraction and lack of coherence for which Yeats blamed his time. Ibsen, "the chosen author of very clever young journalists, who, condemned to their treadmill of abstraction, hated music and style" (Au, 279), and Bernard Shaw, writing "with great effect without music, without style, either good or bad," without "emotional implication" (Au, 283), hit at Yeats's "enemies" (Au, 279, 283) but with methods he cannot accept. Their "inorganic, logical straightness" is far removed from his own mythic approach to literature and from "the crooked road of life" (Au, 283). The performance of Ubu Roi which closes the chapter is another harbinger of "objectivity." Père Ubu, wielding power with a murderous autocracy that quickly becomes absurd, coining innumerable oaths out of Rabelasian archaisms and cloacal, ranarian imagery--"if it be life to pitch/Into the frog-spawn of a blind man's ditch" (Po, 267)--, throwing a toilet-brush across the stage, moving like a puppet,[54] behaves and speaks in a style characterized by emotional and intellectual falsity:[55] "comedy, objectivity, has displayed its growing power once more. I say: 'After Stéphane Mallarmé, after Paul Verlaine, after Gustave Moreau, after Puvis de Chavannes, after our own verse, after all our subtle colour and nervous rhythm, after the faint mixed tints of Conder, what more is possible? After us the Savage God'" (Au, 348-49).

Between these productions which open and close "The Tragic Generation," Yeats places two references to the drama which point a way out of the abstractionist void. One, an analysis of Synge in terms of his lunar characterology, looks ahead to the long meditation on that playwright which underlies much of the rest of Autobiographies. Synge, unlike Wilde who suffers in an age moving into abstraction through being too close to the subjective self, or Shaw whom Yeats considers to be completely in step with his age, has passed the moment of crisis when abstraction begins to dominate. Rather than seek an Image, he moves towards objectivity: he "had to take the first plunge into the world beyond himself, the first plunge away from himself that is always pure technique, the delight in doing, not because one would or should, but merely because one can do" (Au, 344). Hence his use of dialect; it enables him to "escape self-expression" and to "see all that he did from without, allow his intellect to judge the images of his mind as if they had been created by some other mind" (Au, 345). He uses objectivity as Yeats uses subjectivity, to create the passionate moment.

The central dramatic image of "The Tragic Generation," however, involves "some Herodiade of our theatre" (Au, 321) and piles metaphor upon metaphor of Unity of Being. A remembrance of Symons' reading to Yeats from Mallarmé's "Hérodiade" evokes the Salomé passage. In the lines quoted from Mallarmé[56] Salomé ostensibly speaks to her nurse; actually she addresses the moon, symbol of the subjective self having attained to complete Unity of Being in Yeats's mythology. Yeats repeats the symbol by equating the circle of the spotlight, another full moon, with that Unity: "Yet I am certain that there was something in myself compelling me to attempt creation of an art as separate from everything heterogeneous and casual, from all character and circumstance, as some Herodiade of our theatre, dancing seemingly alone in her narrow moving luminous circle" (Au, 321). His use of Salomé as embodiment of both virginity and Vision of Evil, as the instrument by which the self transcends itself and this world, is not particular to Yeats in the nineteenth century. He would have known the myth in its dualistic aspect from Flaubert's "Hérodias" in which Salomé, the tool of her mother's evil, makes her terrible request with a child's naïveté:

> Elle y . . . reparut; et, en zézayant un peu, prononça ces mots, d'un air enfantin:
>
> --Je veux que tu me donnes dans un plat, la tête . . . Elle avait oublié le nom, mais reprit en souriant: «La tête de Iaokanann!»[57]

Much would have forced the myth on his attention: Wilde's Salomé, two paintings by Gustave Moreau, La Danse de Salomé and L'Apparition, Huysman's detailed description of both these pictures in À Rebours[58] and his association of them with lines he quotes from Mallarmé's "Hérodiade."[59] In a note to "The Hosting of the Sidhe" Yeats recalls that the Sidhe "journey in whirling wind, the winds that were called the dance of the daughters of Herodias in the Middle Ages" (Po, 524), and his Journal alludes to "a visionary beauty" (M, 284) in Beardsley's Salomé with the Head of John the Baptist. In three of his late plays[60] he would alter the myth to have his Salomé figure, "a screen between the living and the dead" (Pl, 634), dance before a severed head, attaining to Unity of Being, symbolized by a sexual embrace, through adoration of her opposite, life dancing to death, royalty dancing to minstrel or swineherd, in an ecstasy of commingled attraction and repulsion. Dancer and dance, for both Yeats and Symons,[61] had long been images of Unity of Being; Yeats equates the dance with the Great Wheel itself (V, 80). He intensifies his metaphor for subjective man completely immersed in self by making his dancers single; one recalls all these Salomé figures and the indistinguishable dancer and dance from the end of "Among School Children." The whirling dancer, and her association with whirlwinds, provides another visual synonym for the Yeatsian gyre; in A Vision Yeats refers to the gyres touching the sides of "the ascending cone" of a particular civilization as creating "the horizontal dance" (V, 270).

Yeats's evocation of "Herodiade" presents, then, a possibility of Unity of Being through art in its images of moon and spotlight, dance and dancer, the dancer being associated in this case with St. John the Baptist and, therefore, with the earlier symbol of the honeycomb. But by citing this "Herodiade" in her "luminous circle," Yeats not only creates a visual analogue to his moon symbol and alludes to a multiplicity of other images of Unity of Being; he also lends the myth dramatic life, extends it in space and time. He transfigures the story to make it simultaneously myth, and, acted out, biography. On the philosophical plane this literal "revelation" corresponds to the moment of "revelation" within a culture when the gyres reverse their directions, the turning point at which one civilization begins to fall, another to rise: "An age is the reversal of an age" (Po, 319). In A Vision Salomé's dance becomes symbolic omen of this turning point:

> When revelation comes athlete and sage are merged; the earliest sculptured image of Christ is copied from that of the Apotheosis of Alexander the Great; the tradition is founded which declares even to our own day that Christ alone was exactly six feet high, perfect physical man. Yet as perfect physical man He must die, for only so can primary power reach antithetical mankind shut within the circle of its senses, touching outward things alone in that which seems most personal and physical. When I think of the moment before revelation I think of Salome--she, too, delicately tinted or maybe mahogany dark--dancing before Herod and receiving the Prophet's head in her indifferent hands, and wonder if what seems to us decadence was not in reality the exaltation of the muscular flesh and of civilization perfectly achieved. Seeking images, I see her anoint her bare limbs according to a medical prescription of that time, with lion's fat, for lack of the sun's ray, that she may gain the favour of a king, and remember that the same impulse will create the Galilean revelation and deify Roman emperors whose sculptured heads will be surrounded

> by the solar disk. Upon the throne and upon the cross alike the myth becomes a biography. (V, 273)

All cycles, biographical, historic and mythic, become analogues of all others. Within the context of autobiography, the desire to create "an art as separate from everything heterogeneous and casual, from all character and circumstance, as some Herodiade of our theatre" suggests a resonance between the personal striving towards Unity of Being, the moment of historic change--"the trembling of the veil"--and cosmic (mythic) cycles of change and recurrence.

"The Stirring of the Bones"

Because Yeats saw his age as belonging to a descending gyre, the possibilities inherent in the moment of change prove abortive at the historical level. In the structure of The Trembling of the Veil, "The Stirring of the Bones" stands to "Ireland after Parnell" as "The Tragic Generation" stood to "Four Years." It traces the disillusion and disintegration which reverse the "wildest hopes" of the earlier chapter; it acknowledges that the "deliberately chosen experiences" (Au, 354) meant to lead to Unity of Being have led instead to a path of personal error.

The political disintegration which the first sections of "The Stirring of the Bones" trace centers on plans for a monument to Wolfe Tone. Yeats attributes his involvement in the project to his false seeking after Unity of Being:

> It was no business of mine, and that was precisely why I could not keep out of it. Every enterprise that offered, allured just in so far as it was not my business. I still think that in a species of man, wherein I count myself, nothing so much matters as Unity of Being, but if I seek it as Goethe sought [intellectually, critically, and through a multitude of deliberately chosen experiences] . . . I but combine in myself, and perhaps as it now seems, looking backward, in others also, incompatibles. . . . true Unity of Being, where all the nature murmurs in response if but a single note be touched, is found emotionally, instinctively, by the rejection of all experience not of the right quality, and by the limitation of its quantity. Of all this I knew nothing, for I saw the world by the light of what my father had said, speaking about some Frenchman who frequented the dissecting-rooms to overcome his dread in the interest of that Unity. (Au, 354-55)

The Unity of Being he has been seeking cannot exist without a corresponding Unity of Culture and in the absence of that analagous Unity he evokes only images of dessication and death:

> Nor did I understand as yet how little that Unity, however wisely sought, is possible without a Unity of Culture in class or people that is no longer possible at all.
>
> The fascination of what's difficult
> Has dried the sap out of my veins,

> and rent
> Spontaneous joy and natural content
> Out of my heart. (Au, 355)

In attempting to use political action to assume another self, he has "but burgeoned and withered like a tree" (Au, 356).

An imagery of destruction clings to the discussion of Ireland throughout this chapter, an imagery counterbalanced by one of personal rebirth. Recognizing the impossibility of Unity of Culture in Ireland, the young man has persisted in hoping against hope for the nation's spiritual regeneration: "Seeing that only the individual soul can attain to its spiritual opposite, a nation in tumult must needs pass to and fro between mechanical opposites, but one hopes always that those opposites may acquire sex and engender" (Au, 360). The more mature narrator typifies his country with a story of Oscar Wilde's: "'If you carve a Cerberus upon an emerald', he said, 'and put it in the oil of a lamp and carry it into a room where your enemy is, two new heads will come upon his shoulders and all three devour one another'" (Au, 361). Ireland generally had but two heads, Parnellite and anti-Parnellite, but the Wolfe Tone memorial, meant to unite all parties in a common cause, becomes the vehicle by which Yeats shows their propensity to "devour one another."

The participants, as well as the movement, reveal self and anti-self, unreconciled opposites, destroying one another. Davitt seemed a poet and a philosopher but belonged to "a movement where . . . it was as essential to carry the heart upon the sleeve as the tongue in the cheek" (Au, 358). Maud Gonne "but rose partially and for a moment out of raging abstraction; . . . she hated her own beauty, not its effect upon others, but its image in the mirror. Beauty is from the antithetical self, and a woman can scarce but hate it, for not only does it demand a painful daily service, but it calls for the denial or the dissolution of the self" (Au, 365).[62] Similarly Ireland has passed through opposite phases without finding the reconciling balance: "A movement first of poetry, then of sentimentality, and land hunger, had struggled with, and as the nation passed into the second period of all revolutions given way before a movement of abstraction and hatred; and after some twenty years of the second period, though abstraction and hatred have won their victory, there is no clear sign of a third, a tertium quid, and a reasonable frame of mind" (Au, 360).

With the arrival of the morning for the procession and the dedication of the memorial's corner-stone, Yeats once again abandons his more connected narrative for short fragments in which the historic present dominates and ellipses replaces transition. These ellipses indicate fragmentation of personality and culture as well as discontinuity of visual images. Redmond's overheard remark reveals Unity dissolved in petty pushing for "place and precedence" (Au, 366) and Yeats himself gives way to "abstract passion" (Au, 366) while listening to Dillon's speech. Recollections of Victoria's Jubilee are associated, in the same fragmented style, with James Connolly, pre-figuring the Easter Uprising and "the growing murderousness of the world" (Au, 192). Once again Yeats loses himself in the violence of the crowd. Having lost his voice through, he suggests, the day of public speaking, he can do nothing; he is "freed from responsibility" and can "share the emotion of the crowd" (Au, 367-68). The suggestion that the inability to speak frees one from responsibility is not entirely convincing; the reader can perhaps justifiably label Yeats's sudden hoarseness a psychosomatic symptom. Whether or not one accepts his explanation, he clearly presents us, in his involvement with the crowd, with a crisis of conscience existing at both the national and the personal levels.

Yeats's account here differs considerably from that in Memoirs. There, having "resigned" himself, he feels "the excitement of the moment, that joyous irresponsibility and sense of power." The emphasis lies on his restraint of Maud Gonne; his inability to speak remains more incidental. The return of conscience is more dramatic: "That night I went to all the newspaper offices and took responsibility for my action." Yeats deleted from the manuscript of "First Draft" the phrases, "and asked the editors not to attack the police. I had an idea that the police could be won over" (M, 113). The deletion suggests that he successively modified his accounts of the event in order to present a particular image of himself. In Autobiographies the next morning's newspaper accounts of damage and injury induce a poetic statement of returned conscience: "I count the links in the chain of responsibility, run them across my fingers, and wonder if any link there is from my workshop" (Au, 368). Clearly Yeats moves from a relatively detailed and "truthful" account of his role in the riots to one that is a "stylistic arrangement of experience" designed to mesh with a larger pattern.

When this crisis of conscience has passed, the narrative turns to vignettes of absurdity and pathos, images for a degenerate Ireland. In Dublin eighteen pounds is left in an open cupboard in an empty office; in London, an Irish teacher each week contributes to the "Irish Cause" (Au, 371) what he has saved by not smoking or drinking. "Somebody says, 'Yeats believes in ghosts,'" and the Italian revolutionary, Cipriani, responds, "'As for me, I believe in nothing but cannon'" (Au, 370). After a group of boxers displaces a meeting of the Nationalist Committee, one of those boxers, sent to apologize, declares instead his devotion to "'Venus and Adonis and the other planets of Heaven'" (Au, 369). C. H. Oldham (M, 56), "'thinking of the honour of my country'" (Au, 370), arrives at the door of a Galway hotel where a number of French visitors are housed to offer to supplement the landlady's surely inadequate supply of chamber-pots. Yeats shows us in these absurd and fragmented anecdotes an image of an Ireland in which everything is the reverse of what is needed or expected. Visionaries like Yeats rather than revolutionaries like Cipriani arise where men of action are needed or, in the case of the boxer, would be in character. Carelessness replaces sacrifice. Jokes mar occasions demanding dignity. Expectations and a necessary unity of purpose break down.

A complex vision, shared among several people and involving a woman shooting an arrow at a star or piercing the heart of a fawn with it, effects the transition from national to personal breakdown. The sharing of the dream among several people seems to promise an archetypal knowledge. In the text of Autobiographies Yeats interprets the vision in terms of the cabbalistic Tree of Life. The arrow represents the straight path of "'deliberate effort'" through the tree as opposed to "the winding path of nature or of instinct" (Au, 375), the path of the serpent. It is the path of the sage, the antithesis or Mask of Yeats's subjective man,[63] and seems to promise "'a wisdom older than the serpent'" (Au, 374) through the "'deliberate effort'" involved in the study of magic. The "golden heart is the central point upon the cabbalistic Tree of Life" (Au, 374); it corresponds to the sun. The sphere attributed to the sun is joined to that attributed to the moon "by a straight line called the path Samekh," the straight line that opposes the winding of the serpent, "and this line is attributed to the constellation Sagittarius" (Au, 375). The vision would seem, then, to promise the wisdom of the sage through the cultivation of magic.

Yeats in this representation of the dream has been faithful to his experience of it, to what he learned about it at the time it occurred and to his own error in believing Unity of Being could be achieved through a consciously chosen Mask; he has not stepped outside the temporal scheme of the autobiography. However in notes to a later edition he provides a second interpretation made with the advantage of increased knowledge. The vision explains a sentence uttered by someone in a trance: "'live near water and avoid woods because they concentrate the solar ray'" (Au, 371). Water he immediately associates with the moon; the sun, via the Tree of Life, symbolized the star at which the woman of the vision had shot the arrow. The medium's sentence is thus explained: "my invocation had for its object the killing or overcoming in some way of a 'solar influence'" (Au, 578). The poet's path is not that of Samekh but that of the serpent.[64] Unity of Being is with the self.

In his notes to the vision, Yeats has quoted a definition of the constellation Sagittarius: "'The symbol of an arrow shot into the unknown. It is a sign of Initiation and Rebirth'" (Au, 579). With the introduction of "Initiation and Rebirth" and in the context of the notes, the dream assumes an interpretation from two myths: that of Cybele slaying her lover (in some versions her son), Attis, or having him slain, with an arrow and that of the slain Dionysus whose heart, saved by his sister Minerva, was enclosed by Jupiter in an image of him. In both cases, elaborate rites mimicked and celebrated the death and rebirth of the god. Yeats uses the Dionysian version in specific references to seasonal rebirth: he draws an analogy between the yearly event and the larger cycle of "Magnus Annus" (Pl, 580) in the opening song of The Resurrection and, in A Full Moon in March and "Parnell's Funeral,"[65] he fuses the two variations of the myth. Clearly then the dream not only elucidates the difficult sentence about water and the "solar ray," directing Yeats to pursue the path of instinct, but prophesies a spiritual death and rebirth.

Yeats separates the account of his dream from that of the beginning of his work with Lady Gregory by ellipsis rather than by beginning a new section, a signal in Autobiographies that two events, if not strictly related through logical transition, are meant to resonate strongly. The link between the two is made stronger by his explicit temporal association of the dream and his first visit to Coole. The dream's associations with death and rebirth are suggested again in his relations with Lady Gregory; their mutual interest in the occult assumes the role of Cybele, of slayer and saviour. Yeats, when he goes to Coole, is on the verge of physical and mental collapse. "I was in poor health," he tells us, made incapable of sustained work by "the strain of youth . . . and I had lost myself besides upon Hodos Chameliontos. . . . I had got there through a novel [The Speckled Bird] that I could neither write nor cease to write which had Hodos Chameliontos for its theme. . . . It is not so much that I choose too many elements, as that the possible unities themselves seem without number . . . " (Au, 376). As the dissipation of her energies had led Ireland to fragmentation, so Yeats's dissipation of his own energies has led to the dissolution of Unity of Being.

But if magic, "Hodos Chameliontos," has led to a death of the spirit, it also becomes the instrument of its rebirth. Through his and Lady Gregory's collection of "folk-belief" (Au, 377), a far more instinctual and less convoluted application of the occult tradition than Cabbalism, Yeats formulates the "first few simple thoughts" (Au, 378) that were to become the philosophical system of A Vision and finds the doctrine of the Mask latent in a peasant's account of seasons out of joint.[66] Philosophical systematization, the ordering of the occult through analogies to "explain the world" (Au, 378), begins to replace the numberless unities, the chaos of over-active logic, of "Hodos Chameliontos."

Two specific experiences involving religious imagery generally expressive of spiritual rebirth reinforce his new discoveries about the self. The first such experience involves a transcendence of the self in its surrender to some larger divine power. The second projects the birth of a god, associated in Yeatsian mythology not only with personal rebirth, but with the cataclysmic moment when an old civilization begins to die and a new one to grow: "I woke one night to find myself lying upon my back with all my limbs rigid, and to hear a ceremonial measured voice, which did not seem to be mine, speaking through my lips. 'We make an image of him who sleeps', it said, 'and it is not he who sleeps, and we call it Emmanuel.'[67] After many years that thought, others often found as strangely being added to it, became the thought of the Mask, which I have used in these memoirs to explain men's characters" (Au, 379).[68] In Yeats's dream, the mask of his subjective self is the most objective of men, god born in the flesh.

Having understood the Mask he has been seeking, having come face to face with it, as it were, Yeats becomes free to channel the activity of his Mask in directions more appropriate to him. A project for an Irish theatre is formed and financed and Coole Park, a small enclave possessed of Unity of Culture, becomes seminal for several new directions of Irish activity: "for it was there that John Shawe-Taylor found the independence from class and family that made him summon the conference between landlord and tenant that brought Land Purchase, and it was there that Hugh Lane formed those Irish ambitions that led to his scattering many thousands, and gathering much ingratitude; and where, but for that conversation at Florimond de Basterot's, had been the genius of Synge?" (Au, 381). The association with Coole turns Yeats to the drama, a means of transforming myth, at least within the confines of art, into biography.

Dramatis Personae

Dramatis Personae was the last book of Autobiographies to be written. Yeats conceived it ambitiously, then, in its execution, restricted its scope considerably. In

1926, he writes of his project: "My new Autobiography --1900 to 1926--may be the final test of my intellect, my last great effort . . . " (L, 721). What he meant to include in the "last great effort," how he intended to structure it, we can only guess. When he finally wrote it in 1934, twenty-six years had been reduced to four years; Dramatis Personae covers only the years of the Irish Literary Theatre, until Irish actors began to be used in what had become the Irish National Dramatic Society (1902) and well before the beginning of Annie Horniman's patronage in 1904. The conversation leading to the theatre's early support by Lady Gregory (1897) with which Yeats had concluded The Trembling of the Veil and to which he reverts in this book (Au, 397) marks one boundary of this narrative, Zola's death and Yeats's quarrel with Moore over Where There is Nothing (1902), the other.

The reader, armed with Yeats's statements in letters about his intentions, is left to speculate on his reasons for abbreviating his original project; it may well be that, when he actually began to write, he found himself unwilling to re-traverse the difficult years following Maud Gonne's marriage in 1903 and so stopped short of them. That he would have found it difficult to narrate this portion of his life with the same reticence and detachment with which he alluded to Maud Gonne earlier in Autobiographies is perhaps evident in a reference to his love in Dramatis Personae: "I must have spent the summer of 1897 at Coole. I was involved in a miserable love affair. . . . My devotion might as well have been offered to an image in a milliner's window, or to a statue in a museum, but romantic doctrine had reached its extreme development. . . . My health was giving way, my nerves had been wrecked" (Au, 399). Speaking of Dowson's palliative seeking after whores as a response to unrequited romantic love, he creates, in the implicit analogy with his own case and comparison with his response, a bitterness he had not yet revealed in Autobiographies.

Whether one wishes to attribute Yeats's decision to end Dramatis Personae with the events of 1902 to his painful involvement with Maud Gonne or not, whether one defines the state of his "nerves" by reference to an extreme Romantic melancholy or to a more prosaic twentieth-century nervous breakdown, one does admit the narrative integrity of the small enclosure of time he recreated. In keeping with the dramatic focus of the book, Yeats cites his first visit to Coole as a new "act," a new commencement in his life: "When I went to Coole the curtain had fallen upon the first act of my drama" (Au, 395).[69] He places both his organization of the Irish Literary Society and the National Literary Society and his work for the Irish Nationalists firmly in the past. Having concluded that "if Ireland would not read literature it might listen to it, for politics and the Church had created listeners" (Au, 396), having "withdrawn from politics because I could not bear perplexing, by what I said about books, the simple patriotic men whose confidence I had gained by what I said about nationality" (Au, 448), he turns to drama as the new mode of action which will unite literature, the occult and nationalism. That Dramatis Personae should begin with a second reference to Yeats's and Lady Gregory's collection of "folk-belief" and to their plans for a theatre and that it should terminate at the point at which the initial phase of that theatre was approaching an end and at which two of its principal dramatists, Moore and Yeats, began to quarrel, lends the book chronological and thematic shapeliness.

Yeats seems first to have thought of this book as a "drama" paying tribute to Lady Gregory; in February, 1934, in its incipient stages, he refers to it as "my Lady Gregory." At this point, Moore and Martyn, as participants in the Irish Literary Theatre, share the "scene" (L, 820) with her. Two and one-half months after this letter, Yeats tells his correspondent that "I am still busy writing about George Moore, and in reading him that I may write" (L, 822).

Where previously in Autobiographies he had juxtaposed the philosophical system of the present man on the memory of the past to create an autobiographical revery which could only have suffered at the intrusion of documentation, now, in Dramatis Personae, Yeats explicitly constructs his narrative by reference to aids external to his own memory. He re-read Moore that he might outdo him in his own manner; he refers to letters to Lady Gregory as his source of information about the events of which he writes (Au, 407) and he quotes extensively from them that we might believe his account well documented and uncoloured by Moore's Hail and Farewell. This imitation of Moore and use of quasi-documentation operates at more than one level of significance in Dramatis Personae. Most obviously it is a technique for indirectly refuting Moore. It enables Yeats to respond to Moore, using Moore's style, all the while discrediting it.

While Yeats seems to have abandoned the metaphoric and philosophical implications of his earlier style in Autobiographies, closer examination reveals him making a moral statement about what he sees as Moore's baseness of vision, a statement that resonates against the metaphoric structure informing the rest of Autobiographies. Any number of parallels can be traced between Hail and Farewell and Dramatis Personae. Moore had described Yeats as "lank as a rook, a-dream in black silhouette on the flowered wall-paper,"[70] "an Irish parody of the poetry that I had seen all my life strutting its rhythmic way in the alleys of the Luxembourg Gardens, preening its rhymes by the fountains, excessive in habit and gait";[71] Yeats limns Moore as "a man carved out of a turnip, looking out of astonished eyes" (Au, 405) and parenthetically remarks of one of Moore's picayune quarrels with his neighbours, hilariously and unreasonably absorbing and prolonged, that "he had but wrapped the green flag around him" (Au, 444). Moore had assessed Yeats as "thinner in his writings than in his talk,"[72] but had already mocked the talk: "and he [Yeats] continued to drone out his little tales in his own incomparable fashion, muttering after each one of them, like an oracle that has spent itself--'a beautiful story, a beautiful story!' When he had muttered these words his mind seemed to fade away, and I could not but think that he was tired and would be happier tucked up in bed."[73] Yeats tells us that he "disliked Moore's now sentimental, now promiscuous amours, the main matter of his talk" (Au, 431) and quotes several particularly brutal examples of his wit. Moore had amused himself by telling how Martyn, a Palestrina enthusiast, had mistakenly taken the Adeste Fideles sung by a woman for plain-chant sung by a boy soprano;[74] Yeats responds with an anecdote in which Martyn reveals Moore's "coarse palate" (Au, 443) and with quotations from letters about Moore's endless succession of much abused cooks.

While such parallels attempt to outdo Moore in his own seemingly ingenuous style of satire, Yeats carries them still further, with the "documentary" support of letters as testimony to his veracity, to impugn Moore's motives and honesty. Yeats's reference to the letters and his quotations from them in Section IX of Dramatis Personae are far from innocuously placed. He has devoted one section of his narrative to Moore when he tells us that he is consulting the letters he had written Lady Gregory in order to "remind myself of these and other events" (Au, 407). He proceeds to quote these letters extensively in a series of anecdotes that, at first, have nothing to do with Moore. These letters, since they are his own, are, of course, as "subjective" as any autobiographical narrative but Yeats's use of them lends his narrative the air of a man recounting the eccentricities of his acquaintances for a friend's amusement rather than that of one who has long brooded on retaliation for offenses given. When he does turn again to Moore, it is to recount his part in the first productions of the Irish Theatre, still documenting the narrative with quotations from the letters. By the time the account of the Moore-Martyn-Yeats cooperative effort to write plays ends and Yeats moves on to the heart of his attack on Moore, his documentation has had its effect; he has dignified his animus with a tone of historical veracity that persists long after he ceases to quote letters in support of his statements.

Yeats's tone not only creates his own veracity but impugns Moore's. Offhand and frequently snobbish allusions to Moore's family mark his lack of cultivation and, by extension, artistic discernment. "Lady Gregory once told me what marriage coarsened the Moore blood, but I have forgotten," Yeats begins (Au, 402), then goes on to deny Moore necessary cultivation: "He had gone to Paris straight from his father's racing stables, from a house where there was no culture" (Au, 404). Not only does Moore lack the tradition which Yeats increasingly felt to be necessary to literature, he lacks, except where the visual arts are concerned, the most rudimentary acquired knowledge: "He spoke badly and much in a foreign tongue, read nothing, and was never to attain the discipline of style" (Au, 405). Having discredited Moore's pretensions to cultivation and knowledge, Yeats goes on to attribute his stories, and again by implied extension, much of Hail and Farewell, to an enthusiasm for a witticism that could often override the truth. "All his friends suffered in some way," Yeats comments of one of Moore's remarks about a mistress; "good behaviour was no protection, for it was all chance whether the facts he pursued were in actual life or in some story that amused him" (Au, 403). Moore's egomania, he implies, overrules all considerations of taste and veracity: "He was all self and yet had so little self that he would destroy his reputation, or that of some friend, to make his audience believe that the story running in his head at the moment had happened, had only just happened" (Au, 434). Establishing, as he does, so many implicit parallels with the stories of Hail and Farewell, Yeats gains strength for these suggestions through Moore's own ingenuous tone in acknowledging his "self-consciousness" which creates for him "comedy after comedy." "All my friends are actors in these unwritten plays; and almost any event is sufficient for a theme on which I can improvise."[75]

Yeats's slow accumulation of suggestions of Moore's untrustworthiness, through allusions first to his family and his lack of education and then to his propensity for situating himself as centre or originator of brilliant or witty dialogues which never took place, culminates in a characterization of Moore as plagiarist. Moore has made an enemy by claiming for himself the perverse exploitation of an adolescent's poverty that is but a "plagiarism from a well-known French author" (Au, 434).[76] In the controversy over the "plagiarisms" in Moore's Modern Painting, Moore's frankness becomes, in Yeats's narrative, insolence: "'The man I object to,' said Moore, 'is the man who plagiarizes without knowing it;

I always know; I took ten pages.' To Lady Gregory he said, 'We both quote well, but you always put inverted commas, I never do'" (Au, 449). Discrediting Moore with much the same pose of frankness that Moore had used in Hail and Farewell, leaving an impression of "objectivity" through the passing use of letters as documentation and through his occasional magnanimity,[77] Yeats creates a tone of credibility for his main autobiographical concern in Dramatis Personae, the development of his style.

If the tone of Moore's Hail and Farewell had made it seem inoffensive at first,[78] Yeats did not remain charitable in his assessment of it. Retrospective consideration must have made particularly painful the passage in which Moore feels "sorry for Yeats and for his inspiration which did not seem to have survived his youth," predicts that he will write little more because he is "always talking about style,"[79] and asserts that Yeats has "very little [ear] for folk idiom."[80] For the real crux of the diatribe against Moore is style. After the 1898 Centennial, Yeats withdrew from political activity except when repressive commercial or clerical factions threatened the Abbey Theatre. The political aspect of the "man of action" lapsed into quiescence until the convulsion of 1916 gave an opportunity for poetic and personal statement of tragic and visionary intensity. Yeats needed some new force to shape his Image, the poet's anti-self. That force, he decided, must be style. In a Journal entry of 1909 which he later included in Estrangement he associates style with Mask or personality: "Style, personality--deliberately adopted and therefore a mask--is the only escape from the hot-faced bargainers and the money-changers" (Au, 461). Or again: "The self-conquest of the writer who is not a man of action is style" (Au, 516). Most of the characterization of Moore in Dramatis Personae points to Moore's absence of style and, sometimes implicitly, sometimes directly, to Yeats's possession of it. "Moore for all his toil never had style" (Au, 424). He "did not know that style existed until he returned to Ireland in middle life" (Au, 405); "ambition made him in later life prefer sentences a Dublin critic has compared to ribbons of toothpaste squeezed out of a tube" (Au, 406). Yeats, granting Moore a certain capability for dramatic construction, intensifies his criticism and consolidates the impression of his own gifts, by suggesting that Moore not only could not discover his own style but could not imitate his, Yeats's: "Our worst quarrels, however, were when he tried to be poetical, to write in what he considered my style. He made the dying Diarmuid say to Finn: 'I will kick you down the stairway of the stars'" (Au, 435). Under Yeats's influence style became "his growing obsession, he would point out all the errors of some silly experiment of mine, then copy it" (Au, 438). Their collaboration on plays for the Irish Literary Theatre "was unmixed misfortune for Moore, it set him upon a pursuit of style that made barren his later years" (Au, 437).

Ultimately Yeats suggests that Moore's failure to find a style places him outside the Irish literary tradition and in the English camp. In the twentieth century "England had turned from style, as it has been understood from the translators of the Bible to Walter Pater, sought mere clarity in statement and debate, a journalistic effectiveness, at the moment when Irish men of letters began to quote the saying of Saint-Beuve: 'There is nothing immortal in literature except style'" (Au, 437). Moore, Yeats tells us, could find "no escape" in Ireland from style: "the difficulties of modern Irish literature, from the loose, romantic, legendary stories of Standish O'Grady to James Joyce and Synge, had been in the formation of a style. . . . His nature, bitter, violent, discordant, did not fit him to write the sentences men murmur again and again for years. Charm and rhythm had been denied him" (Au, 438). Moore's nature, in Yeats's account, is irrevocably English, his identification with Ireland which Hail and Farewell chronicles, an enthusiasm based on a false understanding of himself.

Yeats underlines Moore's lack of a literary style at the personal level. He sets Moore outside the Irish attitude once again by impugning his morality in a comparison of his posture and that of the orator Taylor. Taylor's "body was angular, often rigid with suppressed rage, his gaze fixed upon some object . . . , his erect attitude suggesting a firm base. Moore's body was insinuating, upflowing, circulative, curvicular, pop-eyed" (Au, 422). The physical solidity of the Nationalist orator opposed to the piscine adjectives applied to Moore sets the moral erectness of the first against the implied moral slipperiness of the second. "Violent and coarse of temper" (Au, 428), Moore betrays ill-breeding and a lack of style and culture time and again, both in his quarrels and in the stories he invents. His practical ineptitude reinforces the absurdity. He dresses the part of a "country gentleman" (Au, 443) but does not know how to attach his braces so as to keep his pants from falling down; he is depressed because, having propositioned a woman by telling her, "'I was clean and healthy and she could not do better'" (Au, 403-04), he has been refused. Although Yeats mitigates his portrait of Moore with occasional touches of magnanimity which lend it an air of credibility, its cumulative effect is one of baseness or vulgarity, baseness of birth, up-bringing, conversation, motives, literary style and personal conduct. Yeats subtly emphasizes this baseness in his initial presentation of Moore when he employs the expression "the root facts of life" (Au, 403). "Root facts," it turns out, are most often economic, and to them Moore would sacrifice "all that seemed to other men good breeding, honour, friendship" (Au, 403).

What Yeats sees as Moore's natural predilection in both personal and literary matters for such "root facts" over style is, in his terms, a moral fault. Style, for Yeats, was the literary equivalent of morals in life. A passage in his Journal speaks of "that thing which is to life what style is to letters: moral radiance, a personal quality of universal meaning in action and in thought" (M, 258). He iterates the equivalence in an entry included in The Death of Synge: "The element which in men of action corresponds to style in literature is the moral element. Books live almost entirely because of their style, and the men of action who inspire movements after they are dead are those whose hold upon impersonal emotion and law lifts them out of immediate circumstance" (Au, 515-16). The intermixture in Dramatis Personae of anecdotes about Moore's personal inadequacies with an analysis of his literary defects is a negative equivalent of Yeats's analogy between morals and style. The absence of the one implies the absence of the other.

Yeats's attempt to characterize Moore in the latter's own manner and his occasional references to letters so as to seem to verify that characterization by documentation, lead him away from the revery and the elaborate allusions and metaphors which determined the style of the earlier volumes of Autobiographies. The prose of Dramatis Personae has a directness which contributes to the forcefulness of both the attack on Moore and the tribute to Lady Gregory. But while Yeats no longer specifically alludes to the philosophical system or "metaphor" which provided him with the antithetical structure of The Trembling of the Veil, that structure, transformed from explanation into style, also governs Dramatis Personae. One can see it, as always in Yeats, controlling the choice of detail and metaphor. Martyn, with his "subconscious hatred of women" (Au, 386), finds his antithesis in Moore, whose conversation is a series of amorous anecdotes. Moore and Martyn are "peasant sinner" and "peasant saint" (Au, 402). Most of the original Tulira Castle, Martyn's home, had burned, "as though fate had deliberately prepared for an abstract mind that would see nothing in life but its vulgarity and temptations" (Au, 386); Coole house, on the contrary, was one in which every "generation had left its memorial" (Au, 389). Martyn and Moore come from stock coarsened by misalliances but Yeats links Lady Gregory's maiden name with a variation found in Shakespeare and traces her ancestors to "some Duke of Northumberland" (Au, 392), their Irish holdings to the seventeenth century. Yeats implicitly and occasionally explicitly sets up his transcendence of the self, his seeking of a Mask in style, against Moore's failure to achieve style and extends this antithetical structure by a reference to Douglas Hyde where it expresses itself in terms of English versus Gaelic. Hyde's English style earns Yeats's most contemptuous epithet, "the language of the newspapers" (Au, 439). Yeats applies to his Gaelic writing, however, the rebirth imagery with which he often characterizes the poetic process: it "seemed all spontaneous, all joyous, every speech born out of itself" (Au, 439). The very process of composition in the two languages is opposed, establishing Yeats and Hyde as poles: "Nothing in that language of his was abstract, nothing worn-out; he need not, as must the writer of some language exhausted by modern civilization, reject word after word, cadence after cadence; he had escaped our perpetual, painful, purification" (Au, 440).

Yeats ultimately uses this antithetical structure in Dramatis Personae to exalt Lady Gregory. In Hail and Farewell, Moore had gone on from his pity for the end of Yeats's "inspiration" to dispraise Lady Gregory and her work. He had represented her as lacking in social tact and her family as "undistinguished . . . in love, in war, or in politics, never having indulged in anything except a taste for Bible reading in the cottages."[81] Her collection of folk-belief seems, in Moore's juxtaposition of the two, but a variation of the proselytising visits of her mother and sisters to their tenants, her re-telling of it, but a "patchwork," made with no real ear for "the idiom of the Galway peasant,"[82] of European translations. Responding from the elitist position in politics and culture he had adopted in middle age, Yeats uses Martyn and Moore as a foil to the cultural values he represents by Coole Park and Lady Gregory. He justifies the proselytising of the Persse women--it "expressed their love" (Au, 394)--and ascribes Lady Gregory's refusal to participate in it to the moral sensitivity of "a born student of the great literature of the world" (Au, 394). Her values are feudal values, the concomitant in the social order of the Renaissance in the arts: "She knew Ireland always in its permanent relationships, associations . . . , never lost her sense of feudal responsibility, not of duty as the word is generally understood, but of burdens laid upon her by her station and her character, a choice constantly renewed in solitude" (Au, 395). She governs her life, not by "root facts," but by the credo that the "'only wrong act that matters is not doing one's best work'" (Au, 408) and the essence of Yeats's tribute to her is that she provided the environment, the Irish equivalent of

Urbino, in which he could begin to move towards his own "best work." Yeats represents her own writing as the product of such an environment, of a long culture with its roots in the English and Celtic Renaissance; written "in the dialect of the neighbourhood, where one discovers the unemphatic cadence, the occasional poignancy of Tudor English . . . , they were made possible by her past; semi-feudal Roxborough, her inherited sense of caste, her knowledge of that top of the world where men and women are valued for their manhood and their charm, not for their opinions, her long study of Scottish ballads, of Percy's Reliques, of the Morte d'Arthur. If she had not found those tales, or finding them had not found the dialect of Kiltartan, that past could not, as it were, have drawn itself together, come to birth as present personality" (Au, 456).

The imagery of poetic death and rebirth, of self and Mask creatively revealing the "true self," both exalts Lady Gregory and ostracizes George Moore. He alone, among the group at Coole Park, cannot find a concrete Image or Mask which would make possible "stylistic arrangements of experience"; he alone finds only a "vapour":

> A writer must die every day he lives, be reborn, as it is said in the Burial Service, an incorruptible self, that self opposite of all that he has named 'him-

> self. George Moore, dreading the annihilation of an impersonal bleak realism, used life like a mediaeval ghost making a body for itself out of drifting dust and vapour; and have I not sung in describing guests at Coole--'There one that ruffled in a manly pose, For all his timid heart'--that one myself? Synge was a sick man picturing energy, a doomed man picturing gaiety, Lady Gregory, in her life much artifice, in her nature much pride, was born to see the glory of the world in a peasant mirror. (Au, 457).

Yeats marks the tribute he wishes to pay Lady Gregory by ending his chapter with lines from the legend of Diarmuid and Grania, lines not from the dramatic version on which he and Moore collaborated, but from her folk translation in _Gods and Fighting Men_, lines which apotheosize her.

Estrangement

In _Estrangement_ and _The Death of Synge_ Yeats selected from and rearranged sections of a _Journal_ he kept with some regularity in 1909 and with increasing irregularity thereafter.[83] He moved to the opening of _Estrangement_ an entry which seems to ally him with the _journal intime_ tradition: "To keep these notes natural and useful to me I must keep one note from leading on to another, that I may not surrender myself to literature. Every note must come as a casual thought, then it will be my life. Neither Christ nor Buddha nor Socrates wrote a book, for to do that is to exchange life for a logical process" (Au, 461). Although Yeats has ascribed certain characteristics of the *intimistes*--introspection, timidity, a searching for unity[84]--to himself throughout *Autobiographies*, the principles of selection and organization which shape *Estrangement* diverge much farther from that tradition than Yeats's statement of intention might seem to suggest.

Selection, even in a journal the avowed aim of which is "tout dire," is inevitable; no writer can possibly record every fluctuation of his thought. But Yeats, by omitting in *Estrangement* large sections of the original *Journal* and by re-ordering many of those remaining, considerably intensifies certain concerns of the original documents and gives them a thematic coherence they had not previously possessed. He actively intervenes as writer to emphasize and structure the latent thematic possibilities of the *Journal*, transforming life into literature. His *intimiste* statement is not veracious as a declaration of intention for *Estrangement*; it functions as a deliberately misleading signpost. It enables Yeats to juxtapose aspects of certain thematic concerns, gaining for them an intensity born of a cumulative effect, without using the more connected discourse of the philosophical essay or novel. The individual entries tend toward symbolic rather than logical significance. They accumulate their force of conviction by reverberating one against the other, by suggesting equivalencies, and not by closely reasoned connections.

By structuring his themes so that they seem but impressions of the moment, claiming an intimiste motivation which his careful selection and arrangement invalidates, Yeats presents an elitist political position and passes harsh judgment on Ireland and its writers in a form more palatable and, therefore, probably more convincing, than would have been a more connected statement. He gives his reader the raw material of autobiography, shows his opinions taking shape as responses in specific contexts. Remaining attached, within the literary frame of the journal, to the personal situation, these opinions assume a credibility which those of the more overtly political On the Boiler, for example, lack. A personal context, the presence of a mind musing over its own observations and operations, saves them from the dogmatism characterizing the political testament which uses personal anecdote more as illustration than as motivation. Yeats's statement of an intimiste intention, however untrue to the actual structure of Estrangement, insists on that personal context with which to deal with impersonal themes.

Yeats's themes emerge from those of the rest of Autobiographies. Generally they are the three interests, literature, the philosophy of the occult and nationalism, which he claimed as central to his life. They manifest themselves specifically in his evolving concept of the Mask, in his consideration of the artist as carrier of traditional culture and in his indictment of Ireland for her failure to fulfill the nation's obligation to the artist. Even though Yeats had selected the Journal entries which would open Estrangement before writing Dramatis Personae, they follow naturally from the preoccupation with style which characterized his response to Moore. A debate on a political question lets Yeats once again contrast logic (Moore's realism) and the style (personality, Mask) which creates the series of equivalencies characterizing his mature use of symbols. "Logic," he observes in the context of the debate,

> is a machine, one can leave it to itself; unhelped it will force those present to exhaust the subject, the fool is as likely as the sage to speak the appropriate answer to any statement, and if an answer is forgotten somebody will go home miserable. You throw your money on the table and you receive so much change.
>
> Style, personality--deliberately adopted and therefore a mask--is the only escape from the hot-faced bargainers and the money-changers. (Au, 461)

His next entry extends the contrast to the world of nationalism. It arises from a conversation with "a man typical of a class . . . new in Ireland" (Au, 461), a man "with the ill-breeding of the mind, every thought made in some manufactory and with the mark upon it of its wholesale origin--thoughts never really thought out in their current form in any individual mind, but the creation of impersonal mechanism--of schools, of text-books, of newspapers, these above all" (Au, 462). While the suggestion of mechanism returns Yeats to his original opposition of logic and style or Mask, his observation of such men as intellectual "parvenus," objecting to the word "'shift'" and wishing to substitute "'tapers'" for "'candles'" (Au, 462-63), extends the second term of the antithesis, the Mask, to a sense of tradition, to what becomes the Urbino symbol in his writings: "This ill-breeding of the mind is a far worse thing than the mere bad manners that spit on the floor. Is not all charm inherited, whether of the intellect, of the manners, of the character or of literature? A great lady is as simple as a good poet. Neither possesses anything that is not ancient and their own . . . " (Au, 462). Echoing the interrogatory syntax of this passage, Yeats outlines the artist's response to the absence of Unity of Culture and intimates the grounds of his own "estrangement" from Ireland: "To oppose the new ill-breeding of Ireland . . . I can only set up a secondary or interior personality created out of the tradition of myself, and this personality (alas, only possible to me in my writings) must be always gracious and simple. It must have that slight separation from interests which makes charm possible while remaining near enough for passion. Is not charm what it is because an escape from mechanism?" (Au, 463). Much of the remainder of the book bears on this divergence of Ireland's increasing "ill-breeding" or "mechanism" from the "interior personality created out of the tradition of myself."

The linking of personality and tradition fostered the romantic appreciation of feudalism which had been latent in Yeats's exaltation of the Renaissance and developed, in his long association with Lady Gregory, into a symbolic vision of Coole Park as an Irish Urbino, himself as its Castiglione. She had "brought to my wavering thoughts steadfast nobility"; in the midst of the fear that she was dying grief finds expression in "Castiglione's phrase ringing in my memory, 'Never be it spoken without tears, the Duchess, too, is dead'" (Au, 478).[85] Her planting of trees that will not reach maturity for some fifty years leads to an elaborate metaphor of the artist as an aristocrat: "We artists, do not we also plant trees and it is only after some fifty years that we are of much value? Every day I notice some new analogy between the long-established life of the well-born and the artists' life. We come from the permanent things and create them, and instead of old blood we have old emotions and we carry in our heads always that form of society aristocracies create now and again for some brief moment at Urbino or Versailles" (Au, 473-74).

The identification of the artist and the cultured aristocrat results in a position similar to that Wyndham Lewis termed "The Politics of the Intellect."[86] In Yeats's formulation, "Culture is the sanctity of the intellect" (Au, 489). Lewis specifically repudiates the aristocratic bias of Yeats's anti-democratic politics, but the divergence lies in different concepts of aristocracy, rather than in any fundamental disagreement. Aristocracy, Lewis argues, is based on "a _difference_ that is not a reality."[87] Aristocrats are, in fact, of the same stuff as their servants; they erect artificial class barriers, isolating themselves as a privileged enclave, to disguise this fact. "The intellect," however, "is more removed from the crowd than is anything: but it is not a snobbish withdrawal, but a going aside for the purposes of work, of work not without its utility for the crowd."[88] Yeats, whose ideal aristocrat obviously approximates the cultured Medici family much more closely than it does a fox-hunting, port-drinking English Lord and who much admired Lewis's work,[89] expressed the latter's idea of artistic withdrawal in order to produce work not without relevance to the society at large in his seemingly paradoxical desire to retreat into another Urbino that he might write in a "common" speech untainted by journalism and raised by the poet to passionate intensity, "the emotion of multitude" (IGE, 236), a speech in which image begets analogous images.

In Estrangement the Urbino symbol, the aristocracy of the intellect, becomes the new glass with which Yeats reflects all his preoccupations. Related to the Mask, it finds analogies in the courtly "discipline" of love and in the drama. In the "discipline" of "true love," Yeats theorizes with reference to Solomon and Sheba, each "divines the secret self of the other, and refusing to believe in the mere daily self, creates a mirror where the lover or beloved sees an image to copy in daily life; for love also creates the Mask" (Au, 464).[90] The beloved represents the antithetical self, "a group of stellar influences in the radical horoscope" (Au, 480), the "external expression" of "an element in his [the husband's] character, and his destiny" (Au, 481).[91]

Far more pervasive in Estrangement, however, is the metaphor of the drama for the assumption of the Mask. Drama, Yeats suggests once again, is myth become biography, philosophy purged in action--the equivalent, we must remember, of style--of the abstract. The movement from philosophy to drama corresponds to the historical succession of religions:

> In Christianity what was philosophy in Eastern Asia became life, biography and drama. A play passes through the same process in being written. At first, if it has psychological depth, there is a bundle of ideas, something that can be stated in philosophical terms; my *Countess Cathleen*, for instance, was once the moral question, may a soul sacrifice itself for a good end? but gradually philosophy is eliminated until at last the only philosophy audible, if there is even that, is the mere expression of one character or another. When it is completely life it seems to the hasty reader a mere story. Was the *Bhagavad Gita* the 'scenario' from which the Gospels were made? (Au, 468)

The saint personifies the complete realization of the objective self as the artist embodies the total absorption in the subjective self. The saint turns myth into biography, the artist, biography into myth. The drama, therefore, biographic in seeming form, mythic in essence, becomes prototypical of artistic "discipline": "There is a relation between discipline and the theatrical sense. If we cannot imagine ourselves as different from what we are and assume that second self, we cannot impose a discipline upon ourselves, though we may accept one from others. Active virtue as distinguished from the passive acceptance of a current code is therefore theatrical, consciously dramatic, the wearing of a mask. It is the condition of arduous full life" (Au, 469). The artist is one who would "play with all masks" (Au, 470).

This use of drama as metaphor for the assumption of the antithetical self gives form to Yeats's conviction that "Consciousness is conflict," a form which he elaborates philosophically in A Vision. In Estrangement it reveals to him the extent of his breaking away from the influence of Pater. The context of his remarks is an outline for a speech to the Arts Club:

> I will then describe a debate at Oxford a few years ago when I felt so much pity for that young brilliant man full of feminine sensitiveness. Surely the ideal of culture expressed by Pater can only create feminine souls. The soul becomes a mirror not a brazier. This culture is self-knowledge in so far as the self is a calm, deliberating, discriminating thing, for when we have awakened our tastes, and criticized the world in tasting it, we have come to know ourselves . . . as men, face to face with what is permanent in the world. Newman defines culture as wise receptivity, though I do not think he uses these words. . . . I will then compare the culture of the Renaissance, which seems to me founded not on self-knowledge but on knowledge of some other self, Christ or Caesar, not on delicate sincerity but on imitative energy. (Au, 477)

After he had abandoned the langourous rhythms of Pater and the Celtic Twilight, "energy" became one of Yeats's own most notable poetic achievements and was much cherished by him; three weeks before his death, he writes, "I am . . . full of an energy, of an energy I had despaired of. It seems to me that I have found what I wanted" (L, 922). It is also the term with which he had praised Lewis's

Time and Western Man, reporting that he was reading it "with ever growing admiration and envy--what energy!" (L, 733).

The decrial of factionalism, of false rhetoric and hatred in institutions and individuals which had formed the substance of Yeats's attack on Ireland in The Trembling of the Veil is generalized in Estrangement to a meditation on the national soul, a meditation inevitably involving class distinctions. Yeats opposes the peasant's nationalism, exemplified by Allingham's spontaneous, emotional love of the soil, to the "ideas of Ireland," the "conscious patriotism" of Davis (Au, 472). The peasant and the artist share the "emotion of multitude." The artist's superiority lies in his possession of a richer tradition of that emotion: "Supreme art is a traditional statement of certain heroic and religious truths, passed on from age to age, modified by individual genius, but never abandoned" (Au, 490). In between peasant and artist lies the object of Yeats's attack, the Irish middle class. Whether religious or political, they have become "empty souls" (Au, 469) who "long for popularity that they may believe in themselves" (Au, 466). Opinion extirpates creative emotion, "mechanical logic and commonplace eloquence" crushes "all that is organic" (Au, 488) in the individual, the most fanatic versions of the "objective" phases destroy the subjective self. The result is intellectual castration: "The root of it all is that the political class in Ireland--the lower-middle class from whom the patriotic associations have drawn their journalists and their leaders for the last ten years--have suffered through the cultivation of hatred as the one energy of their movement, a deprivation which is the intellectual equivalent to a certain surgical operation. Hence the shrillness of their voices. They contemplate all creative power as the eunuchs contemplate Don Juan as he passes through Hell on the white horse" (Au, 486).[92] "The soul of Ireland," like George Moore's at the end of Dramatis Personae, "has become a vapour and her body a stone" (Au, 488).

Yeats chooses to place Ireland's shortcomings and his own early nationalist aspirations in the context of feudal authority, of the benefits he saw accruing from a society which made Urbino possible. Authority in government is the Yeatsian analogue to "discipline" in the individual life; it provides a means to a Unity of Culture equivalent to individual Unity of Being. In Estrangement the failure of that means dominates Yeats's meditations. The arts rule only when conjoined with an authority which values them. Yeats reveals the direction of his own interests by the vatic nature of his rhetoric as much as by any overt statement. Denunciations of Ireland's refusal of Unity of Culture mix with prophecies that a necessary authority is about to be "rediscovered": "Anarchic revolt is coming to an end, and the arts are about to restate a traditional morality" (Au, 490). But "No art can conquer the people alone--the people are conquered by an ideal of life upheld by authority. As the ideal is rediscovered, the arts, music and poetry, painting and literature, will draw closer together" (Au, 491). Then the oracular see-saw of Estrangement immediately reverses itself in predictions of failure: "The Abbey Theatre will fail to do its full work because there is no accepted authority to explain why the more difficult pleasure is the nobler pleasure. The fascination of the National Movement for me in my youth was, I think, that it seemed to promise such authority" (Au, 491). Whatever the personal motivations of Yeats's bitterness in Estrangement, he attributes the "failure" not only of the Abbey but of the entire Nationalist movement to a democratic propensity for hatred, to the society's distance from the order of an Urbino:

> Ireland has grown sterile, because power has passed to men who lack the training which requires a certain amount of wealth to ensure continuity from generation to generation, and to free the mind in part from other tasks. A gentleman is a man whose principal ideas are not connected with his personal needs and his personal success. In old days he was a clerk or a noble, that is to say, he had freedom because of inherited wealth and position, or because of a personal renun-

> ciation. The names are different today, and I would put the artist and the scholar in the category of the clerk, yet personal renunciation is not now sufficient. . . . For without culture or holiness, which are always the gift of a very few, a man may renounce wealth or any other external thing, but he cannot renounce hatred, envy, jealousy, revenge. Culture is the sanctity of the intellect. (Au, 489)

His answer to the national dilemma is a form of power politics in the hands of a cultured elite, a fusion of literature and Nationalism: "We require a new statement of moral doctrine, which shall be accepted by the average man, but be at the same time beyond his power in practice. . . . A true system of morals is from the first a weapon in the hands of the most distinguished" (Au, 492).

In one of the last entries of Estrangement Yeats seeks to explain once again, more calmly this time, both the failure of political and cultural nationalism in Ireland and his own goals for his country in terms of the need of an Image, an antithetical self or Mask: "There is a dying-out of national feeling very simple in its origin. You cannot keep the idea of a nation alive where there are no national institutions to reverence, no national success to admire, without a model of it in the mind of the people. . . . for the general purposes of life you must have a complex mass of images, something like an architect's model" (Au, 493). The Young

Ireland poets bequeathed a rudimentary model; they "created a mass of obvious images that filled the minds of the young. . . . Our own movement thought to do the same thing in a more profound and therefore more enduring way" (Au, 493). He erred in overestimating the cultural capabilities of the middle class, in refusing to recognize their "ill-breeding":

> . . . I did not see, until Synge began to write, that we must renounce the deliberate creation of a kind of Holy city in the imagination, and express the individual. The Irish people were not educated enough to accept images more profound, more true to human nature, than the schoolboy thoughts of Young Ireland. You can only create a model of a race to inspire the action of that race as a whole, apart from exceptional individuals, when you and it share the same simple moral understanding of life. . . . Having no understanding of life that we can teach to others, we must not seek to create a school. (Au, 493-94)

The extent to which the artist has failed to shape the personality of Ireland marks the extent of Yeats's "estrangement." The only remedy may lie in the adaptation of the ideas of the artist to a medium the ill-educated understand, journalism: "Yet in the work of Lady Gregory, of Synge, of O'Grady, of Lionel Johnson, in my own work, a school of journalism with simple moral ideas could find right building material to create a historical and literary nationalism as powerful as the old and nobler. That done, they could bid the people love and not hate" (Au, 494).

✓ Estrangement ends with two short and anti-climactic passages. One seems to have the point of much of Yeats's anecdotal material; the divergent accounts of a certain haunted house given by Catholics and Protestants illustrate the triviality of much Irish dissension, measure the untraversable distance between Yeats's ideal of another Urbino and the Irish reality. The other provides an epitaph for his hopes for Ireland: "Nobody running at full speed has either a head or a heart" (Au, 495). The dislocation of the passage from its original place in the Journal and the omission of a prefatory statement--"There is no wisdom without indolence" (M, 168)--increase its overtones of doom. Ireland has refused to accept a traditional authority which would foster the intelligent leisure of an Urbino and "creative power," indeed can very likely see no authority but England's, no court but Victoria's. "Running at full speed," she remains mechanized and cannot attain to Unity of Culture.

Perhaps Estrangement, with its denunciation of Irish politics and culture, seems hardly to belong to an autobiography; perhaps actual events seem to be merely a fortuitous impulse towards a rhetoric of bitterness. The book is obviously not "autobiographical" in terms of the intensely psychological and confessional connotations we often give that word in the twentieth century. Yeats directly tells us little of the nuances of thought which lead to particular actions or opinions, little of the self conceived as ego. But by presenting himself as a poet with a correlative political Mask rather than displaying "the bundle of accident and incoherence that sits down to breakfast," Yeats writes, in his own aesthetic terms, autobiography wrought into literature. And while he abandons the mimetic form towards which autobiography had tended throughout the Victorian period, Yeats adapts an equally influential autobiographical tradition, that of Montaigne's Essays. Selecting and arranging passages from a Journal that, even in its original form contained much less that was merely personal than such journals often do, Yeats reveals a mind musing much as Montaigne does in his thematic essays. The interest of the passages as autobiography lies in their revealing, as Montaigne claimed of his writings, not only the man making his work, but the work shaping the man, a very bitter man in the case of Estrangement. The book becomes "consubstantial" with the author.[93]

The Death of Synge

The Death of Synge opens with a question symptomatic of a change of tone in Autobiographies: "Why does the struggle to come at truth take away our pity, and the struggle to overcome our passions restore it again?" (Au, 499). Pity in the usual sense of the word formed but a small part of Yeats's literary stock of emotions. Both his poetry and his prose generally aim at a more astringent emotion, one more magnificently knowing and accepting of the nature of man in the world and his possibilities of its transcendence, an emotion "that looks beyond mankind and asks no pity, not even of God" (Au, 524). But Yeats's rhetorical question effects a movement from the intensity of bitterness which characterized Estrangement towards an utterance less impassioned than that of the man who had written, "I cry continually against my life" (Au, 491).

Yeats takes up immediately the final suggestion in his denunciation of Ireland in Estrangement that, appropriately tailored to the limitations of the people, an historical and literary nationalism might yet revivify the country and save it from hatred. The tone is more controlled and the question of the mis-education of the Irish, the substitution of "pedantry" for "a sense of style or feeling for life" (Au, 500), opens up into Yeats's basic antithesis, character and type, objective and subjective self, the modern "powerful but prosaic art, celebrating the 'fall into division'" (the art of Augustus John), and "that energy which seems measureless and hates all that is not itself," art celebrating "the 'resurrection into unity'" (Au, 502) (the art of Botticelli and Giorgione). This series of entries culminates in one of Yeats's clearest statements about the moment of ecstasy in creation that is concomitant with the complete assumption of the Mask and analogous to the mythic moment of rebirth into knowledge: "I think that all happiness depends on the energy to assume the mask of some other self; that all joyous or creative life is a rebirth as something not oneself, something which has no memory and is created in a moment and perpetually renewed. We put on a grotesque or solemn painted face to hide us from the terrors of judgment, invent an imaginative Saturnalia where one forgets reality, a game like that of a child, where one loses the infinite pain of self-realization" (Au, 503-04). "The arts have nothing to give but that joy of theirs which is the other side of sorrow . . . " (Au, 500).

Towards the end of The Death of Synge Yeats will return to this theme in two passages. One places it in the context of sixteenth-century Venetian costumes "pictured in The Mask[94]--all fantastic; bodily form hidden or disguised. . . . Life had become so learned and courtly that men and women dressed with no thought of bodily activity. . . . Does not the same happen to our passions when we grow contemplative and so liberate them from use? They also become fantastic and create the strange lives of poets and artists" (Au, 522). The second discusses the response in the appreciation of art which corresponds to the joy of creation through the Mask, a response which the drama, perhaps because it mediates more literally between myth and biography than other art forms, most easily evokes: "All creation requires one mind to make and one mind of enjoyment. The theatre can at rare moments create this one mind of enjoyment, and once created, it is like the mind of an individual in solitude, immeasurably bold--all is possible to it" (Au, 519). In between the opening theoretic formulations of The Death of Synge and these later ones, the entries become more personal, more rooted in daily activity and individual tragedy. If their personal nature permits the entrance of pity, the symbolic value they assume lifts them beyond it once more.

Synge's death becomes the new symbol of Ireland's loss of Unity of Culture. The statement "Synge is dead" (Au, 507) gains implacability as Yeats goes on to intimate an identification of the playwright with what Ireland might have become. The vision of Tir-nan-Oge, of Synge having "gone upward out of his ailing body into the heroical fountains" (Au, 511), elevates Synge into the type of hero-poet, cursed with physical infirmity and gifted with poetic insight. Even the ostensibly objective listing of "Celebrations" and "Detractions" transforms faults into poetic virtue, into the antithesis "necessary to the full expression of himself" (Au, 512). Yeats's tribute identifies Synge with Homer, calls him "'blind old man of Scio's rocky isle'" (Au, 512). He had designated the prototypical poet with a similar reference: "'When any stranger asks who is the sweetest of singers, answer with one voice: "A blind man; he dwells upon rocky Chios; his songs shall be the most beautiful for ever"'" (Au, 151).[95] When we recall that Yeats took Homer as his own symbol--"Homer is my example and his unchristened heart" (Po, 286)--and that his own failing eyesight doubtless increased his empathy with the blind poet, a tentative identification is established between Yeats and Synge.

Interspersed with recollections of the events surrounding Synge's death are reflections on two Abbey plays, intimations of the way the theatre might have gone, towards "'resurrection into unity,'" had Synge lived and been appreciated and of the way it is going, towards "the 'fall into division.'" Cross-roads is logical; "Time, a play of suggestion" (Au, 512), holds "a promise . . . of something beyond logic" (Au, 513). Predictably, Yeats establishes once again his obsessive antithetical structure, the subjective versus the objective, Urbino versus "a democracy like this" (Au, 513):

> I see that between *Time*, suggestion, and *Cross-roads*, logic, lies a difference of civilization. The literature of suggestion belongs to a social order when life conquered by being itself and the most living was the most powerful, and to a social order founded upon argument. Leisure, wealth, privilege were created to be a soil for the most living. The literature of logic, the most powerful and the most empty, conquering all in the service of one metallic premise, is for those who have forgotten everything but books and yet have only just learnt to read. . . . I . . . think that the French and Irish democracies follow, as John O'Leary used to say, a logical deduction to its end, no matter what suffering it brings, . . . because they have broken from the past, from the self-evident truths, from 'naked beauty displayed'. (Au, 514)

Democratic "objectivity," as always in Yeats's assessments of his own time, is winning the day.

In the context of this contrast of the two plays and of Yeats's hypothesis that the theatre is in a privileged position to create in an audience a transcendent joy equivalent to that of the artist, Synge's death assumes a symbolic value productive of an "equivalent expression" (Au, 482) in more than one world. The passage immediately preceding the statement of his death provides both a bridge from the personal to the national and a link with Yeats's initial question about pity: "One does not feel that death is evil when one meets it,--evil, I mean, for the one who dies. . . . The wildest sorrow that comes at the thought of death is, I think, 'Ages will pass over and no one ever again look on that nobleness or that beauty'. What is this but to pity the living and to praise the dead?" (Au, 507). The Death of Synge becomes a eulogy for the dead dramatist and an elegy for Ireland. Synge represents the Mask of Ireland, its true self, and this is the point of Yeats's comparison of him with Burns[96] in the outburst against the man "with a look of a wood-kern" (Au, 519), a representative of uncultured or "outlaw" Ireland:

> At last I said, 'When a country produces a man of genius he never is what it wants or believes it wants; he is always unlike its idea of itself. In the eighteenth century Scotland believed itself religious, moral and gloomy, and its national poet Burns came not to speak of these things but to speak of lust and drink and drunken gaiety. Ireland, since the Young Irelanders, has given itself up to apologetics. Every impression of life or impulse of imagination has been examined to see if it helped or hurt the glory of Ireland or the political claim of Ireland. . . . There was no longer an impartial imagination, delighting in whatever is naturally exciting. Synge was the rushing up of the buried fire, an explosion of all that had been denied or refused, a furious impartiality, an indifferent turbulent sorrow. His work, like that of Burns, was to say all the people did not want to have said. . . . ' (Au, 520)

Ireland's rejection of Synge's work is a rejection of its creative self, his death, the death of the Unity of Culture for which Yeats had hoped. Yeats's pity, if indeed it is pity and not a resigned despair, is not for Synge, but for the nation denounced with so much passion in Estrangement.

Yeats follows his comparison with a thought from a dream: "'Why should we complain if men ill-treat our Muses, when all that they gave to Helen while she lived was a song and a jest?" (Au, 521).[97] The thought suggests his abandonment of what he conceived to be the Irish cause, a retreat into the artist's isolation that had been so much a part of the tradition of Romantic sensibility and that had persisted in the twentieth century in such formulations as Wyndham Lewis's in which the artist is necessarily isolated from the "crowd" by virtue of the superiority of his intellect. Yeats's retreat completes his "estrangement."

The Bounty of Sweden

Yeats opens The Bounty of Sweden with yet another disingenuous disclaimer. He recalls Mathers' words to him on his first visit to Paris--"'Write your impressions at once, for you will never see Paris clearly again'" (Au, 531)--, and concludes with a remark of Synge's and

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a statement of his own intentions:

> 'Is not style', as Synge once said to me, 'born out of the shock of new material?'
>
> I am about to write, as in a kind of diary, impressions of Stockholm which must get whatever value they have from excitement, from the presence before the eyes of what is strange, mobile and disconnected. (Au, 531)

Style, Yeats has often told us, is the deliberate assumption of the Mask. The use of Synge's statement here is no contradictory credo but a way of rendering impertinent possible criticisms of the lack of obvious architectonics in these passages of "revery" over Sweden. Yeats pursues the illusion of immediacy by using the present tense and by first recording the things any traveller might report, conversations, itinerary details, observations of architecture. In fact, the "Stockholm impressions" were written rather deliberately after Yeats's return as "a sort of 'bread and butter letter' to Sweden, and at last a part of my autobiography" (L, 701).

The advantage of an aesthetic theory which posits that the artist "will play with all masks" is that he can assume a tone appropriate to the occasion. The modesty of Yeats's disclaimer, his confession that in writing his poetry, "though the labour is very great, I seem to have used no faculty peculiar to myself, certainly no special gift" (Au, 532-33), the pervasive tone of dignity in The Bounty of Sweden are far from the "fanatic heart" (Po, 288) which shaped so much of the "personal utterance" of the later poems and which had revealed itself in Estrangement. In The Bounty of Sweden the Mask is that of the courtier and Yeats later took great pleasure in a compliment paid his wife to the effect that the Swedish Royal Family thought he had "'the manners of a Courtier'" (L, 827). In the Royal Court he finds a contemporary Urbino and an example of much that he had elaborated theoretically in earlier books of Autobiographies.

From the first impression he records of them Yeats connects the Swedish royalty with the traditionally cultured and leisured classes whom he apotheosized in his frequent allusions to Urbino. The pastoral-seeming king has a face "like some country gentleman who can quote Horace and Catullus" (Au, 539) and Yeats links Princess Margaretha even more firmly with such a tradition, the greatest achievement of which he believed was the mind of the poet and the perfect beauty, spiritual and physical, of a few women. For her he resurrects his image of the shell, image of the most subtle and enduring beauty and of the exercise of creative power, visual analogue of the gyres themselves; her face was "full of subtle beauty, emotional and precise, and impassive with a still intensity suggesting that final consummate strength which rounds the spiral of a shell" (Au, 540).

Throughout his description Yeats implicitly contrasts Ireland with Sweden and, in his reveries, identifies himself with the tradition of the Courtier. The firing of cannon in Dublin is the sign of civil war and raises an "instinctive alarm"; in Stockholm it forms part of a ritual "of gaiety and goodwill" (Au, 543). In the rituals of the reception at the palace Yeats finds that "it is Life herself that is praised" (Au, 544); through a doctrine of courtly love he identifies himself with those rituals. In Ireland the analogue of the service of a court, service of a woman, has been perverted; the woman has become the nationalist abstraction of Cathleen ni Houlihan: "I had thought how we Irish had served famous men and famous families, and had been, so long as our nation had intellect enough to shape anything of itself, good lovers of women, but had never served any abstract cause, except the one, and that we personified by a woman, and I wondered if the service of woman could be so different from that of a Court." His revery leads him to think "that there were men living . . . who had served a woman through all folly because they had found no Court to serve" (Au, 545). One recalls his earlier reference to the "extreme development" of his Romantic idealism which had prolonged his "miserable love affair" with Maud Gonne; Yeats manages to imply to any reader knowing of his far from secret infatuation that in this substitute service both to Maud Gonne and to Ireland (Cathleen ni Houlihan) he too is a Courtier, remembering the Urbino to which he immediately alludes. That Urbino, evoked by the Court ceremonies, stands opposed to any "equivalent gathering . . . called together by the heads of some state where every democratic dream had been fulfilled," a gathering in which the conversation would be governed by "sarcasm" (Au, 546) and none but the very old would be comfortable.

All Yeats's observations of the arts in Stockholm tend in this same direction. Swedish Impressionism shows not only the French absorption with the empirical fact of light but a profound familiarity with and love of the place painted; it possesses "an emotion held in common" (Au, 551) which both administers and creates tradition. The Town Hall, a Ruskinian Utopia decorated by craftsmen working in "seeming perfect freedom" yet in harmony with a larger design, embodies Unity of Culture: "These myth-makers and mask-makers worked as if they belonged to one family . . . ; all that suggestion of novelty and an immeasurable past; all that multitude and unity, could hardly have been possible, had not love of Stockholm and belief in its future so filled men of different minds, classes, and occupations that they almost attained the supreme miracle, the dream that has haunted all religions, and loved one another. No work comparable in method or achievement has been accomplished since the Italian cities felt the excitement of the Renaissance . . . " (Au, 555-56).

Yeats's reproduction of his lecture to the Royal Academy underlines both his sense of himself as recreator of the Anima Mundi and his tribute to a Sweden which had achieved Unity of Culture where Ireland had failed: "I think as I speak these words of how deep down we [himself, Lady Gregory and Synge] have gone, below all that is individual, modern and restless, seeking foundations for an Ireland that can only come into existence in a Europe that is still but a dream" (Au, 554). The conclusion to the lecture itself encapsulates much of Autobiographies, Yeats's tribute to Lady Gregory and Synge, his literary aims, the defeat of those aims at the national level in Ireland:

> . . . when I received from the hands of your King the great honour your Academy had conferred upon me, I felt that a young man's ghost should have stood upon one side of me and at the other a living woman sinking into the infirmity of age. Indeed I have seen little in this last week that would not have been memorable and exciting to Synge and to Lady Gregory, for Sweden has achieved more than we have hoped for our own country. I think most of all, perhaps, of that splendid spectacle of your Court, a family beloved and able that has gathered about it not the rank only but the intellect of its country. No like spectacle will in Ireland show its work of discipline and of taste, though it might satisfy a need

> of the race no institution created under the influence of English or American democracy can satisfy. (Au, 571-72)

"Consciousness is conflict"; the other face of a personal triumph is the defeat of his hopes for a literary nationalism that might weld the Irish into one.

But if Ireland's growing "abstraction" points up the defeat of Yeats's particular version of nationalism, the placing of The Bounty of Sweden at the end of Autobiographies, the reproduction of the lecture as a coda reciting once more his ideals, his metaphoric position between Lady Gregory, mistress of an Irish Urbino, and John Synge, the tragic poet-hero, establish a personal victory which assumes mythic proportions. The Nobel Prize would make a fitting and dignified end to many autobiographies but, given the long meditation on the theory of the Mask which has pervaded Autobiographies, the many Masks with their corresponding rhetoric which Yeats has revealed himself adopting since he first "chose Alastor" as his "chief of men" (Au, 64), his subjection of his friends to the schema of self and anti-self, both victory and defeat begin to suggest the mythic context of the poet as hero. In the scheme of A Vision, the hero, exemplified by Nietzsche, and the poet most easily achieve Unity of Being through the Mask. Only the way to the Mask differs: "The poet finds and makes his mask in disappointment, the hero in defeat"

(PASL, 33). The hero's function is heroic action, the poet's "Heroic reverie" (Pc, 383). Although Yeats hardly insists on it, many of the central visions, meditations and events which structure Autobiographies have analogues in heroic patterns particularly if we transpose those patterns from the physical to the psychological realm. One might cite the "Emmanuel" dream which calls Yeats to rebirth through the Image, his spiritual trial, "lost upon the path of Hodos Chamelion-tos," his apprehension of Unity of Being, a unity that in the hero cycle manifests itself either in spiritual union with a god or sexual union with an unusually beautiful woman, his attempt to "save" Ireland by showing her the way to Unity of Culture, analogous to the hero's bringing back of knowledge from another world. On the cosmic level, his lunar model of individual reincarnations and historic cycles parallels that of the hero's circular journey from waking to sleep to waking, from the conscious to the unconscious and back to the conscious, from natural to supernatural to natural again, of separation, initiation and return.[98] Yeats's modernity lies precisely in his use of autobiography to suggest aspects of this heroic journey. No longer does he need the physical apparatus of The Divine Comedy or the God, external to the self, with which the saint strives to be reunited. In his poetic construction of the subjective self the journey is inwards into the soul and back again and the nation's journey must be similarly inward into its own tradition; the union is with the self. "The modern hero-deed," in Joseph Campbell's transposition of myth into a world of science, must quest "to bring to light again the lost Atlantis of the co-ordinated soul."[99]

Heroic action and the hero's ultimate defeat may transcend in tragic ecstasy the confusion of the world; nonetheless both have their original impulse in that world. Yeats's own heroes in fact find it difficult to remain unmitigatedly sublime; circumstances introduce irony and futility. Perhaps Naoise succeeds. But Cuchulain dies once in the magnificent futility of fighting waves; resurrected, he dies again, heroically upright, at the hands of a blind beggar who has been paid twelve pennies. King Congal averts a similar fate by suicide only to be reincarnated by the Great Herne as an ass. The Cuchulain cycle especially never loses its tragic sublimity, yet the hero is touched with an irony, a futility, not unrelated to farce. This sense of an ironic futility modulates Yeats's pattern of himself as the poet-hero in Autobiographies. The personal victory, his emergence out of "The Tragic Generation," his Nobel Prize, his forging of a style are a victory; the refusal of Ireland to be led gives the heroic victory a futile aspect, its element of disappointment. Yeats's "stylistic arrangements of experience" are dualistic: through the Mask he transcends biography in mythic pattern but, because always tinged with ironic despair, the myth in its turn is suffused with biographic limitations. *Autobiographies* charts the patterning of the self between the two tensions.

NOTES

Chapter One

[1] "Rambles Among Books," 410. The article was published anonymously. Rinehart, "The Victorian Approach to Autobiography," 185, identifies the writer as Leslie Stephen.

[2] Ibid., 412.

[3] Ibid., 422.

[4] Ibid., 418.

[5] de Man, *Blindness and Insight*, 137.

[6] Pascal, *Design and Truth in Autobiography*, 182.

[7] Ibid., 188.

[8] Starobinski, *La Relation critique*, 83.

[9] Ibid.

[10] Ibid., 84.

[11] Ibid., 85.

[12] Ibid., 86.

[13] Ibid., 87.

[14] Olney, *Metaphors of Self*, viii.

[15] Mehlman, *A Structural Study of Autobiography*, 14.

[16] Ibid.

[17] Lejeune, *Le Pacte autobiographique*, 14.

[18] Ibid., 23. A possible exception to Lejeune's criteria is *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* in which the ostensible narrator and the author are not identical. Elizabeth Bruss tries to surmount the difficulty of generic definition posed by Stein's autobiographies by suggesting that the autobiographer is one who is simultaneously the source of both his subject and of its structural organization, regardless of any attributions made in the work's title ("L'Autobiographie considerée

comme acte littéraire," 23).

[19] Ibid., 39.

[20] Pascal, *Design and Truth in Autobiography*, 39.

[21] Stein, *Lectures in America*, 231.

[22] Ibid., 238.

[23] Stein, *Everybody's Autobiography*, 64.

[24] Spender, "Confessions and Autobiography," 64.

Chapter Two

[1] The text of this poem, beneath Virgil Thomson's musical score for it, is in the Beinecke Collection of the Yale University Library. Its title page bears the description "*Le Berceau de Gertrude Stein* ou *Le Mystère de la rue de Fleurus*. Huit poèmes de Georges Hugnet to which have been added a musical composition by Virgil Thomson entitled *Lady Godiva's Waltzes*" ("Godiva" was the name given to Stein's Ford car). It is inscribed:

Homage to our
dear Gertrude
Kristians Tonny
Georges Hugnet
Virgil Thomson

and is signed at the end: "V. G. G. T. Paris April 29, 1928."

[2] Gallup, ed., *The Flowers of Friendship*, 245.

[3] References to Stein's writings in this chapter will be identified in parentheses in the text, using the following abbreviations: ABWWI ("American Biography and Why Waste It"); ABT (*The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*); CE (*Composition as Explanation*); D ("A Diary"); EA (*Everybody's Autobiography*); FA (*Four in America*); GHA (*The Geographical History of America*); HW (*How to Write*); LA (*Lectures in America*); N (*Narration*); P (*Picasso*); PF (*Paris France*); TI ("A Transatlantic Interview 1946"); WIHS (*Wars I Have Seen*); WM (*What are Masterpieces*).

[4] *Pagany*, III, 1 (Jan.-Mar., 1931), 10-37.

[5] Lewis, *Time and Western Man*, 63.

[6] Bridgman, Gertrude Stein in Pieces, 219, stresses the biographical and psychological significance of this photograph: "The photograph symbolizes the book, not only by introducing Miss Toklas through Gertrude Stein's writing, but also by suggesting the two women's respective positions and personalities."

After this chapter of the dissertation had been completed Paul K. Alkon's "Visual Rhetoric in The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas" appeared. He analyzes all the book's illustrations in terms of an attempt on Stein's part to transform life into art. Following Bridgman's lead he speaks of the frontispiece as "an emblem of the book's primary subject: Gertrude, not Alice. Perhaps Alice's placement in the background framed by a doorway echoes the renaissance portrait tradition of providing windows through which one looks at scenes emblematic of the subject's lifework. Gertrude's role as author is in any case made visible in the picture . . . " (852).

[7] Following Joyce and Proust, a concern with what one might term "meta-genres" underlies much twentieth-century criticism. Neither Gertrude Stein nor the autobiography resists this concern. Weinstein, Gertrude Stein and the Literature of Modern Consciousness, 45, compares Stein's "meta-novel," The Making of Americans, to Cezanne's "meta-painting." James Olney, Metaphors of Self: The Meaning of Autobiography, 81, refers to Montaigne as an "'auto-autobiographer,'" one who "makes his life the subject of his autobiographical art, and then steps outside the ring, being now both inside and outside the process, to make his art the subject of both his life and his art."

[8] A term first employed by Shumaker, English Autobiography, 86, to describe autobiographies which "adopt as their subject some aspect of psychic development, some process of intellectual or affective becoming."

[9] Montaigne, Les Essais de Michel de Montaigne, 665.

[10] Ibid., 148.

[11] Ibid.

[12] Ibid., 758.

[13] Ibid., 665.

[14] Rousseau, Les Confessions. Autres textes autobiographiques, 1154.

[15] Starobinski, La Relation critique, 83.

[16] James, *A Small Boy and Others*, 285.

[17] Ibid., 182.

[18] Gallup, ed., *The Flowers of Friendship*, 261.

[19] Connolly, *Previous Convictions*, 283.

[20] Stein, *Journey into the Self*, 134.

[21] Lewis, *Time and Western Man*, 106. Lewis's reference to "'time-composition'" as "fugues in words" (106) emphasizes the preoccupation with melody as a means of transcending narrative progression that is exhibited by Stein, Joyce and Proust.

Stein often set herself rhythms to which to write as one would play to a metronome and her plays found their most successful and natural productions as operas and ballets. Paul Desfeuilles, *Une fervente de la répétition: Gertrude Stein*, 28-29, suggests that: "La poésie de Gertrude Stein peut, à cet égard, être comparée à la fugue musicale et, grâce à l'emploi judicieux de répétitions spontanées, donner une extension véritablement originale à cet embryon qu'est, dans la poésie et la chanson populaires, le refrain. Mais le refrain sert plutôt à donner un 'teinte de fond' à un récit. . . . Dans la poésie steinienne, au contraire, la répétition n'est pas l'accessoire: elle crée plus que l'atmosphère: l'essentiel."

References to songs proliferate in Joyce. The chorus of the popular song, its recurrence analogous to that of natural cycles, simultaneously negates progression and emphasizes flux. By forcing the singer or listener to begin "again and again," it creates a volume for the stanzas, a space within which, encapsulated, they move.

Proust finds an analogue to creative activity and knowledge through art in Vinteuil's septet (*A la Recherche du temps perdu*, III, 257-58). In the Proustian world music has the possibilities of a primary form of communication: "Et de même que certains êtres sont les derniers témoins d'une forme de vie que la nature a abandonnée, je me demandais si la Musique n'était pas l'exemple unique de ce qu'aurait pu être--s'il n'y avait pas eu l'invention du langage, la formation des mots, l'analyse des idées--la communication des âmes. Elle est comme possibilité qui n'a pas eu de suites; l'humanité s'est engagée dans d'autres voies, celles du langage parlé et écrit" (III, 258). It is in this primal capacity that a phrase from the septet becomes a metaphor for the Proustian "impressions bienheureuses" (III, 871): " . . .

cette phrase était ce qui aurait pu le mieux caractériser --comme tranchant avec tout le reste de ma vie, avec le monde visible--ces impressions qu'à des intervalles éloignés je retrouvais dans ma vie comme les points de repère, les amorces pour la construction d'une vie véritable: l'impression éprouvée devant les clochers de Martinville, devant une rangée d'arbres près de Balbec" (III, 261).

His English proselyte, Anthony Powell, spatializes and transfixes flux by a musical metaphor that is also a reference to a painting: *A Dance to the Music of Time*.

[22] Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, 283.

[23] Ibid., 299.

[24] Proust, *A la Recherche du temps perdu*, III, 871.

[25] Bridgman, *Gertrude Stein in Pieces*, 213-17, suggests that the first autobiography was a commercial venture, the writing of which was monitored by Alice and others and which went against Stein's inclinations. He sees the contemporaneous *Stanzas in Meditation* as a "Steinian apologia" (213), the outcome of a desire to be true to her ideas about writing. He cites an early ms. draft of the first part of the autobiography, a draft which is in a more usual style, seemingly rambling, to support his thesis. Corrections in Alice's hand in the final ms. (there are none in the early draft) generally pertain to errors in fact and spelling rather than to style. Since the subject matter of the autobiography makes it rather natural to have submitted the ms. to Alice for verifications of fact and since Stein sometimes let the "errors" stand, there is little evidence either for or against the position that Stein altered her style at the urging of others.

[26] Stein's unusual use of commas here emphasizes the long "a's" of the name and is an indication of the rather wry, almost humorous, quality she often likes to produce by means of aural effects.

[27] Darwin, *The Autobiography of Charles Darwin 1809-1882*, 21.

[28] Weeks, Foreward to Stein, *Journey into the Self*, viii.

[29] Salmon, in Braque et als., "Testimony Against Gertrude Stein," 14.

[30] Stein, *Journey into the Self*, 134.

[31] Rogers, *When This You See Remember Me*, 33.

[32] Bridgman, *Gertrude Stein in Pieces*, 213.

[33] James, *The Principles of Psychology*, I, 238-39.

[34] Ibid., 334.

[35] cf. Proust who bases his theory of art on the presupposition of a permanent self, an essential identity that remains unchanged: " . . . ce livre essentiel, le seul livre vrai, un grand écrivain n'a pas, dans le sens courant, à l'inventer, puisqu'il existe déjà en chacun de nous, mais à le traduire. Le devoir et la tâche d'un écrivain sont ceux d'un traducteur" (*A la Recherche du temps perdu*, III, 890).

" . . . les grands littérateurs n'ont jamais fait qu'une seule oeuvre, ou plutôt réfracté à travers des milieux divers une même beauté qu'ils apportent au monde" (Ibid., 375).

[36] cf. Yeats, *Autobiographies*, 503: "We are never a unity, a personality to ourselves."

[37] While Stein sees this "continuous present" as a way of transcending time, Lewis claims that it defines the "time-mind":

> And it is natural at a period where this world of the 'inner eye' is stressed, that men, whether physicists or philosophers, should begin constructing systems which are, as it were, dead worlds, laid out endlessly in what we know as Time. In their midst they imagine themselves moving about like sleepwalkers, placing themselves over against quite arbitrary perspectives, but perspectives of a sort of crystallized Time, instead of receding space vistas. This time-world that they will imaginatively construct will naturally be difficult for the space-sense to imagine: but in effect it will consist of a time-sense *all there at once*, just as a space-sense is; . . . last year will be a group of features in the middle distance. It is *we* who will be moving about in this time-scene. We, in short, shall be Time. (*Time and Western Man*, 232-33)

[38] cf. Van Ghent, "Gertrude Stein and the Solid World," 222: "[Thought's] representations are . . . copybook phrases and nursery rhymes. In presenting these as formal versions of 'thought,' Miss Stein is doing what the Elizabethan stage did--using a brick to represent a wall . . . ; or what the modern stage did with her own play, using cellophane to represent nature."

[39] Gass, Introduction to *The Geographical History of America*, 23, implies, superciliously enough, Freudian motivations for Stein's "identity crisis" when he manipulates this tag: "what is the point of being born a little girl if you are going to grow up to be a man?" Stein herself went through life as if there had been no psychological thought past James's. The concerns of psychoanalysis belong, in her model, to "human nature," not the "human mind."

[40] The problem of the public and the private selves and their role in writing particularly plagued Stein who usually found that her devotees were those impressed by the intelligence and vibrancy of her personality when they met her. Her separation from her brother Leo seems to have begun when he refused to accord her writing any merit apart from that of her personality: "He said it was not it it was I. If I was not there to be there with what I did then what I did would not be what it was. In other words if no one knew me actually then the things I did would not be what they were" (EA, 76-77).

[41] Legend transcends time and identity: " . . . any one between babyhood and fourteen does become a legend, a pure legend. Later on the legend is not so pure because you mix yourself up with it but between babyhood and fourteen becoming a legend is just that it is becoming a legend" (WIHS, 20).

[42] cf. Hoffman, *The Development of Abstractionism in the Writings of Gertrude Stein*, comparing the "realistic verisimilitude" (53) of *Things as They Are* with the method of the "traditional realist" (53): "Miss Stein has abstracted from the complexities of her characters' lives the one theme of their interrelationship and has subordinated everything in the narrative to the illumination of this theme. Within this context, however, her selectivity does not have the same kind of concision. She throws in *everything* that relates to her theme . . . " (54).

[43] Hoffman, *The Development of Abstractionism in the Writings of Gertrude Stein*, 55, in the context of literary realism, refers to the "microscopic world-view and analytic

point of view [which] remain basic to Gertrude Stein's methodology. . . . " Once again a deviation in the Steinian and Proustian methods of transcending time becomes apparent. Proust insists that he employs not a microscope but a telescope: "Bientôt je pus montrer quelques esquisses. Personne n'y comprit rien. Même ceux qui furent favorables à ma perception des vérités que je voulais ensuite graver dans le temple, me félicitèrent de les avoir découvertes au «microscope» quand je m'étais au contraire servi d'un télescope pour apercevoir des choses, très petites en effet, mais parce qu'elles étaient situées à une grande distance, et qui étaient chacune un monde. Là, où je cherchais les grands lois, on m'appelait fouilleur de détails" (*A la Recherche du temps perdu*, III, 1041). Proust attempts to incorporate an experience light-years distant into the present, to expand the present into the past by collapsing time. Stein's method is one of reduction; the moment becomes ever smaller, the object of observation ever more minute, more fragmented.

[44] Lewin, "Formulation of Law," 8.

[45] Ibid.

[46] Ibid.

[47] Stein, defending herself against charges of automatic writing, liked to tell a story which illustrates James's willingness to give credence to the particular case. One of James's students was reporting on an experiment on "suggestions to the subconscious." He "began by explaining that one of the subjects gave absolutely no results and as this much lowered the average and made the conclusion of his experiments false he wished to be allowed to cut this record out. Whose record is it, said James. Miss Stein's, said the student. Ah, said James, if Miss Stein gave no response I should say that it was as normal not to give a response as to give one and decidedly the result must not be cut out" (ABT, 97).

[48] This impersonal relationship between the stimulus to literature and the literary product also preoccupies Lewis and Eliot. The latter, elaborating in "Tradition and the Individual Talent" an analogy of the poet as catalyst, writes: "The mind of the poet is the shred of platinum. It may partly or exclusively operate on the experience of the man himself; but, the more perfect the artist, the more completely separate in him will be the man who suffers and the mind which creates; the more per-

fectly will the mind digest and transmute the passions which are its material" (18).

[49] One recalls the "geniuses who were not real geniuses" with whose wives Alice sat. Stein greatly approves of Picasso's remark to the effect that the worst imitation is self-imitation. Her echo of herself in the Meraude Guevara anecdote should be taken as one of her recurrent moments of self-parody. The best of these perhaps is unpublished: "A rose tree may be may be a rose tree may be a rosy rose tree if watered" (D, 6).

[50] Although the exhibition is of Braque's work, "we did not look at the pictures of Braque" (EA, 36). Braque "always had been on the point of seducing himself and Juan and Picasso and occasionally any one to believe that he was the one that had all the ideas that made cubism and modern painting" (EA, 35). He "was very old looking" (EA, 35). Finally he is dismissed for his part in the *Transition* attack: "Braque spoke up, a painter can write he said I have written all my life, well I said I only saw one thing of yours that was written and that in a language that you cannot understand and I did not think much of it that is all I can say, and he said but that I did not write he said, oh didn't you I said well anyway you signed it I said and I have never seen any other writing of yours so you do not count . . . " (EA, 36-37).

[51] Kuhn, *The Structure of Scientific Revolution*, 24. Paradigms are achievements "sufficiently unprecedented to attract an enduring group of adherents away from competing modes of scientific activity" and "sufficiently open-ended to leave all sorts of problems for the redefined group of practitioners to resolve." They "provide models from which spring particular coherent traditions of scientific research" (10). Newtonian and Einsteinian physics are such paradigms.

Lewis, in *Time and Western Man*, had objected to many of the characteristics of science which Kuhn discusses: "*Revolution, to-day, in its most general definition, is modern positive science, and the incessant and radical changes involved by that*" (140). See also his quote from Alexander: "' . . . truth is . . . *progressive* . . . truth *varies* and grows obsolete or even turns to falsehood. Hence a thing may be true for one generation and false for the next'" (470). Other characteristics of "scientific revolution" are noted in *The Art of Being Ruled*: " . . . one of the most significant delusions of the present time" is the "popular notion that science is 'impersonal.' . . . The non-impersonality of science should at all cost be substituted for the idea of its impersonality" (26). "The decretals of the scientist are received with great popular reverence. This is surprising, seeing how fugitive and fashionable merely the fiats of the laboratories are now proven by experience to be" (15-16).

[52] Kuhn, The Structure of Scientific Revolution, 7.

[53] Malone, "Observations on Paris France."

[54] "I was alone at this time in understanding him, perhaps because I was expressing the same thing in literature . . . " (P, 16).

[55] e. g., the history of photography that lies behind Stein's assessment of Picasso's vision: " . . . when he saw an eye, the other one did not exist for him and only the one he saw did exist for him and as a painter, . . . he was right, one sees what one sees, the rest is a reconstruction from memory . . . " (P, 15).

[56] That she should have been trained in psychology perhaps had particular influence upon the transfer of method from one discipline to another. Kuhn finds an analogue to his argument that changes in paradigms carry with them changes in world-view in early psychological experiments in perception (The Structure of Scientific Revolution, 112). The particular study to which he refers was published in the Psychological Review in 1897, one year after Stein herself had published work done under James in the same journal.

[57] e. g., by Dali: " . . . this was a symbolism. He knew about Freud" (EA, 28).

[58] Lectures in America, 1934; Narration, 1935; How Writing is Written, 1935; What are Masterpieces and Why are There so Few of Them, 1935; The Geographical History of America, 1935.

Dates are those of composition given by Bridgman, Gertrude Stein in Pieces, 365-85.

[59] Parts of The Geographical History of America; Everybody's Autobiography, 1936; Doctor Faustus Lights the Lights, 1938; The World is Round, 1939; Ida A Novel, 1940.

[60] Stein frequently ranked herself with Joyce and Proust as one of the shapers of twentieth-century literature.

[61] A psychological term developed by Osgood in Osgood, Suci and Tannenbaum, *The Measurement of Meaning*, as a means of defining non-deductive responses to complex stimuli, e. g., art objects, racial differences.

[62] Manuscript of the "Helen Button" episode in the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library of Yale University. It is incorporated with only minor word changes and several alterations of paragraph order into *Paris France*.

[63] Green himself recognizes this in connection with a memory related in *Partir avant le jour*, 16: "Pourquoi faut-il écrire que j'oubliai cette minute pendant des années, que le torrent des jours et des nuits l'effaça presque de ma conscience? Que ne l'ai-je gardée dans les heures difficiles! Pourquoi m'est-elle rendue maintenant? Qu'est-ce que tout cela veut dire?"

[64] The tendency to mistake "knowledge" for fact, without the justification of Stein's literary theory, has long been a subject for apology by autobiographers, e. g., Stendhal, *Vie de Henry Brulard*, 105: "Je supplie la lecteur . . . de se souvenir que je n'ai de prétention à la véracité qu'en ce que touche *mes sentiments*, quant aux faits j'ai toujours eu peu de mémoire."

[65] Green, *Partir avant le jour*, 96.

[66] Gusdorf, "Conditions et limites de l'autobiographie," 113.

[67] Gide, *Les Faux-Monnayeurs*, 425.

[68] Wordsworth, *The Prelude*, III, 11. 612 ff.:

> Of these and other kindred notices
> I cannot say what portion is in truth
> The naked recollection of that time,
> And what may rather have been call'd to
> life
> By after-meditation.

[69] Stendhal, *Vie de Henri Brulard*, 47: "Je me figure l'événement, mais probablement ce n'est pas un souvenir direct, ce n'est que le souvenir de l'image que je me formai de la chose, fort anciennement et à l'époque des premiers récits qu'on m'en fit."

[70] Delvaille, *Essai sur Valery Larbaud*, 90-91. Delvaille's remark is apropos of *Barnabooth*, a novel composed of a "Tale," autobiographical poems and a journal by its protagonist.

[71] Joyce, "A Painful Case," *Dubliners*, 131.

[72] Lewis, "The Do-Nothing Mode: An Autobiographical Fragment," 217.

[73] Moore, *Confessions of a Young Man*, 97.

[74] Ibid., 217.

[75] Stendhal, *Vie de Henri Brulard*, 152.

[76] Ibid., 386.

[77] Ruskin, *Praeterita*, 220.

[78] Lewis, *Rude Assignment*, 88.

[79] Spender, *World Within World*, 336.

[80] Barthes, *Le Dégré zéro de l'écriture*, 29.

[81] Gide, *Si le grain ne meurt*, 276.

[82] Ibid.

[83] Ibid.

[84] Stendhal, *Vie de Henry Brulard*, 264.

[85] Ibid., 360.

[86] Ibid., 364.

[87] Ibid., 391.

[88] Lewis, *Blasting and Bombardiering*, 1.

[89] Gusdorf, "Conditions et limites de l'autobiographie," 121.

[90] Olney, *Metaphors of Self*, 3.

[91] "En vérité, il n'est pas de théorie qui ne soit un fragment, soigneusement préparé, de quelque autobiographie" (Valéry, *Oeuvres*, I, 1320).

[92] Green, *Partir avant le jour*, 282.

[93] Olney, *Metaphors of Self*, 57.

Chapter Three

[1] References to the works of Wyndham Lewis in this chapter are identified in parentheses in the text. The following abbreviations are used: AG (*The Apes of God*); AIP (*America, I Presume*); BB (*Blasting and Bombardiering*); CD (*The Caliph's Design*); DPDS (*The Diabolical Principle and the Dithyrambic Spectator*); ES (*The Enemy of the Stars*); H (*Hitler*); L (*The Letters of Wyndham Lewis*); LWOE (*Left Wings over Europe*); MWA (*Men Without Art*); O-WS (*One-Way Song*); PS ("Personal Statement"); RA (*Rude Assignment*); RL (*The Revenge for Love*); RLA ("Record of Life in America"); SB (*Snooty Baronet*); T (*Tarr*); TWM (*Time and Western Man*); UP (*Unlucky for Pringle*); WA (*The Writer and the Absolute*); WB (*The Wild Body*); WL ("Wyndham Lewis" in *Beginnings*).

[2] Yeats, *Ideas of Good and Evil*, 209.

[3] Larbaud, *Barnabooth*, e. g.: "doré[e] [s]" (46, 53, 64); "bouton d'or" (53); "Des colliers d'or vierge," "des vases d'or," "mes vers d'or" (60); "Dômes d'or" (78); "Conquistadores" (66); "un décor" (72); "La dorure" (77). Even where the radical is not properly "or," Larbaud often creates a resonance between the sound and the sense of the passage in which it occurs, e. g.,: "Dorment les millionaires" (44). The title of the poems, "Les Borborygmes," twice contains the sound, if not the sense, of the radical.

[4] Examples abound in *Partir avant le jour* alone: "un chatouillement horrible et délicieux" (112-13); "un plaisir mêlé d'horreur" (118, 148); "effrayé et ravi" (138); "agréable effroi" (145); "un frisson qui n'était pas du tout désagréable" (151); "Ce bruit sauvage me plaisait et me dérangeait à la fois" (163); "une joie étrange à laquelle se mêlait aussitôt le poison d'une mélancholie incompréhensible" (164); "un effroi délicieux" (172); "un désir . . . qui était à la fois torture et délice" (190); "Horrifié, mais fasciné aussi . . . " (203); "cette joie terrifiante" (288); "Le désir se mêlait à une frayeur" (307); "le bonheur dans la souffrance" (327).

[5] James, The Principles of Psychology, I, 239.

[6] Valéry, Oeuvres, I, 1337: "En vérité, un poème est une sorte de machine à produire l'état poétique au moyen des mots."

[7] Ibid., 1212.

[8] Thus in The Apes of God the chained boxing glove, its function evident in its massive exaggeration of the human hand and the thwarting of that function in its non-vital limpness, is an "external" graphic statement of the potential force and ultimate failure of "The General Strike"; its contemporary counterpart, the clenched fist, is, by comparison, "internal" and "subjective."

[9] Bergson, Le Rire, 22-23.

[10] Ibid., 44.

[11] "In painting, Nicolas Poussin is a 'classical' painter. But who would desire to pretend that he matched in importance Leonardo or Titian--both individualistic, strictly 'bourgeois' painters, of the wild, bad, anti-classical Renaissance. . . . This bête noir of a period for all good classicists is not my own personal favourite, I may as well remark. I go farther afield: in a day of air-liners Pekin is nearer than formerly was Siena. So the Renaissance is not my pidgin, but it produced an uncommon number of excellent artists, many of whom were much more than craftsmen" (MWA, 205).

[12] Although the respective dates of publication of these books are 1926, 1927 and 1927, Lewis informs us in Rude Assignment (160) that "'The Lion and the Fox' is my first political book" and that "its publication was unavoidably postponed: its true date is before, not after 'The Art of Being Ruled' (1926)."

[13] Chateaubriand, Mémoires d'outre-tombe, 50.

[14] cf. T. E. Hulme's definitions: "Here is the root of all romanticism: that man, the individual, is an infinite reservoir of possibilities. . . . " Classical man, he says, "is an extraordinarily fixed and limited animal whose nature is absolutely constant. It is only by tradition and organisation that anything decent can be got out of him" (Speculations, 116).

[15] cf. Valéry:

> *Tout classicisme suppose un romantisme antérieur*. Tous les avantages que l'on attribue, toutes les objections que l'on fait à un art «classique» sont relatifs à cet axiome. *L'essence du classicisme est de venir après*. L'*ordre* suppose un certain désordre qu'il vient réduire. La *composition*, qui est artifice, succède à quelque chaos primitif d'intuitions et de développements naturels. La *pureté* est le résultat d'opérations infinies sur le langage, et le soin de la *forme* n'est autre chose que la réorganisation meditée des moyens d'expression. Le classique implique donc des actes volontaires et réfléchis qui modifient une production «naturelle», conformément à une conception *claire* et *rationnelle* de l'homme et de l'art. (*Oeuvres*, I, 604)

[16] Wagner, *Wyndham Lewis: A Portrait of the Artist as the Enemy*, 270.

[17] This would be Lewis's explanation, for example, of Proust's dictum that "les grands littérateurs n'ont jamais fait qu'une seule oeuvre, ou plutôt, réfracté à travers des milieux divers une même beauté qu'ils apportent au monde" (*A la Recherche du temps perdu*, III, 375). Lewis claims that this is precisely the characteristic of literature of the "*time-eye*" and that most avoided by writers who prefer "the eye upon the outside of their head."

[18] Wordsworth, *The Prelude*, II, ll. 134-35.

[19] The heart does not bear an affective imagery in the Taoist doctrine from which Zagreus derives his mythology.

[20] cf. Yeats who constructs another paradigm of history and art as mythic form: "In life courtesy and self-possession, and in the arts style, are the sensible impressions of the free mind, for both arise out of a deliberate shaping of all things, and from never being swept away, whatever the emotion, into confusion or dulness" (*The Cutting of an Agate*, 127); "The self-conquest of the writer who is not a man of action is style" (*Autobiographies*, 516); "The rhetorician would deceive his neighbours,/The sentimentalist himself; while art/Is but a vision of reality" (*Collected Poems*, 182).

[21] Michel, Wyndham Lewis: Paintings and Drawings, 396.

[22] Yeats, The Cutting of an Agate, 181. See also his quotation from Shelley, Ideas of Good and Evil, 81: "'Those who are subject to the state called reverie, feel as if their nature were resolved into the surrounding universe or as if the surrounding universe were resolved into their being.'"

[23] cf. certain of Hulme's remarks with Lewis's assertion of a "philosophy of the eye": "A man cannot write without seeing at the same time a visual signification before his eyes. It is this image which precedes the writing and makes it firm" (Notes on Language and Style, 12). Or again, "The art of literature consists exactly in this passage from the Eye to the Voice" (Notes on Language and Style, 17).

[24] In a letter to Pound of September 1917 Lewis recounts the journey to his observation post along with a description of the dismembered dead to be met along the way in a manner less humourous and more stark than that of Blasting and Bombardiering (L, 94).

[25] The possibilities for continual regression in this metaphor may be meant to satirize, by inversion, Alexander's emergent deity. Lewis's religious convictions are evidently a part of the personal life he feels is inappropriate to autobiography. He does not define them beyond the quoted statement. T. Sturge Moore has tried to deduce them: "My brother is adverse to the supposition of a god as baseless; Lewis seems to think this supposition necessary. His idea of God is that he has a composite back, as a fly has a composite eye, so that he can be back to back with every soul and that, he, God, is not pleased with those who try to see him over their shoulders, but prefers those who merely lean against him and take no other notice of him, giving all their attention to the world in front of them" (Letter from T. Sturge Moore to W. B. Yeats dated 29th January, 1928, in W. B. Yeats and T. Sturge Moore, Ed. Ursula Bridge, 120-21).

[26] Spender, World Within World, viii.

[27] Ibid., 191.

[28] Ibid., 138: "As for me, I was an autobiographer restlessly searching for forms in which to express the stages of my development"; 147: " . . . what I write are

fragments of autobiography: sometimes they are poems, sometimes stories, and the longer passages may take the form of novels."

[29] Ibid., viii.

[30] Ibid., 58-59: "For memory is the root of creative genius. It enables the poet to connect the immediate moment of perception which is called 'inspiration', with past moments in which he has received like impressions. This relating of the immediate impression with past ones enables the poet, through the moment, to strike a kind of chord across time, made up of notes which are similar impressions felt at different times and connected with one another in a simile within which all are contemporaneous."

[31] "You quite realize that there are limits to the truthfulness in which I may indulge, I hope?" (BB, 9). " . . . my personal life has no further relevance" (RA, 139).

[32] Stein, *What are Masterpieces*, 95.

[33] Valéry, *Oeuvres*, I, 571.

[34] Ibid., 1024.

[35] Ibid., 1025.

[36] Hallier, *Chagrin d'amour*, 141.

[37] Ibid., 12: "Quant à vous, lecteurs, vous savez déjà tout, vous pouvez refermer ce livre. Tout le reste n'est que roman, alors qu'il commence"; 15: "Je suis l'oiseau sifflant pour indiquer, avec le plus de précision, le lieu où il ne se trouve pas." Hallier returns from Chili as a Ulysses to his Penelope, a Penelope who repudiates him in this contemporary version. Again the personal quest is mythologized.

[38] Blume, "France's Red Pimpernel Strikes Again," 16.

[39] Valéry, *Oeuvres*, I, 1320.

[40] Ibid., 474: "Une consonance, parfois, fait un mythe. De grands dieux naquirent d'un calembour, qui est une espèce d'adultère."

[41] A typescript in the Cornell Library entitled "Personal Statement" contains the following passage:

"My political books are unimportant, compared with my other books: from which generalization I except *The Art of Being Ruled*." Considering a similar evaluation which Lewis makes in *Rude Assignment* (209) of his "anti-war" polemics ("They are not--with one exception--in themselves important") and the notation in Lewis's writing on this typescript, "for end of book," it seems likely that he was tentatively beginning the second autobiography in 1943 when he wrote "Personal Statement."

[42] Wells, *Experiment in Autobiography*, I, 28. Lewis's appreciation of Wells increased over the years. He is the subject of satire in *Time and Western Man*: "Mr. Citizen and his wife are at the fireside; they release a spring and their selves of long ago fly on to a screen supplied in the Wells-like . . . Future to all suburban villas" (266). In *Blasting and Bombardiering* Lewis dismisses him: "For forty years Shaw and Wells had been Fabians first and literary artists afterwards" (252). He is characterized as a "not particularly butcher-like, but certainly unromantic pepper-and-salt figure, springing about in a suit too tight for him, as he inducted ladies into chairs and did the honours" (BB, 282). In *Rude Assignment*, in which he claims previously to have known only Wells's science-fiction, Lewis extends some welcome to him as a satirist. A passage in *Rude Assignment*, however, indicates his unfamiliarity with Wells's autobiography: " . . . writing *à coeur ouvert* about himself . . . H. G. Wells . . . would begin with the poverty of his father and mother" (25). This is, in fact, where Wells does begin.

[43] Hallier, *Chagrin d'amour*, 184.

[44] Shumaker, *English Autobiography*, 85.

[45] Hart, "Notes for an Anatomy of Modern Autobiography," 491.

[46] Rousseau, *Les Confessions. Autres textes autobiographiques*, 1149.

[47] Ibid., 1120.

[48] Montaigne, *Les Essais de Michel de Montaigne*, 846-47.

[49] Rousseau, *Les Confessions. Autres textes autobiographiques*, 1153.

[50] Ibid., 3: " . . . je vous conjure . . . de ne

pas oter à l'honneur de ma mémoire le seul monument sûr de mon caractére qui n'ait pas été défiguré par mes ennemis. Enfin fussiez-vous vous-même un de ces ennemis implacables, cessez de l'être envers ma cendre . . . "; 400: " . . . puisqu'enfin mon nom doit vivre, je dois tâcher de transmettre avec lui le souvenir de l'homme infortuné qui le porte, tel qu'il fut réellement, et non tel que d'injustes ennemis travaillant sans relâche à le peindre."

[51] Ibid., 5.

[52] Ibid., 594.

[53] Trilling, *Sincerity and Authenticity*, 2.

[54] Ibid., 10-11.

[55] Trilling, *Sincerity and Authenticity*, 58, bases a similar distinction on the nationality of the author:

> In French literature sincerity consists in telling the truth about oneself to oneself and to others; by truth is meant a recognition of such of one's own traits or actions as are morally or socially discreditable and, in conventional course, concealed. English sincerity does not demand this confrontation of what is base or shameful in oneself. The English ask of the sincere man that he communicate without deceiving or misleading. Beyond this what is required is only a single-minded commitment to whatever dutiful enterprise he may have in hand. Not to know oneself in the French fashion and make public what one knows, but to be oneself, in action, in deeds, what Matthew Arnold called 'tasks'--this is what the English sincerity consists in.

[56] Newman, *Apologia pro vita sua*, 39.

[57] Rousseau, *Les Confessions. Autres textes autobiographiques*, 22.

[58] Gusdorf, "Conditions et limites de l'autobiographie," 123.

[59] T. S. Eliot ("Wyndham Lewis," 169) has recorded a

similar contradiction in Lewis's character: "Many people may have thought of Lewis as 'tough' and aggressive, with a tendency to persecution mania. He was rather, it now seems to me, a highly strung, nervous man, who was conscious of his own abilities, and sensitive to slight or neglect. To what extent, I still wonder, was the aggressiveness self-protective?"

[60] "I looked upon it [creative composition] as five or ten times as important [as controversy] . . . " (RA, 196).

[61] Shumaker, English Autobiography, 85.

[62] Rousseau, Les Confessions. Autres textes autobiographiques, 1120.

[63] Newman, Apologia pro vita sua, 4.

[64] Stein, Everybody's Autobiography, 99.

[65] Lewis distances himself from the metaphors of Blasting and Bombardiering which portray him as both a literary lion and a lion being hunted.

Chapter Four

[1] Ellmann, Yeats: The Man and the Masks, 179.

[2] References to Yeats's works will be given in the text using the following abbreviations: Au (Autobiographies); CA (The Cutting of an Agate); CT (The Celtic Twilight); GI ("A General Introduction to my Work"); IFT (If I were Four-and-Twenty); IGE (Ideas of Good and Evil); L (The Letters of W. B. Yeats); M (Memoirs); OB (On the Boiler); PASL (Per Amica Silentia Lunae); PC (Plays and Controversies); PD (Pages from a Diary Written in Nineteen Hundred and Thirty); Pl (The Collected Plays of W. B. Yeats); Po (The Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats); S (Samhain); SMDP ("Swedenborg, Mediums and the Desolate Places"); TLAM (The Tables of the Law and The Adoration of the Magi); V (A Vision); Y-M (W. B. Yeats and T. Sturge Moore: Their Correspondence 1901-1937); Y-W (Letters on Poetry from W. B. Yeats to Dorothy Wellesley).

[3] For a discussion of the influence of Nietzsche's thought on Yeats's, see Ellmann, The Identity of Yeats,

91-98, and Donoghue, *William Butler Yeats*, 52-61.

[4] This is Yeats's own recollection (L, 592). Ellmann places the commencement of this interest in the spring of 1885 when Yeats first heard of A. P. Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism*, a book which "greatly excited" him (*Yeats: The Man and the Masks*, 61).

[5] James, *A Small Boy and Others*, 69.

[6] The comparison occurs several times in Dante's *Convivio*. In that which Yeats uses most frequently, a comparison he would have had also from Peitro Bembo's oration in *Il Libro del cortegiano*, beauty of soul manifests itself in bodily perfection: "E quando elli ['l corpo] è bene ordinato e disposto, allora è bello per tutto e per le parti; ché l'ordine debito de le nostre membra rende uno piacere non so di che armonia mirabile . . . " (503). On other occasions Dante compares beauty to the well-proportioned body in general terms (254) or the beauty of philosophy (its morality or wisdom) to the beauty of the harmoniously proportioned body (397).

[7] "Beyond its edge" because the enclosing sphere is also a Yeatsian symbol of Unity of Being.

[8] cf. the description of the white heron in *Calvary*:

> Although half famished he'll not dare
> Dip or do anything but stare
> Upon the glittering image of a heron,
> That now is lost and now is there. (Pl, 449-50)

"Moon-crazed," it symbolizes subjective Unity of Being, absorption in the self.

[9] Yeats seems to be referring to the following passage: "Ahi, piaciuto fosse al dispensatore de l'universo ché la cagione de la mia scusa mai non fosse stata! ché né altri contra me avria fallato, ne io sofferto avria pena ingiustamente, pena, dico, d'essilio e di povertate. Poi ché fu piacere de li cittadini de la bellissima e famosissima figlia di Roma, Fiorenza, de gittarmi fuori del suo dolce seno . . . per le parti quasi tutte a le quali questa lingua si stende, peregrino, quasi mendicando, sono andato . . . " (Dante, *Convivio*, 247). Yeats's construction of "exile and poverty" into "solitude, lost through poverty" is probably due to a faulty memory. He may have known of the passages he quotes only at secondhand.

[10] Bradford, Yeats at Work, 346.

[11] e. g. : "Yesterday I finished my memoirs; I have brought them down to our return to London in 1886 or 1887. After that there would be too many living people to consider and they would have besides to be written in a different way" (L, 589); "You need not fear that I am not amiable" (L, 589); "I am rather nervous about what you think. I am afraid you will very much dislike my chapter on Dowden, it is the only chapter which is a little harsh, not, I think, really so, but as compared to the rest, which is very amiable . . . " (L, 602).

[12] She appears in "First Draft" as "Diana Vernon." The pseudonym may have been to protect her from the knowledge of her son-in-law Ezra Pound who acted as secretary to Yeats in 1915-16 when "First Draft" was written.

[13] See the reference at the beginning of Section XVI of "First Draft" to "these plans, in which there was much patriotism and more desire for a fair woman . . . " (M, 59).

[14] He responded indirectly several times. Ronsley, Yeats's Autobiography, 36, writes of Reveries over Childhood and Youth: "In chronicling his family history he rebuts George Moore, who had accused him of being ashamed of his middle-class background." The poem "A Coat" is often considered a response to Moore as is the "Closing Rhyme" of Responsibilities:

> I can forgive even that wrong of wrongs,
> Those undreamt accidents that have made
> me
> . . . .
> Notorious, till my priceless things
> Are but a post the passing dogs defile.
> (Po, 143)

Yeats often remarked that the two beggars of The Cat and the Moon were based on Edward Martyn and George Moore.

[15] Gide, Si le grain ne meurt, 276.

[16] Lejeune, Le Pacte autobiographique, 23:

> Un auteur, ce n'est pas une personne. C'est une personne qui écrit et qui publie. . . . Pour le lecteur, qui ne

> connaît pas la personne réelle, tout en croyant à son existence, l'auteur se définit comme la personne capable de produire ce discours, et il l'imagine donc à partir de ce qu'elle produit. Peut-être n'est-on véritablement auteur qu'à partir d'un second livre, quand le nom propre inscrit en couverture devient le «facteur commun» d'au moins deux textes différents et donne donc l'idée d'une personne qui n'est réductible à aucun de ses textes en particulier, et qui, susceptible d'en produire d'autres, les dépasse tous. Ceci, nous le verrons, est très important pour la lecture des autobiographies: si l'autobiographie est un premier livre, son auteur est donc un inconnu, même s'il se raconte lui-même dans le livre: il lui manque, aux yeux du lecteur, ce signe de réalité qu'est la production antérieure *d'autres textes* (non autobiographiques), indispensable à ce que nous appelerons «l'espace autobiographique».

[17] Starobinski, *La Relation critique*, 85.

[18] "déboutonner" (Valéry, *Oeuvres*, I, 565).

[19] Ibid., 566.

[20] Ibid., 760.

[21] Printed in Yeats, *The Variorum Edition of the Poems of W. B. Yeats*, 778.

[22] Sartre, *Les Mots*, 211: "Du reste, ce vieux bâtiment ruineux, mon imposture, c'est aussi mon caractère: on se défait d'une névrose, on ne se guérit pas de soi."

[23] James, *A Small Boy and Others*, 285; *Notes of a Son and Brother*, 87, 360, 384.

[24] James, *A Small Boy and Others*, 185; *Notes of a Son and Brother*, 102.

[25] James, *A Small Boy and Others*. 281.

[26] "Neither poetry nor any subjective art can exist

but for those who do in some measure share its traditional knowledge" (PC, 208).

[27] cf. Gosse, *Father and Son*, 23, who, in a much more "developmental" autobiography, discovers "a companion and a confidant in myself. There was a secret in this world and it belonged to me and to a somebody who lived in the same body with me. There were two of us, and we could talk with one another."

[28] cf. his father's selection of passages to read aloud: "All must be an idealization of speech, and at some moment of passionate action or somnambulistic reverie" (Au, 65).

[29] Wordsworth, *The Prelude*, I, l. 301.

[30] Ibid., XIV, l. 412.

[31] Adams, *The Education of Henry Adams*, 108.

[32] A reference to Yeats's own "Body of Fate" which is "Enforced Loss" (V, 141).

[33] Shapiro, "The Dark Continent of Literature," 441, draws attention to Yeats as "a master of the character" in *Autobiographies*.

[34] The "trembling of the veil" is quoted from Mallarmé's essay, "Crise de vers":

> La littérature ici subit une exquise crise, fondamentale.
>
> . . . on assiste, comme finale d'un siècle, pas ainsi que ce fut dans le dernier, à des bouleversements; mais hors de la place publique, à une inquiétude du voile dans le temple avec des plis significatifs et un peu sa déchirure. (*Oeuvres complètes*, 360)

The "sacred book" seems to be a reference to a later passage in the same essay: "Je me figure par un indéracinable sans doute préjugé d'écrivain, que rien ne demeurera sans être proféré; que nous sommes là, précisément, à rechercher . . . un art d'achever la transposition, au Livre, de la symphonie . . . " (367). Yeats probably knew this essay through Arthur Symons: "nor shall I ever know how much my practice and my theory owe to the passages that he read me from Catullus and from Verlaine and Mallarmé" (Au, 319-20).

[35] Pater, Marius the Epicurean, II, 91.

[36] The only previous passage citing his own lines refers to the architect Horne: "I accused him of leaning towards that eighteenth century

> That taught a school
> Of dolts to smooth, inlay, and clip
> and fit
> Till, like the certain wands of Jacob's
> wit,
> Their verses tallied. (Au, 169)

[37] " . . . I have a ring with a hawk and a butterfly upon it, to symbolize the straight road of logic, and so of mechanism, and the crooked road of intuition: 'For wisdom is a butterfly and not a gloomy bird of prey'" (Po, 534).

[38] Porphyry, in his treatise on the symbolism of the cave at the head of the Ithacan harbour to which Odysseus returns, is at pains to explicate the significance of stone amphoras filled with honey. The waters of the cave, he tells us, represent the waters through which the souls of the dead are reborn onto the earth:

> Down the mountain walls
> From where Pan's cavern is
> Intolerable music falls.
> Foul goat-head, brutal arm appear,
> Belly, shoulder, bum,
> Flash fishlike; nymphs and satyrs
> Copulate in the foam. (Po, 377)

[39] Porphyry, The Cave of the Nymphs in the Odyssey, 19.

[40] Ibid.

[41] Wilson, Yeats and Tradition, 211-213, 216-17, 222, discusses at length Yeats's use of Porphyry in "The Delphic Oracle upon Plotinus," "News for the Delphic Oracle" and "The Stare's Nest at my Window."

[42] Porphyry, The Cave of the Nymphs in the Odyssey, 21.

[43] Walter Pater, retelling the story of Psyche, had his heroine address "Love" as "'My honeycomb! My husband! Thy Psyche's breath of life!'" (Marius the Epicurean, I, 69). Later Venus promises "seven kisses--one thereof

full of the inmost honey of her throat" (I, 83) to anyone who brought Psyche to her.

[44] My attention was drawn to this essay by F. A. C. Wilson, Yeats and Tradition, 66-67, who, discussing the association of St. John with Dionysus, identifies it.

In A Vision Yeats alludes to Coventry Patmore's analogy between St. John the Baptist whose "meat was locusts and wild honey" (Matthew, iii:4) and Christ, between "natural love" and "supernatural love" (V, 212). Patmore cites honey as a signifier of "natural good" or "natural love" ("The Precursor," 12), St. John as the human embodiment or "'Precursor'" (11) of Christ or "Divine Love" (10). His love is analogous to Christ's, antinomic to Herod's "sensuality which apes and profanes it" (12). Yeats explicitly links "natural love" with sexual love used by subjective man as a method and symbol of self-transcendence by drawing attention to Patmore's "pleasure" in the similarities of Leonardo's figures of St. John and Dionysus and asserting that identification as the basis of his own philosophical system: "all the symbolism of this book applies to begetting and birth, for all things are a single form which has divided and multiplied in time and space" (V, 212).

[45] cf. "Crazy Jane Reproved":

> I care not what the sailors say:
> All those dreadful thunder-stones,
> All that storm that blots the day
> Can but show that Heaven yawns;
> . . . .
>
> To round that shell's elaborate whorl,
> Adorning every secret track
> With the delicate mother-of-pearl,
> Made the joints of Heaven crack. . . .
> (Po, 291)

But in "Meditations in Time of Civil War" the metaphysical import of the shell changes:

> . . . though now it seems
> As if some marvellous empty sea-shell
> flung
> Out of the obscure dark of the rich
> streams,
> And not a fountain, were the symbol which
> Shadows the inherited glory of the rich.
> (Po, 225)

The "empty" shell and the violence of the participle "flung" suggest that the traditional source of art, the aristocracy, has lost its generative power or soul (water or the fountain of the poem) before the violence of an "objective" age. Only the artifacts of its former "glory" remain.

[46] cf. the Platonic poem "The Statues" in which the shell's spiral, visually synonymous with the gyre, heralds the transition from the unreality of this world to the reality of a divine world:

> Empty eyeballs knew
> That knowledge increases unreality, that
> Mirror on mirror mirrored is all the show.
> When gong and conch declare the hour to bless
> Grimalkin crawls to Buddha's emptiness. (Po, 375)

[47] A less effective variation of this story appears in an early portrait of AE titled "A Visionary": "'God possesses the heavens--God possesses the heavens--but He covets the world'" (CT, 20).

[48] Fletcher, "Rhythm and Pattern in 'Autobiographies,'" 182.

[49] A "disease that had its source in Henley's vicious youth destroyed it" (M, 80).

[50] Fletcher, "Rhythm and Pattern in 'Autobiographies,'" 173, suggests such historians as Yeats's model.

[51] Vergil, Aeneid, III, 2-3.

[52] December 10, 1896, providing one of the comparatively few opportunities for precise dating in Autobiographies.

[53] Yeats in fact manipulates his material to increase the tragic aspects of his "drama." John Davidson is included although he did not drown himself until 1909, considerably beyond the time generally covered in "The Tragic Generation." Nor does Yeats discuss in this chapter George Russell, who lived sanely and productively many years after these events, except as a minor participant in a story the focus of which is elsewhere.

[54] Yeats particularly remembers the marionette quality of the actors. An earlier version of Ubu Roi,

titled *Les Polonais*, was given privately December, 1888-January, 1889 using the marionettes of the Théâtre des Phynances.

[55] Jarry underlines this quality of falsity in the style in his stage directions. The notorious toilet-brush, for example, is "un balai innommable" (*Ubu Roi*, 356).

[56] See Mallarmé, *Oeuvres complètes*, 47-48, and Symons, *Poems* (1907), I, 205-06, for the passage Yeats quotes. The passage Yeats concerns himself with was first published in 1893.

[57] Flaubert, "Hérodias," 275.

[58] Huysmans, *À Rebours*, 70-79. Yeats does not refer specifically to these paintings but does allude to Moreau's *Jason* immediately following his remarks about "Hérodiade."

[59] Ibid., 260.

[60] *The King of the Great Clock Tower*, *A Full Moon in March* and *The Death of Cuchulain*. Wilson, *W. B. Yeats and Tradition*, interprets the dance in the first two of these plays in terms of the ritual slaying of the god in the Minerva-Dionysus myth (90-92) and that of the third as an embodiment of Platonic doctrine (174). Yeats obviously fuses his sources to weld a symbology both highly personal and traditional.

[61] cf. Symons's "The Dance":

> For the immortal moment of a passionate dance,
> Surely our two souls rushed together and were one,
> Once, in the beat of our winged feet in unison,
> When, in the brief and flaming ardour of your glance,
> The world withered away, vanishing into smoke;
> The world narrowed about us, and we heard the beat
> As of the rushing winds encompassing our feet;
> In the blind heart of the winds, eternal silence woke,

> And, cast adrift on our unchainable
> ecstasy,
> Once, and once only, heart to heart and
> soul to soul,
> For an immortal moment we endured the
> whole
> Rapture of intolerable immortality.
> (Poems (1924), II, 41)

[62] cf. the earlier description of Florence Farr:

> She had three great gifts, a tranquil beauty like that of Demeter's image near the British Museum Reading-Room door, and an incomparable sense of rhythm and a beautiful voice, the seeming natural expression of the image. And yet there was scarce another gift that she did not value above those three. We all have our simplifying image, our genius, and such hard burden does it lay upon us that, but for the praise of others, we would deride it and hunt it away. She could only express hers through an unfashionable art, an art that has scarce existed since the seventeenth century, and so could only earn unimportant occasional praise. She would dress without care or calculation as if to hide her beauty and seem contemptuous of its power. . . . Wit and paradox alike sought to pull down whatever had tradition or passion. . . . (Au, 121-22)

[63] cf. "Discoveries": "Instinct creates the recurring and the beautiful, all the winding of the serpent; but reason, the most ugly man, as Blake called it, is a drawer of the straight line, the maker of the arbitrary and the impermanent. . . . Sanctity has its straight line also, darting from the center, and with these arrows the many-coloured serpent, theme of all our poetry, is maimed and hunted. He that finds the white arrow shall have wisdom older than the serpent . . . " (CA, 99).

[64] This later interpretation of Yeats's corresponds with his interpretation of this same dream in Per Amica Silentia Lunae: "we who are poets and artists, not being permitted to shoot beyond the tangible, must . . . live but for the moment when vision comes to our weariness like terrible lightning, in the humility of the brutes. . . . We seek reality with the slow toil of our

weakness and are smitten from the boundless and the unforeseen. Only when we are saint or sage, and renounce Experience itself, can we, in imagery of the Christian Caballa, leave the sudden lightning and the path of the serpent and become the bowman who aims his arrow at the centre of the sun" (PASL, 38-39).

[65] Jack had a hollow heart, for Jill
Had hung his heart on high;
The moon shone brightly;
Had hung his heart beyond the hill,
A-twinkle in the sky.
A full moon in March. (Pl, 629)

Rich foliage that the starlight glittered
through,
A frenzied crowd, and where the branches
sprang
A beautiful seated boy; a sacred bow;
A woman, and an arrow on a string;
A pierced boy, image of a star laid low,
That woman, the Great Mother imaging,
Cut out his heart. (Po, 319)

[66] Yeats had recounted this story earlier in "Swedenborg, Mediums and the Desolate Places" (317). cf. also the lines of the Fool in *The Hour-Glass*: "when it is spring with us, the trees are withering there, when it is summer with us, the snow is falling there, and have I not myself heard the lambs that are there bleating on a cold November day . . . ?" (Pl, 302).

[67] St. Matthew, i:23: "Behold a virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us." Isaiah, vii:14: "Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel."

[68] Yeats also records this experience in *Memoirs*, 126, at the end of *Per Amica Silentia Lunae*, 88, discussing his need to seek an Image of the self, and in *A Vision*, 233, to explain that "A living man sees the *Celestial Body* through the *Mask*."

[69] cf.: "My first fifty pages . . . begin where my old autobiography ends. It is curious how one's life falls into definite sections--in 1897 a new scene was set, new actors appeared" (L, 820).

[70] Moore, *Ave*, 41.

[71] Ibid., 46.

[72] Ibid., 62.

[73] Ibid., 56.

[74] Moore, Vale, 256-60.

[75] Moore, Ave, 110-11.

[76] The "plagiarism" is of one of des Esseintes' recollections in Huysmans' À Rebours, 93-98. In Huysmans' version, des Esseintes pays for the boy to go to a luxurious brothel twice a month for three months, in the hope that, when deprived of access to the women, he will turn burglar and perhaps even murderer to gain the necessary money.

[77] e. g., in his assessment of their quarrel over Where There is Nothing: " . . . on my side distrust remained, on his disgust. I look back with some remorse. . . . Had I abandoned my plot and made him write the novel, he might have put beside Muslin and The Lake a third masterpiece, but I was young, vain, self-righteous, and bent on proving myself a man of action" (Au, 454).

[78] "George Moore's Hail and Farewell . . . is not at all malicious. Of course there isn't the smallest recognition of the difference between public and private life. . . . It is curiously honest, very inaccurate and I think, for anyone not in the book itself, rather dull. Of course he has lots of unfavourable things to say about everybody but they are balanced by favourable things too and he treats himself in the same way. . . . There are things which would seem undignified and spiteful if taken by themselves, but the total impression is more than usually sincere. He certainly does not see either you or I as we are seen by a sympathetic friend. It is a slightly humorous, slightly satirical but favourable impression. A stranger's impression" (L, 564, to Lady Gregory).

[79] Moore, Vale, 172.

[80] Ibid., 174.

[81] Ibid., 176.

[82] Ibid., 187.

[83] The *Journal* begins in December 1908 and the distribution of entries is as follows: 1908, 3 entries; 1909, 202 entries; 1910, 25 entries; 1911, 3 entries; 1912, 7 entries; 1913, 4 entries; 1914, 2 entries; 1915, 1 entry; 1917, 2 entries; 1918-19, 3 entries (all drafts of poems); 1930, 2 entries. The entries included in *Autobiographies* date from January 14, 1909 to October, 1914.

[84] Girard, *Le Journal intime*, 4, 131, lists these as among the *intimistes'* characteristics.

[85] "Ma quello che senza lacrime raccontar non si devria è che la signora Duchessa essa ancor è morta; e se l'animo mio si turba per la perdita de tanti amici e signori mei, che m'hanno lasciator in questa vita come in una solitudine piena d'affanni, ragion è che molto più acerbamente senta il dolore della morte della signora Duchessa che di tutti gli altri, perché essa molto più che tutti gli altri valeva ed io ad essa molto più che a tutti gli altri era tenuto" (Castiglione, *Il Libro de cortegiano*, 71).

[86] Lewis, *The Art of Being Ruled*, 431.

[87] Ibid., 432.

[88] Ibid.

[89] See the comments about Lewis in his letters: "we are in *fundamental* agreement" (L, 733); "He . . . is on my side of things philosophically" (L, 739); "I have read *Time and Western Man* with gratitude. . . . It has given, what I could not, a coherent voice to my hatred" (Y-M, 122).

[90] cf. the lines in "Solomon and the Witch" explaining a moment which at first seems to be one of Unity of Being:

> 'Maybe the bride-bed brings despair,
> For each an imagined image brings
> And finds a real image there;
> Yet the world ends when these two things,
> Though several, are a single light,
> When oil and wick are burned in one;
> Therefore a blèssed moon last night
> Gave Sheba to her Solomon.' (Po, 199-200)

[91] cf. *On the Boiler*, 22: "When a man loves a girl

it should be because her face and character offer what he lacks, the more profound his nature the more should he realize his lack and the greater be the difference. It is as though he wanted to take his own death into his arms and beget a stronger life upon that death."

[92] cf. "On Those that Hated 'The Playboy of the Western World', 1907," Collected Poems, 124.

[93] Montaigne, Les Essais, 665.

[94] The reference is to a translation by D. Nevile Lees of portions of Cesare Vecellio's Degli Abiti antichi e moderni di diverse parti del monde (Venice, 1590) which appeared with illustrative engravings in The Mask, I, 12 (Feb., 1909), 226-31.

[95] Denis Donoghue, in Memoirs, 206, identifies the source for the first of these allusions as Byron's The Bride of Abydos, II, ii, 26-27, and the second as Homer's "Hymn to Apollo."

[96] He repeats this comparison in more measured tones in his address to the Royal Academy of Sweden: "He [Synge] was to do for Ireland, though more by his influence on other dramatists than by his direct influence, what Robert Burns did for Scotland. When Scotland thought herself gloomy and religious, Providence restored her imaginative spontaneity by raising up Robert Burns to commend drink and the Devil" (Au, 467).

[97] The thought became "When Helen Lived," revealing how completely Helen, Maud Gonne and the poetic Muse had been fused in Yeats's mythology.

[98] See the diagrams, Campbell, The Hero with a Thousand Faces, 30, 245, 266.

[99] Ibid., 388.

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